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# **HISPANIC**

## **NOTES & MONOGRAPHS**

**ESSAYS, STUDIES, AND BRIEF  
BIOGRAPHIES ISSUED BY THE  
HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA**

***PENINSULAR SERIES***

**IV**









*From the 'Retrato perdido' in The Royal Academy  
of Spain*

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra



# HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY

POEMS TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY  
ENGLISH AND NORTH AMERICAN POETS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS WALSH, Ph.D., Litt.D.

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON

1920



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**286303**



**To the memory**  
**OF**  
**JOYCE KILMER**

**POET AND HERO, WHO EARNED A GLORIOUS**  
**GRAVE NEAR THE RIVER OURCQ,**  
**JULY 30, 1918,—**

**MY FRIEND.**

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## FOREWORD

SPANISH poetry, at first glance, would seem to be an unknown world to readers without a knowledge of Castilian; nevertheless, a study of the contents of this volume will show that some of the greatest poets of England and America have presented in our common English tongue the beauties of this exotic literature. While this achievement of the past may be a matter of legitimate pride to the northern Hispanist, the present would seem to be an opportune moment to strengthen whatever claim he may have upon the regard of his brethren of Hispanic speech by presenting a summary, in chronological order, of the translations, by northern Hispanophiles, of Spanish poems into English verse.

The present work is such a summary, and it is offered as a spontaneous tribute of

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affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the north. It should perhaps be stated that, in the desire that this offering should be recognized as essentially a northern tribute, the editor has with reluctance omitted many able translations by Hispanic-Americans whose work, for the present at least, must be left to the more casual page of the periodical.

The *Hispanic Anthology* is also offered in the belief that it will greatly facilitate the work of the writer or lecturer on Spanish poetry who, hitherto, has been handicapped by the great difficulty in obtaining English versions adequate to illustrate his theme. To him, as to the student and general reader, the chronological arrangement of the material—the amount of which is surprising—and the bibliographical notes, which in many cases are the result of very considerable research, should prove extremely useful. Particularly is this true in the case of the more recent poets concerning whom accurate information is both scarce



## FOREWORD

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and remote. In the matter of selection, a comparison of this work with the best of the Spanish *Parnasos* and Hispanic-American *Antologías* will show that the editor has not differed greatly from the opinions of the original critics.

The writer's thanks are due to all those who have so graciously permitted their versions to be included in this collection—notably, Mr. Peter H. Goldsmith, Mr. William G. Williams, Mr. Alfred Coester, Mr. E. C. Hills, Mr. John Pierrepont Rice, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Miss Lilian E. Elliott, and Miss Muna Lee.

THOMAS WALSH.

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SPANIC ANTHOLOGY

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## ANONYMOUS

## THE LAY OF THE CID

THE *Poema del Cid* was composed about the year 1150. It is a contemporary record of the national peculiarities of Spanish chivalry. It was first published by Sánchez (Madrid, 1779).

## I

He turned and looked upon them, and he  
wept very sore

As he saw the yawning gateway and the  
hasps wrenched off the door,

And the pegs whereon no mantle nor coat  
of vair there hung.

There perched no moulting goshawk, and  
there no falcon swung.

My lord the Cid sighed deeply, such grief  
was in his heart,

And he spake well and wisely: "Oh Thou  
in Heaven that art  
Our Father and our Master, now I give  
thanks to Thee.  
Of their wickedness my foemen have done  
this thing to me."

2

Then they shook out the bridle rein further  
to ride afar.  
They had the crow on their right hand as  
they issued from Bivar,  
And as they entered Burgos upon their  
left it sped.  
And the Cid shrugged his shoulders, and  
the Cid shook his head:  
"Good tidings, Alvar Fañez! We are ban-  
ished from our weal,  
But on a day with honor shall we come unto  
Castile."

3

Roy Diaz entered Burgos with sixty pen-  
nons strong,

And forth to look upon him did the men  
and women throng.

And with their wives the townsmen at the  
windows stood hard by,

And they wept in lamentation, their grief  
was risen so high.

As with one mouth together they spake  
with one accord:

“God, what a noble vassal, an he had a  
worthy lord.”

## 4

Fain had they made him welcome, but  
none dared do the thing

For fear of Don Alfonso, and the fury of  
the King.

His mandate unto Burgos came ere the  
evening fell.

With utmost care they brought it and it  
was sealéd well;

“That no man to Roy Diaz give shelter  
now, take heed,

And if one give him shelter, let him know,  
in very deed,

He shall lose his whole possession, n  
eyes within his head.

Nor shall his soul and body be fo  
better stead."

Great sorrow had the Christians, ar  
his face they hid.

Was none dared aught to utter un  
lord the Cid.

Then the Campeador departed u  
lodging straight.

But when he was come hither, th  
locked and barred the gate.

In their fear of Don Alfonso had th  
even so.

An the Cid forced not his entrance,  
for weal or woe,

Durst they open it unto him. Lou  
men did call.

Nothing thereto in answer said t  
within the hall.

My lord the Cid spurred onward,  
doorway did he go.

He drew his foot from the stirrup, h  
the door one blow.

Yet the door would not open, for tl  
barred it fast.

## 5

But a maiden of nine summers came unto  
him at last

“Campeador in happy hour thou girdedst  
on the sword.

’Tis the King’s will. Yestereven came the  
mandate of our lord.

With utmost care they brought it, and it  
was sealed with care;

None to ope to you or greet you for any  
cause shall dare.

And if we do, we forfeit houses and lands  
instead.

Nay, we shall lose moreover, the eyes with-  
in the head.

And, Cid, with our misfortunes, naught  
whatever dost thou gain.

But may God with all his power support  
thee in thy pain.”

So spake the child and turned away. Unto  
her home went she.

That he lacked the King’s favor now well  
the Cid might see.

He left the door; forth onward he spurred  
through Burgos town.



When he had reached Saint Mary'  
he got swiftly down.  
He fell upon his knees and prayed  
true heart indeed:  
And when his prayer was over, he m  
on the steed.  
Forth from the gate and over the A  
he went.  
There in the sand by Burgos, the  
pitch his tent.  
Roy Diaz, who in happy hour had  
on the brand,  
Since none at home would greet hi  
camped there on the sand  
With a good squadron, camping as i  
in the wood.  
They will not let him in Burgos b  
kind of food,—  
Provender for a single day they dai  
to him sell.

6

Then said the Cid, who in good ho  
girded on the steel:

# ANONYMOUS

9

"Oh Martin Antolinez, thou art a good  
lance and leal.

And if I live, hereafter I shall pay thee  
double rent,

But gone is all my silver, and all my gold is  
spent,

And well enough thou seest that I bring  
naught with me

And many things are needful for my good  
company.

Since by favor I win nothing, by might  
then must I gain.

I desire by thy counsel to get ready coffers  
twain.

With the sand let us fill them, to lift a  
burden sore,

And cover them with stamped leather with  
nails well studded o'er.

7

Ruddy shall be the leather, well gilded  
every nail.

In my behalf do thou hasten to Vidas and  
Raqué.

# AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

Since in Burgos they forbade me aught to  
purchase, and the King  
Withdraws his favor, unto them my goods  
I cannot bring.  
They are heavy, and I must pawn them for  
whatso'er is right.  
That Christians may not see it, let them  
come for them by night.  
May the Creator judge it and of all the  
Saints the choir.  
I can no more, and I do it against my own  
desire."

## 8

Martin stayed not. Through Burgos he  
hastened forth and came  
To the Castle. Vidas and Raqué! he de-  
manded them by name.

## 9

Raquél and Vidas sate to count their goods  
and profits through  
When up came Antolinez the prudent man  
and true.

## ANONYMOUS

II

“How now Raqué! and Vidas, am I dear  
unto your heart?

I would speak close.” They tarried not.  
All three they went apart.

“Give me, Raqué! and Vidas, your hands  
for promise sure,

That you will not betray me to Christian  
or to Moor.

I shall make you rich forever. You shall  
ne’er be needy more.

When to gather in the taxes went forth the  
Campeador,

Many rich goods he garnered, but he only  
kept the best.

Therefore this accusation against him was  
addressed.

And now two mighty coffers full of pure  
gold hath he.

Why he lost the King’s favor a man may  
lightly see.

He has left his halls and houses, his meadow  
and his field,

And the chests he cannot bring you lest he  
should stand revealed.

The Campeador those coffers will deliver  
to your trust

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

And do you lend unto him whatever may  
be just.

Do you take the chests and keep them but  
swear a great oath here

That you will not look within them for the  
space of all this year."

The two took counsel: "Something to our  
profit must inure

In all barter. He gained something in the  
country of the Moor

When he marched there, for many goods  
he brought with him away.

But he sleeps not unsuspected, who brings  
coined gold to pay.

Let the two of us together take now the  
coffers twain.

In some place let us put them where unseen  
they shall remain.

"What the lord Cid demanded, we, prithee,  
let us hear,

And what will be our usury for the space of  
all this year?"

Said Martin Antolinez like a prudent man  
and true:

"Whatever you deem right and just the  
Cid desires of you.

e will ask little since his goods are left in  
a safe place.

ut needy men on all sides beseech the Cid  
for grace.

or six hundred marks of money the Cid is  
sore bested."

We shall give them to him gladly," Ra-  
quél and Vidas said.

'Tis night. The Cid is sorely pressed.  
So give the marks to us."

nswered Raquél and Vidas: "Men do not  
traffic thus;

ut first they take their surety and there-  
after give the fee."

aid Martin Antolinez: "So be it as for  
me.

ome ye to the great Campeador for 'tis  
but just and fair

hat we should help you with the chests.  
and put them in your care,

o that neither Moor nor Christian thereof  
shall hear the tale."

Therewith are we right well content,"  
said Vidas and Raquél,

You shall have the marks six hundred  
when we bring the chests again."

And Martin Antolinez rode swiftly with  
twain.

And they were glad exceeding. O'er  
bridge he did not go,

But through the stream, that neve  
Burgalese should know

Through him thereof. And now bel  
the Campeador his tent.

When they therein had entered to kiss  
hands they bent.

My lord the Cid smiled on them and  
them said he;

“Ha, Don Raqué! and Vidas, you have  
gotten me!

And now must I go hence away who  
banished in disgrace,

For the King from me in anger hath tur  
away his face.

I deem that from my chattels you shall  
somewhat of worth,

And you shall lack for nothing while  
dwell upon the earth.”

At the loading of the coffers you had  
great joy of heart.

For they could not heave the great  
   chests up though they stark and  
   hale;

Dear was the melted metal to Vidas and  
   Raqué!.

And they would be rich forever till their  
   two lives were o'er.

## 10

The hand of my good lord the Cid, Raqué!  
   had kissed once more:

“Ha! Campeador, in happy hour thou  
   girdedst on the brand.

Forth from Castile thou goest to the men  
   of a strange land.

Such is become thy fortune and great thy  
   gain shall be—

Ah, Cid, I kiss thine hands again—but  
   make a gift to me;

Bring me a Moorish mantle splendidly  
   wrought and red.”

“So be it. It is granted,” the Cid in an-  
   swer said,—



"If from abroad I bring it, well doth the  
matter stand;  
If not, take it from the coffers I leave here  
in your hand."

—*R. Seldon Rose and Leonard Bazon.*

RAZÓN DE AMOR

g the *Textes castillans inédits du XIII*  
(Romania, 1887, vol. xvi, pp. 368-373),  
lfred Morel-Fatio published this poem  
e first time. The name of Lope de  
s is signed to the MS, but he is con-  
to be merely the copyist.

he heart with care o'erflowing,  
s a story that is showing  
lventure fine and free  
love and melody.  
s a scholar made its rhymes  
as squire of dames betimes)  
in Germany and France  
his training for romance,  
n Lombardy was long  
arn courtesy in song.

. . . . .

the month of April sweet

In an olive grove I made retreat,  
My dinner done, where the branches meet;  
And a cup of wine mine eyes did greet  
In the cooling shade of an apple-tree  
Full and ruddy as wine can be.  
It had been placed by a lady fair  
Who was mistress of the orchards there,  
For on him she loved her mind would think,  
When he came that way he would stop and  
drink,  
He would quaff it down in a fashion meet  
Whenever he loitered there to eat,  
And thus refreshed would remain always  
Strong and healthy through all his days.  
Higher up on the apple bough  
Another cup caught my vision now,  
Full to the brim of the water clear  
That oozed from the dewy branches near.  
I would have tasted its liquor pure  
But I feared in it enchantment sure,  
So I laid my head to the verdant sward  
Where a midday rest I might afford,  
And the heat of the day was burning so  
I stripped my clothing from head to toe,  
And slipped in the spring that flowed  
thereby—

Never the like hath met your eye!  
So fresh it was, and healthful too,  
In the chill of its waters through and  
through.

A step in its depths from off the shore  
And you felt the heat of the day no more  
Every herb of odorous air  
Was breathing fresh on its margin fair,  
The salvia likewise and the rose,  
With the lily and the violet close,  
And numerous herbs in row on row  
Whose very names I do not know;  
But such a perfume from all was shed  
It was sweet enough to rouse the dead.  
I took a sup of the water then  
And felt my body cool again;  
And in my hand I took a flower,  
To wit, the worthiest in that bower,  
Prepared to sing of love's fond hour,  
When suddenly a damsel came—  
Never in life have you seen the same—  
So white, so blushing red was she;  
Her short hair round her ears blown free,  
Her forehead white and passing fair,  
And face as sweet as an apple rare.  
Her nose so straight and finely turned,—

Ne'er such another have you discern  
 Her eyes of midnight shining clear;  
 Her lovely lips where white teeth appear  
 'Twixt the ruby smiles so full and free  
 Perfection's self, so it seemed to me  
 Her girdle broad and measured well  
 To a graceful line about her fell,  
 Her cloak and gown were of nothing  
 Than samite white, her form to dress  
 The little hat upon her head  
 'Gainst the midday heats was garlanded  
 And you would have known by the  
     she wore  
 No peasant maid was she who bore.  
 The flowers bent down before her feet  
 As she walked along, while her lips  
 This song of love:

*"O friend of mine  
 Would that my arms could always twine  
 About you here in love, and know  
 The sweets of loving forever so!  
 For you are a scholar as you show,  
 And for this I hold you far more dear.  
 Never a man did I ever hear*

*To boast of such love as my heart makes clear  
I had rather my love with you to share  
Than the diadem of Spain to wear.  
There's but one care upon my heart  
And dread lest some mischance may start;  
For they say that another lady bright  
In beauty and goodness claims a right  
Upon your love, and with such a call  
That despite shall ruin her mind in all;  
And for her my fear is very great,  
Lest your love for me she may abate.  
But now that you behold me well,  
Lover and loved, let us faithful dwell!"*

The while the lady reasoned so,  
I saw she did not turn to go;  
That, though she knew me not for long,  
She did not fear my passion strong  
That day I was no peasant boor,  
I rose and took her fingers pure,  
And arm in arm we settled down  
In the shade of the olive branches brown.  
And I said to her: "My lady, say,  
Have you known no love until today?"  
She answered,—"Truly with love I glow,  
And little about my squire I know;

But I should bid his messenger hear,  
That I know he's a cleric, not cavalier;  
That he reads and writes and sings full clear,  
That he follows the troubadour's career.  
I know, as well, that his birth is fair  
And the first of his youthful beard is there."  
"For God's sake, lady, say to me  
What gifts hath he sent in courtesy?"—  
"These perfumed gloves, this hat, he sent,  
This ring, this coral ornament;  
And for his love they are the sign  
Of the love I bear this sweet friend of mine."  
There I, in truth, the trinkets knew  
That I had sent! and to her view  
The little sash I wore, displayed  
With the broideries her hands had made.  
She doffed her shoulder mantle bright,  
She kissed my mouth and eyelids right,  
And such delight she took of me  
That I cannot give the history.  
"Lord God be praised that here below  
My lover dear so well I know!"—  
Full long, full long, we tarried there,  
When came the thought unto my fair,  
And she explained,—“My Master sweet,  
If you should deem it more discreet,

'Twill not displease you should I go—"  
And I to her—"My heart shall show  
That it is faithful evermore,  
And prouder than an emperor."—  
And so alone my lady went,  
Leaving me to my discontent,  
For hardly had she passed the gate  
When my heart like death grew desolate.  
I tried to lay me down to sleep,  
But a tiny dove came there to peep;  
As white as any snowflake blown  
Across the garden it flew alone,  
And unto the pool it took its way  
Where suddenly it saw me laid,  
And it turned away in trouble great  
Into the orchard of pomegranate.  
Now there was fastened a cup of gold  
That its little feet could scarce uphold,  
But into the pool it bore its weight  
Where I lay in the shade of the pome-  
granate.

And when the golden cup was filled  
And unto its very depths was chilled,  
In sign that the feast was at an end  
The water and wine it made to blend.

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## GONZALO DE BERCEO

(1180-1246)

## THE PRAISE OF SPRING

(From *The Miracles of our Lady*)

GONZALO DE BERCEO was born at Little is known of the events of except that he was a priest of the Cistercine Monastery of San Millán in the diocese of Calahorra. His poems, for the most part devotional, were edited by Florencio de Arce (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vol. 10). There is an edition of the *Vida de San Domingo* by J. D. Fitzgerald (Paris, 1881).

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the  
 summertime,  
 Wending upon a pilgrimage, came  
 to a meadow's side;  
 All green was it and beautiful, with  
 far and wide,—  
 A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the  
 pilgrim might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all  
the sunny air,  
And not alone refreshed the sense, but  
stole the mind from care;  
On every side a fountain gushed, whose  
waters pure and fair,  
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm  
in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees,  
amid the foliage green,  
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear  
and apple seen;  
And other fruits of various kinds, the  
tufted leaves between,  
None were unpleasant to the taste and  
none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor  
of the flowers  
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered  
with fragrant showers,  
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the  
sultry noontide hours;  
Oh, one might live upon the balm and  
fragrance of those bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot  
 such power to please,  
 Such shadows from the summer  
 odors on the breeze;  
 I threw my mantle on the ground  
 might rest at ease,  
 And stretched upon the greens  
 in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade  
 beside me flung,  
 I heard the soft and mellow music  
 through the woodland rung;  
 Ear never listened to a strain, from  
 instrument or tongue,  
 So mellow and harmonious as  
 above me sung.

—*H. W. Longfellow*

### CÁNTICA OF THE VIRGIN

Keep watch, keep watch, keep watch  
 Keep watch on the Council of the  
 Keep watch;  
 That they steal not God's Son from  
 Keep watch!

deal Him off they are set upon;  
watch,  
ew, Peter, likewise John,  
watch!  
t in your trust so long,  
watch,  
en rather to my song,  
watch;  
them light robbers are,  
watch,  
g you through bolt and bar,  
watch;  
e tricksters by the way,  
watch,  
d thief and cutpurse they,  
watch!  
own words they have employed,  
watch,  
our overthrow deployed,  
watch!  
know not the deep deceit,  
watch,  
is waiting for your feet,  
watch;  
know not the reasons wise,  
watch,

That from His taking shall arise,  
Keep watch;  
Thomas and old Matthew too,  
Keep watch,  
They desire this theft to do,  
Keep watch;  
The disciple Him did sell,  
Keep watch;  
The Master did not deem it well,  
Keep watch.  
Don Philip, Simon, and Don Jude,  
Keep watch,  
For the stealing aids they sued,  
Keep watch.  
If they have succeeded here,  
Keep watch,  
On to-day it will appear,  
Keep watch.

— *Roderick*

#### THE LIFE OF SAN MILLA

And when the kings were in the  
their squadrons in array,—  
With lance in rest they onward pr  
mingle in the fray;

but soon upon the Christians fell a terror  
of their foes,—

These were a numerous army,—a little  
handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in  
this uncertainty,

Upward to heaven they turned their eyes,  
and fixed their thoughts on high,

And there two figures they beheld, all  
beautiful and bright,

Even than the pure new-fallen snow their  
garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white  
than crystal sheen,

And arms they bore such as before no  
mortal man had seen;

The one, he held a crozier,—a pontiff's  
mitre wore;

The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er  
saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms  
had they,

And downward through the fields of air  
they urged their rapid way;

They looked upon the Moorish host with  
fierce and angry look,

And in their hands with dire portent  
naked sabres shook. .  
The Christian host beholding this, str  
way take heart again;  
They fall upon their bended knees  
resting on the plain,  
And each one with his clenched fist to  
his breast begins,  
And promises to God on high he wi  
sake his sins.  
And when the heavenly knights drew  
unto the battle-ground,  
They dashed among the Moors and  
unerring blows around;  
Such deadly havoc there they mad  
foremost ranks among  
A panic terror spread unto the hindm  
the throng.  
Together with these two good knight  
champions of the sky,  
The Christians rallied and began to  
full sore and high;  
The Moors raised up their voices a  
the Koran swore  
That in their lives such deadly fray  
ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped  
the bloody fight,—  
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and  
some half dead with fright;  
Full sorely they repented that to the field  
they came,  
For they saw that from the battle they  
should retreat with shame.  
Another thing befell them,—they dreamed  
not of such woes,—  
The very arrows that the Moors shot from  
their twanging bows  
Turned back against them in their flight  
and wounded them full sore,  
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid  
in drops of gore.

Now he that bore the crozier, and the  
papal crown had on  
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of  
Saint John;  
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the  
monkish hood,  
Was the holy San Millán of Cogolla's  
neighborhood.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*



*SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA*

San Miguel de la Tumba is a c  
vast and wide;

The sea encircles it around, and gro  
every side;

It is a wild and dangerous place, and  
woes betide

The monks who in that burial pl  
penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls,  
the ocean flood

Of pious fasting monks there dwelt  
brotherhood;

To the Madonna's glory there an  
high was placed

And a rich and costly image the  
altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the  
Mother smiled,

And as the custom is, she held with  
arms the Child;

The kings and wisemen of the Eas  
kneeling by her side;

Attended was she like a queen who  
had sanctified.

. . . . .

Descending low before her face a screen of  
feathers hung,—

A *moscader* or fan for flies, 'tis called in  
vulgar tongue;

From the feathers of the peacock's wing  
'twas fashioned bright and fair,  
And glistened like the heaven above when  
all its stars are there.

It chanced that for the people's sins, fell  
lightning's blasting stroke,

Worth from all four sacred walls the flames  
consuming broke;

The sacred robes were all consumed, missal  
and holy book;

And hardly with their lives the monks  
their crumbling walls forsook

But though the desolating flame raged  
fearfully and wild,

It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did  
not reach the Child,

It did not reach the feathery screen before  
her face that shone,

For injured in a farthing's worth the image  
or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did  
burn the screen;  
Even in the value of a hair they were  
hurt, I ween;  
Not even the smoke did reach then  
injure more the shrine  
Than the bishop, hight Don Tello  
been hurt by hand of mine.

—H. W. Longfellow

## ALFONSO X

(1221-1284)

*CANTIGA*

Alfonso X, known as *el sabio* or "The Wise," is in a sense the father of all Spanish literature. He was not a successful ruler, but he is famous for his codes, chronicles, didactic collections. The principal work which he is famous is the *Cantigas de Santa María*, in the dialect of the Galician provinces, which has been edited for the Spanish Academy (Madrid, 1889, 2 vols.), by A. de Coeto, the Marqués de Valmar.

Lady, for the love of God,  
Have some pity upon me!  
See my eyes, a river-flood  
Day and night, oh, see!  
Brothers, cousins, uncles, all,  
Have I lost for thee;  
If thou dost not me recall,  
Woe is me!

*Thomas Walsh.*

## THE TREASURY

The strange intelligence then reached my  
ears

That in the land of Egypt lived a man,  
Who, wise of wit, subjected to his scan  
The dark occurrences of uncome years;  
He judged the stars, and by the moving  
spheres

And aspects of the heavens unveiled the  
dim

Face of futurity, which then to him  
Appeared, as clear to us the past appears.  
A yearning towards this sage inspired my  
pen

And tongue, that instant, with humility  
Descending from my height of majesty;  
Such mastery has a strong desire o'er men;  
My earnest prayers I wrote—I sent—  
with ten

My noblest envoys, loaded each apart  
With gold and silver, which with all my  
heart

I offered him, but the request was vain.  
With much politeness the wise man replied,  
“You, sire, are a great king, and I should be

lost glad to serve you, but in such a fee  
f gold and silver gems I take no sort of  
pride;  
eign, then, yourself to use them; I abide  
content in more abundant wealth; and  
may  
our treasures profit you in every way  
hat I can wish, your servant." I com-  
plied;  
ut sent the stateliest of my argosies,  
Which reached, and from the Alexandrian  
port  
rought safe this cunning master to my  
court,  
Who greeted me with all kind courtesies;  
knowing well his great abilities,  
nd learning in the movement of the  
spheres,  
ave highly honored him these many  
years,  
or honor is the birthright of the wise.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

## MOSSÉN JORDI DE SAN JOE

(About 1250)

## SONG OF CONTRARIES

Mossén Jordi de San Jordi, an elusive figure in early Spanish literary history, is confused with another figure called Jordi del Rey. They are said to have been born either in Valencia or Catalonia about the middle of the thirteenth or fifteenth century, although the style of the present selection would seem to point to the later as the more probable date.

From day to day I learn but to unlearn  
 I live to die—my pleasure is my woe;  
 In dreary darkness I can light discern  
 Though blind, I see, and all but know  
 I know.

I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace  
 Though bound to earth, o'er highest heights  
 I fly.

With what's behind I run an untried race

And break from that which holds me might-  
ily.

Evil I find when hurrying after bliss,  
Loveless I love, and doubt of all I see;  
All seems a dream that most substantial is,  
I hate myself—others are dear to me;  
Voiceless, I speak—I hear, of hearing void,  
My eye is *no*, truth becomes falsehood  
strange;

I eat, not hungry—shift, though un-  
annoyed,  
Touch without hands —and sense to folly  
change.

I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall,  
When most I seem to sink, then mount I  
still;

Laughing I weep,—and waking, dreams I  
call,

And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel;  
Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone;  
Losing I gain—time fleetest, slowest flows;  
Though free from pain, 'neath pain's  
attacks I groan;

To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

— *Anonymous.*



JUAN LORENZO SEGURA  
(Late thirteenth century)

## MAY

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA, a native of A  
in the latter part of the thirteenth c  
who became an ecclesiastic—"bon cl  
onrado"—and who left a long poem o  
ander the Great.

It was the month of May, a g  
time,

When merry music make the bi  
boughs,

Dressed are the meads with beauty f  
wide,

And sighs the ladye that has  
spouse;

Tide sweet for marriages; flowers and  
winds

Temper the clime; in every villag

; girls in bebies sing, and with blythe  
 minds  
 re each to each good wishes of the  
 year.  
 ; maids and old maids, are all out of  
 doors,  
 ting with love, to gather flowers at  
 rest  
 on—they whisper each to each,  
 amours  
 good—and the most tender deem the  
 best.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

JUAN RUÍZ: Archpriest of H  
(About 1300)

TO VENUS

JUAN Ruíz, was the Archpriest of Hita neighborhood of Guadalajara. It is conjectured that he was born in 1283. Ecclesiastical superiors found it necessary to imprison and degrade him. He is a peculiarly personal character, strange in spirit to the French poet François. His *Libro de buen Amor* is to be found in *Biblioteca de autores castellanos* (vol. 10), and other editions are that of J. Ducamin (Paris, 1901), and of Julio Cejador y Saura (Madrid, 1913). See also *El Arcipreste de Hita* (Madrid, 1906), by Julio Puyol y A.

Of figure very graceful, with amorous  
correct,

Sweet, lovely, full of frolic, mild,  
mirth by prudence checked,

Addressing, courteous, lady-like, in wreathèd  
smiles bedecked,  
Whom every lady looks upon with love  
and with respect,  
O Lady Venus, wife of Love, at thy footstool  
low I kneel,  
Thou art the paramount desire of all, thy  
force all feel  
O Love, thou art the master of all creatures,  
all with zeal  
Worship thee for their creator, or for sorrow  
or for weal.  
Kings, dukes, and noble princes, every  
living thing that is  
Fear and serve thee for their being; oh,  
take not my vows amiss!  
Fulfill my fair desires, give good fortune,  
give me bliss,  
And be not niggard, shy, nor harsh; sweet  
Venus, grant me this!  
I am so lost, so ruined, and so wounded by  
thy dart,  
Which I carry close concealed and buried  
deep in my sad heart,  
I dare not to dare reveal the wound; I dare  
not e'er impart

Her name, ere I forget her, may I perish  
with the smart!

I have lost my lively color, and my mind  
is in decay;

I have neither strength nor spirits, I fall  
off both night and day;

My eyes are dim, they serve alone to lead  
my steps astray

If thou do not give me comfort, I shall  
swoon and pass away.

*Replieth Venus:*

Tell all thy feelings without fear or being  
swayed by shame,

To every amorous-looking miss, to every  
gadding dame;

Amongst a thousand, thou wilt scarce find  
one that e'er will blame

Thine unembarrassed suit, nor laugh to  
scorn thy tender flame.

If the first wave of the rough sea, when it  
comes roaring near.

Should frighten the rude mariner, he ne'er  
would plough the clear

With his brass-beakéd ship; then ne'er  
let the first word sever

The first frown, or the first repulse, affright  
 thee from thy dear.  
 By cunning hardest hearts grow soft, walled  
 cities fall; with care  
 High trees are felled, grave weights are  
 raised; by cunning many swear  
 By cunning many perjured are, and fishes  
 by the snare  
 Are taken under the green wave; then why  
 shouldst thou despair?

*J. H. Wiffen.*

#### PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

I wish to make my sermon brief,—to  
 shorten my oration, —  
 For a never-ending sermon is my utter  
 detestation;  
 Like short women, —suits at law without  
 procrastination, —  
 And am always most delighted with things  
 of short duration  
 A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool  
 who's always grinning  
 At little women love so much, one falls  
 in love with sinning.

There are women who are very tall  
yet not worth the winning,  
And in the change of short for long r  
tance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love bes  
me in my musing;

To tell their noble qualities is quite b  
refusing;

So I'll praise the little women, and  
find the thing amusing

They are, I know, as cold as snow, v  
flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm v  
the flame of Love is raging,

They're gay and pleasant in the str  
soft, cheerful, and engaging,

They're thrifty and discreet at home,  
cares of life assuaging;

All this and more;—try and you'll  
how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what spl  
meets the eyes!

In a little lump of sugar how mu  
sweetness lies!

in a little woman love grows and multi-  
plies;

You recollect the proverb says,—“A word  
unto the Wise.”

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons  
every dinner

More than all other condiments, although  
'tis sprinkled thinner;

Just so a little woman is, if Love will let  
you win her,—

There's not a joy in all the world you will  
not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the  
richest dyes,

And in a little grain of gold much price and  
values lies,

From a little balsam much odor doth  
arise,

In a little woman there's a taste of  
paradise.

Even as a little ruby its secret worth be-  
trays,

Color and price and virtue, in the clearness  
of its rays, —



Just so a little woman much ex  
displays,  
Beauty and grace and love and  
always.

The skylark and the nightingale,  
small and light of wing  
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than  
the birds that sing;  
And so a little woman, though a ve  
thing,  
Is sweeter far than sugar and flow  
bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush  
many a thrilling note,  
Each as a gay musician doth st  
little throat  
A merry little songster in his gre  
yellow coat;  
And such a little woman is, who  
doth make her dote.

There's nought can be compared  
throughout the wide creation;  
She is a paradise on earth,—our  
consolation,—

o cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all  
vexation;

o fine, she's better in the proot than in  
anticipation.

'as her size increases are woman's charms  
decreased,

hen surely it is good to be from all the  
great released.

low of two evils choose the less—said a  
wise man of the East,

by consequence, of woman-kind be sure  
to choose the least.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA

(1332-1407)

## SONG TO THE VIRGIN MAR

PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA was a Basque  
tier in the suite of Pedro the Cruel,  
of Trastamara, John I, and Henry.  
He became Grand Chancellor of Castile  
1398. His principal work is the *Rim  
Palacio* (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*  
lvii). It is also to be found in a new edition  
edited by Albert Kuersteiner in the *Biblioteca  
hispánica*.

Lady, as I know thy power,  
I place my hopes in thee;  
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower  
My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thy welcome ever was most sweet  
To those who come in care;  
When from this prison I retreat,  
I'll seek thine image there.

Lady, as I know thy power,  
 I place my hopes in thee;  
 Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower,  
 My pilgrim steps shall see.

In all my sorrows would I call  
 On thee, Sweet Advocate;  
 My heart adores thee more than all,  
 And so my sins seem great.  
 Lady, as I know thy power,  
 I place my hopes in thee;  
 Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower  
 My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thou art the star that shows the way,  
 The balm that heals my wrong;  
 In gentleness be mine today  
 And lead to heaven along.  
 Lady, as I know thy power,  
 I place my hopes in thee;  
 Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower  
 My pilgrim steps shall see.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## ALVARO DE LUNA

(1388-1453)

## CANCIÓN

ALVARO DE LUNA, from a mere page boy to Grand Constable of Castile through the favor of Juan II. He obtained unbounded power and wealth, but earned the hatred of the nobles, who procured his abandonment and execution by his King in 1453. His poems are characteristic in their frivolous, dissipated manner of the age in which he flourished. Some of his poetical work is to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena* (edition of Pidal, Madrid, 1851).

Since to cry  
And to sigh  
I ne'er cease;  
And in vain  
I would gain  
My release;  
Yet I still

Have the will,  
Though I see  
That the way  
Every day  
Is less free.  
She is light  
And the blight  
Wrecks my joy;  
Better death  
Than such breath  
I employ!  
But perchance  
For such glance  
I was born;  
And my grief  
Is relief  
For your scorn.  
— *Thomas Walsh.*

## ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDO

(1398-1458)

## SERRANILLA

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA, Marqués de Santillana, the son of the Admiral of Castile and nephew of López de Ayala, was born in Carrión de los Condes. He was a skillful poet and bitterly opposed to Álvaro de Luna. He died at Guadalajara on March 23, 1458. He is remarkable for a fine command of language, and for his acquaintance with all the literary forms of the Provençal and Italian schools. He is thought to have been the first to employ the sonnet form in Spanish. His *Obras* were published in Madrid in 1851, edited by José Amador de los Ríos, and his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV*, collected by Foulché-Delbosc in the *Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

From Calatrava as I took my way  
At holy Mary's shrine to kneel and

And sleep upon my eyelids heavy lay,  
 There where the ground was very rough  
 and wild,

I lost my path and met a peasant child:  
 From Finojosa, with the herds around her,  
 There in the fields I found her.

Upon a meadow green with tender grass,  
 With other rustic cowherds, lad and lass,  
 So sweet a thing to see I watched her pass  
 My eyes could scarce believe her what  
 they found her,  
 There with the herds around her.

I do not think that roses in the Spring  
 Are half so lovely in their fashioning:  
 My heart must needs avow this secret thing,  
 That had I known her first as then I  
 found her,  
 From Finojosa, with the herds around her,  
 I had not strayed so far her face to see  
 That it might rob me of my liberty.

I questioned her, to know what she might  
 say:  
 "Has she of Finojosa passed this way?"



She smiled and answered me: "In vain  
you sue,  
Full well my heart discerns the hope in you:  
But she of whom you speak, and have  
not found her.  
Her heart is free, no thought of love has  
bound her,  
Here with the herds around her."

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

### CANCIÓN

Whether you love me  
I cannot tell.  
But that I love you,  
This I know well.

You and none other  
Hold I so dear.  
This shall be always,  
Year upon year.

When first I saw you,  
So it befell.  
I gave you all things—  
This I know well.

Myself I gave you  
 Ever in fee.  
 Doubt then of all things  
 But doubt not me.

Since first I saw you,  
 Under your spell,  
 All my wits wander,  
 This I know well.

Still have I loved you,  
 Still shall I love,  
 Love you and serve you  
 All things above.

Her I have chosen  
 None doth excel.  
 Trust me, I feign not,  
 This I know well.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

ANONYMOUS  
(Fifteenth century)

VILLANCICO

THIS *Villancico* is a remarkable little poem found in the *Cancionero musical de los siglos XV y XVI*, published by F. Asenjo Barbieri (Madrid, 1890, no. 17, p. 62).

Three dark maids,—I loved them when  
In Jaën,—  
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

Three dark maids who went together  
Picking olives in clear weather,  
My, but they were in fine feather  
In Jaën,—  
Axa, Fátima, Marien!—

There the harvests they collected,  
Turning home with hearts dejected,  
Haggard where the sun reflected  
In Jaën,—  
Axa, Fátima, Marien—

Three dark Moors so lovely they—  
Three dark Moors so lovely, they  
Plucked the apples on that day  
Near Jaën,—  
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

### THE BLACK GLOVE

From the *Cancionero general*

Glove of black in white hand bare,  
And about her forehead pale  
Wound a thin transparent veil  
That doth not conceal her hair.  
Sovereign attitude and air,  
Cheek and neck alike displayed,  
With coquettish charms arrayed,  
Laughing eyes and fugitive;—  
This is killing men that live,  
'Tis not mourning for the dead.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL  
(Early fifteenth century)

*DEZIR*

MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL was the son of a Genoese jeweller settled in Seville. He is important as the first poet in Spanish to imitate the poems of Dante in their allegorical style. Thirteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena*.

Passing on no vain journey was I upon the  
day  
On Guadalquiver's bridge I went with  
footsteps free  
Unto the fair encounter that thereon came  
to me,  
Where by the River's reaches, as old  
Triana lay,  
The lovely star Diana her beauty did display;  
Upon that May day early, hard at the  
break of morn

The Feast of holy pilgrimages to adorn,—  
 'o Santa Ana, all the praises due, I pay!—

And there my colors for to show, I chose  
 the flower

of jasmine delicate and rare; the rose in  
 bloom

fresh from its garden breathing rarest of  
 perfume;

And then the fleur-de-lis from the meadow  
 bower.

Their gracious hues and honest smiled so  
 upon that hour

They brought to mind the messenger of  
 angel face

Who came old time and murmured "Hail,  
 Thou full of Grace,"

Descending out of Paradise to speak its  
 power.

Blessed be the poets all, and authors wise  
 as well,

Romeo, Horace, Vergil, Dante, and he too,  
 that Ovid to whose pen *The Art of Love* is due,

And all who e'er have written the praise  
 of lords to tell;

For she is as the moon in the stars' ,  
When her with other women one sta  
compare,—

A shining flame amid the brightest  
there—

A rose among the flowers for beau  
for smell.

Though not to be disdained for be  
for grace

The fragile enfregyme, the flowery 1  
Greece,

The blossom that the Trojan voice  
cease

To praise on high and give the lof  
place;

Yet native to our soil, where never 1  
trace,

There sometimes comes to bloss  
beautiful a rose,

So stately and so lovely, it quite out  
those,—

And that alone is worthy to be put  
her face.

—*Thomas W*

## FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA

(Fifteenth century)

## DEZIR

FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA was Commander of the Order of Calatrava. Sixteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena*, which show a real distinction not eclipsed by the resemblance of his works to the *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique and the verses of Rodrigo Cota de Maguaque.

For love of God, let's put aside the veil,  
Good Gentlemen, that blurs and blinds  
our sight,  
And upon Death the conqueror look aright,  
Who levels high and low beneath his flail.  
And unto God in heaven let our sighs  
Go up in prayer, each heart a penitent.  
For the offenses everyone has spent,  
The old, the child, the youth, against the  
skies.



Surely no life at all we live, who here  
But measure the assured approach  
death—

The cruel, treacherous master of our life  
And when we think to live,—ah, he is  
We are well certain of our hour of birth  
But when we die, ah, certain we are  
No certitude of life an hour we've gone  
With tears we come, with tears we leave  
the earth.

And what became of all the emperors  
The popes and kings, and all the p  
lords,

The dukes and counts whom h  
records,

Their rich and strong and learned serv  
And all who in the lists of love would  
In gallant arms throughout the spre  
world,—

And all in art's and science's scroll enf  
Where doctors, poets, troubadours, en

Father and son and brother, parents  
And friends and sweethearts of our  
breast,

whom we ate and drank and took  
our rest,  
gay and gallant throng in friendships  
bond,—  
es and damsels and brave striplings  
fair  
lay their youthfulness beneath the  
ground;  
other gentles that short shift have  
found,  
once were present here and now are  
where?

Duke of Cabra and the Admiral,  
many another Grandee of Castile;  
Ruy Diaz's sleeve to pluck doth steal  
Death,—who 'mong his compeers out-  
phone all,  
at the people of the farthest East  
ant of his prowess and the glory's  
mine  
ent this court with all his gracious, fine  
rmance graciously and bold increased.

all we mention now are briefly grown  
dust and ashes, fallen to nothingness;

Others are bones that are of flesh  
And, refuse of the trenches, there ar  
And others are disjointed limbs, t  
Without a body, without hands c  
Others whereon the worms begin  
Others new set for burial with the

Where now the lordships, prela  
powers,

The tributes and the rents signor  
Where now their pomps and c  
withal,

Where their campaignings and the  
hours?

Where all their sciences and learn  
Where are their masters of the p  
Where the great rhymers, where th  
heart,

Where he that struck the lute-str  
and o'er?

Where are the treasures, vassals,  
Where are their hangings and their  
stones,

Where are their pearls baroque  
thrones,

Where are their perfume arks and scented  
store?

Where are their woofs of gold and shining  
chains,

Where are their collars and their buckles  
now,

Where the great gems that glittered row  
on row,

Where the light bells that tinkled on their  
reins?

Where are the feasts and suppers gay be-  
spread,

Where the bright joust and tourney after-  
noons,

Where are their fashions and new-fangled  
boons,

Where the new steps with which their  
dancers tread?

Where the assemblies and the banquet  
boards,

Where all the shows and splendor of their  
ways,

Where all the laughter and the pleasant plays,

Where all the minstrel's and the joglar's  
words;

In faith meseems without a shade of c  
The days are now accomplished as fo  
Isaias, prophet son of Amos old,  
Who said: "All order shall be blotte  
Corruption shall be over every wort  
And death o'er all of humankind shall  
And every gate shall hear the voices  
And all the people be destroyed  
earth!"

Such is the end and tribulation seen  
By Jeremias prophet of man's woes,  
Whose eyes a flood of weepings did di  
Whose loud lamentings did his grief de  
Mourning his sins and errors of his c  
And this is written, anyone may read  
Within his chapters and clear and  
indeed;

These surely are the times of which he

Wherefore good sense advises we s  
arm

Our souls with all the virtues that they  
And take earth's empty treasures from  
back

Since they are sure to go at first ala

e who looks on this with kindly eyes,  
not a fear unto his dying give;  
gh death he passes, ceasing but to  
re,  
e Eternal where he never dies!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JUAN II OF CASTILE

(1405-1454)

*CANCIÓN*

KING JUAN II of Castile was a weak ruler, a futile monarch, but a good critic and a graceful poet. He was lordly patron of the court to which flocked over two hundred troubadours and poets. His story is intimately involved with that of his favorite, Alvaro de Luna.

O Love, I never, never thought  
Thy power had been so great,  
That thou couldst change my fate  
By changes in another wrought,  
Till now, alas! I know it.

I thought I knew thee well,  
For I had known thee long;  
But though I felt thee strong,  
I felt not all thy spell.

or ever, ever had I thought  
 Thy power had been so great,  
 That thou couldst change my fate,  
 y changes in another wrought,  
 ill now, alas! I know it.

—*George Ticknor.*



## JUAN DE MENA

(1411-1456)

## CANCIÓN

JUAN DE MENA was born at Cordoba; his father was *regidor*. After travel in Italy he returned to Spain and became Secretary to Juan II. He was a great favorite of this monarch and died at Torre de Juan Abad. He was the leading poet of his time and called "The Spanish Ennius." His poem, *El Laberinto*, imitates the scheme of Dante's *Commedia*. *El Laberinto*, also known as *Las Trezientas*, was published by Foulché-Delbosc (Mâcon, 1904). See F. Wolf, *Studien*, p. 772, and George Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature*, i, p. 329.

As I upon my pallet lie,  
 The greatest grief I know  
 Is thinking when I said "Good-bye"  
 To the breast I'm loving so.

e of all the woes I feel  
 n that parting thought,  
 es my memories reveal  
 mighty joys you brought.  
 the world a-whispering go  
 ell why here I lie;  
 e they know I've said "Good-bye"  
 he breast I'm loving so.

ish but I let none hear  
 e deep my sorrows are,  
 gh my griefs are quite as near  
 our sweet balm is far.  
 It be the end they show  
 eath is coming nigh,  
 iving, let me say "Good-bye"  
 he breast I'm loving so.

— *Thomas Walsh.*

#### ES TO MACÍAS EL ENAMORADO

(From the *Laberinto*)

this radiant circle looked so long  
 e found out Macías; in a bower  
 ess was he weeping still the hour  
 nded his dark life and love in wrong.

Nearer I drew for sympathy was s  
In me, when I perceived he was fro  
And there I heard him sing the sadd  
That e'er was tuned in elegiac son  
"Love crowned me with his myrtl  
my name

Will be pronounced by many, but  
When his pangs caused me bliss, no  
woe

The mournful suffering that consu  
frame!

His sweet snares conquer the lo  
they tame,

But do not always then continue s  
And since they cause me ruin so c  
Turn, lovers, turn, and disesteem h  
Dangers so passionate be glad to  
Learn to be gay; flee from sorrow  
Learn to disserve him you have s  
much,

Your devoirs pay at any shrine b  
If the short joy that in his service  
Were but proportioned to the lo  
pain,

Neither would he that once has lov  
plain,

he that ne'er has loved despair of bliss.  
Even as some assassin or night-rover,  
g his fellow wound upon the wheel,  
by the agony resolves with zeal  
to 'mend, and character recover;  
When the fearful spectacle is over,  
as his crimes with easy unconcern;  
And amours on my despair return,  
I should die, as I have lived, a lover!"

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

## GÓMEZ MANRIQUE

(1415-1491)

## TO A LADY GOING VEILED

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE, Lord of Amusco, was a nephew of the Marqués de Santillana and brother of Rodrigo Manrique, Grand-Master of Santiago, called "the Second Cid." At first a mere courtier, he devoted himself to the poetry fashionable at the court of Juan II. He was called to sterner duties by his warlike brother and supported in battle the claims of the Pretender Alonso and his sister Isabel of Castile. He is distinguished for a pathos similar to that employed by his great nephew, Jorge Manrique, and this, as well as his satirical poetry, may be studied in his *Cancionero* edited by Antonio Paz y Mélia (Madrid, 1885).

The very heart went out of me  
 When first I saw your face,  
 And soon it did appear to me  
 Your eyes in mine would trace.

no more than scarcely breathe  
 1 you drew on your veil  
 1 yourself so well beneath  
 dark cloak's heavy trail.

der it your gentle grace  
 simple air were seen;  
 ry masque its charm would trace  
 show, instead of screen;  
 great became my care  
 trouble that I knew  
 rt was swift entangled there  
 my enraptured view.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

S ON THE BAD GOVERNMENT  
 OF TOLEDO

mighty Rome was conqueror,  
 s Scipio led the van of fighting;  
 ius was her counselor;  
 Titus Livius did her writing.

t a maid or wife but came  
 stripped the ornaments from off her,  
 : them for warlike fame  
 save her country from dishonor.

Where none there be to rule the town  
How soon its triumph will be ended!  
How soon the roof-tree tumble down  
Where not a dweller is attended!

When pigs without the dogs to herd  
Will straggle quick to their perdition  
Can troops without a captain's word  
Be long maintained in war-condition?

For sheep without a shepherd's rod  
Will lay in waste both field and garden  
And monks that know no prior's nod  
Will fall to sins beyond a pardon.

The vineyards left unwatched to grow  
Unto each passer-by will yield them;  
The courts where gallants never show  
Are hands that have no gloves to shield  
them.

The shoe that fares without a sole  
Can ill preserve the foot that wears it  
The strings escaped the lute's control  
Will make a sound—if you can hear  
it—

that boasts no lettered throng,  
ce without walls, must tremble;  
for fish both big and strong  
re the firmest nets dissemble?

at blow me-seemeth light  
a swordless hand is giver;—  
d without a hand of might,  
: thrust will it deliver!

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO

(1433-1496)

## CANTAR TO OUR LADY

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO was one of the poets of the court of Juan II. He fell into disgrace under Henry IV. He was highly esteemed by Gómez Manrique. His work is to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del XV* (Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles, vol. xix)

Tell me Lady, tell, prithee,  
When from earth I pass away,  
Will you then remember me?

When there shall to all be known  
How my time away was thrown,  
How with sins my days were sown  
And my depths of misery—  
Will you then remember me?

gh the realms of the eternal  
e Judgment Seat diurnal,  
re from the doom infernal,  
ur prayers alone I see,—  
ou then remember me?

upon the dreaded scales  
y poor accounting fails  
port the bonds and bails  
your Son has given in fee—  
ou then remember me?

*Finale*

my soul in grief astounded  
e judgment bar surrounded  
the charge of guilt is hounded,  
our prayers alone can free,—  
ou then remember me?

—*Garret Strange.*

## JORGE MANRIQUE

(1440-1479)

## CÁNTICA

JORGE MANRIQUE was the son of Rodrigo, Grand Master of Santiago, "the Second" and was born at Paredes de Nava. From birth he was in the midst of wars, and joined his father in supporting Alfonso and Isabel of Castile in their claims for the throne. He was killed before the walls of Granada by Muñoz in his thirty-ninth year. His famous *Coplas* were written after the death of his father in 1476. Innumerable editions of this great poem have made their appearance, among the best being that of M. R. Fournier and Delbosc (Madrid, 1912). The *Coplas* have many commentaries in verse and have sometimes been set to music. H. W. Longfellow began his literary career with the publication of a version of the *Coplas* in English.

Let him whose time hath come to go  
Put never faith where he must part

Forgetfulness and change of heart  
Are penalties the absent know.  
You would be loved—a lover you.  
Then pay your court incessant, thou,  
For hardly are you vanished ere  
Remembrance goes as lightly too  
Be done with idle hope, and start  
Let him whose time hath come to go;  
Forgetfulness and change of heart  
Are penalties the absent know.

*Thomas W'alsh.*

THE COPLAS ON THE DEATH OF HIS  
FATHER, THE GRAND-MASTER  
OF SANTIAGO

*The Introit*

Let from its dream the soul awaken,  
And reason mark with open eyes  
The scene unfolding,  
How lightly life away is taken,  
How cometh Death in stealthy guise,—  
At last beholding;  
What swiftness hath the flight of pleasure  
That, once attained, seems nothing more  
Than respite cold;

How fain is memory to measure  
Each latter day inferior  
To those of old.

Beholding how each instant flies  
So swift, that, as we count, 'tis gone  
Beyond recover,

Let us resolve to be more wise  
Than stake our future lot upon  
What soon is over.

Let none be self-deluding, none,—  
Imagining some longer stay  
For his own treasure  
Than what today he sees undone;  
For everything must pass away  
In equal measure.

Our lives are fated as the rivers  
That gather downward to the sea  
We know as Death;  
And thither every flood delivers  
The pride and pomp of signiory  
That forfeiteth;

Thither, the rivers in their splendor;  
Thither, the streams of modest worth  
The rills beside them;

are all equal they surrender;  
 so with those who toil on earth,  
 And those who guide them.

*The Invocation*

me from the praise and singing  
 eulogists, and the proud  
 Old poets' stories;  
 I not have them hither bringing  
 artful potions that but cloud  
 His honest glories;

Alone I lay my burden—  
 only do I now implore  
 In my distress,—  
 me on earth and had for guerdon  
 scorn of man that did ignore  
 His Godliness.

world is but a highway going  
 that other, the abode  
 Without a sorrow;  
 are they who gird them, knowing  
 mileposts set along that road  
 Unto tomorrow.

We start with birth upon that questing  
We journey all the while we live,  
Our goal attaining  
The day alone that brings us resting,  
When Death shall last quietus give  
To all complaining.

This were a hallowed world indeed,  
Did we but give it the employ  
That was intended;  
For by the precepts of our Creed  
We earn hereby a life of joy  
When this is ended.

The Son of God Himself on earth  
Came down to raise our lowly race  
Unto the sky;  
Here took upon Him human birth;  
Here lived among us for a space;  
And here did die.

Behold what miserable prize—  
What futile task we set upon,  
Whilst greed awakes us!  
And what a traitor world of hes  
Is this, whose very gifts are gone  
Ere Death o'ertakes us!

Some through increasing age deprived,  
Some by unhappy turn of fate  
Destroyed and banished,  
Some, as with blight inherent rived  
At topmost of their branching state,  
Have failed and vanished.

Yea, tell me shall the lovely blason,  
The gentle freshness and contour  
Of smiling faces,—  
The blush and pallor's sweet occasion,—  
Of all shall one a truce secure  
From Time's grim traces?

The flowing tress, the stature slender,  
The corporal litherness, and the strength  
Of gallant youth,—  
All, all,—to weariness surrender  
As o'er them falls the shadow's length  
Of age in truth

The Visigoths whose lineage kingly  
Whose feats of war and mighty reign  
Were so exalted,—  
What divers ways did all and singly  
Drop down to the obscure again  
And were defaulted!



Some through their worthlessness  
lowly

And base among the rabble came  
Their estimation !)

Whilst others as a refuge solely  
In offices they only shame  
Maintain their station.

Estate and luxury's providing  
Can leave us pauper—who may doubt  
Within an hour;

Let us not count on their abiding,  
Since there is nothing sure about  
Dame Fortune's dower.

Hers are the gifts of one unstable  
Upon her globe as swift as light  
Revolving ever;

Who to be constant is unable,  
Who cannot stay nor rest from flight  
On aughtsoever.

And though, say I, her highest favor  
Should follow to the tomb and hear  
With wreaths her master;

Let not our solid judgment waver  
Since life is like a dream and sleep  
Flies nothing faster.

The soft occasions of today  
Wherein we find our joy and ease  
Are but diurnal;  
Whilst the dread torments that must pay  
The cost of our iniquities  
Shall be eternal.

The pleasures light, the fond evasions  
That life on troubled earth deploys  
For eyes of mortals,  
What are they but the fair persuasions  
Of labyrinths where Death decoys  
To trap-like portals?

Where heedless of the doom ensuing  
We hasten laughing to the snare  
Without suspicion.  
Until aghast at our undoing,  
We turn to find the bolt is there,  
And our perdition

Could we but have procured the power  
To make our faded youth anew  
Both fresh and whole,

As now through life's probation hour  
 'Tis ours to give angelic hue  
 Unto the soul,—

What ceaseless care we then had taken  
 What pains had welcomed, so to bring  
 A health but human,—  
 Our summer bloom to re-awaken.  
 Our stains to clear, —outrivalling  
 The arts of woman!

The kings whose mighty deeds are spelt  
 Upon the parchments of the years,  
 Alas!—the weeping  
 That overtook their boast audacious.  
 And swept their thrones to grim  
 tears  
 And sorrow's keeping!

Naught else proves any more enduring  
 Nor are the popes, nor emperors,  
 Nor prelaties  
 A longer stay or truce securing  
 Than the poor herdsman of the moor  
 From Death's decrees.

Recount no more of Troy, or foeman  
The echo of whose wars is now  
But far tradition;  
Recount no more how fared the Roman  
(His scroll of glories we allow)  
Nor his perdition;

Nor here rehearse the homely fable  
Of such as yielded up their sway  
These decades gone,  
But let us say what lamentable  
Fate the lords of yesterday  
Have fallen upon.

Of fair Don Juan the king that ruled us,—  
Of those hight heirs of Aragon, —  
What are the tidings?  
Of him whose courtly graces schooled us,  
Whom song and wisdom smiled upon,  
Where the abidings?

The jousts and tourneys where they  
vaunted  
With trappings, and caparison,  
And armor sheathing,—

Were they but phantasies that taunted,—  
But blades of grass that vanished on  
A summer's breathing?

What of the dames of birth and station,  
Their head-attire, their sweeping trains.  
Their vesture scented?

What of that gallant conflagration  
They made of lovers' hearts whose pains  
Were discontented?

And what of him, that troubadour  
Whose melting lutaney and rime  
Was all their pleasure?

Ah, what of her who danced demure,  
And trailed her robes of olden time  
So fair a measure?

Then Don Enriqu , in succession,  
His brother's heir, think, to what height  
Was he annointed!

What blandishment and sweet possession  
The world prepared for his delight,  
As seemed appointed!

Yet see what unrelenting foeman,  
What cruel adversary, Fate  
To him became;

Unfriended as was no man—  
Grief for him endured the state  
His birth might claim.

Then bounties without stinting,  
Strongholds and the lairs of kings  
With treasure gluttied;  
Hons of their wassail glinting,  
Sceptres, orbs, and crowns, and rings  
With which they strutted;

And the spurs, and bits to rein them.  
Millions draped unto the ground  
Beneath their paces. —  
Nether must we fare to gain them?  
Were but as the dews around  
The meadow places.

Nether then, the unoffending,  
Was intruded on his reign  
To act as heir, —  
Allant court was round him bending  
Many a haughty lord was fain  
To tend him there'

Not mortal was his station,  
For his goblet soon distilled  
A draught for draining;

O Thou Divine Predestination!  
When most his blaze the world had filled  
Thou sent'st the raining!

And then, Don Alvaro, Grand-Master  
And Constable, whom we have known  
When loved and dreaded,  
What need to tell of his disaster,  
Since we behold him overthrown  
And swift beheaded!

His treasures that defied accounting,  
His manors and his feudal lands,  
His boundless power, -  
What more than tears were their amount-  
ing?  
What more than bonds to tie his hands  
At life's last hour?

That other twain, Grand Masters solely,  
Yet with the fortunes as of kings  
Fraternal reigning,  
Who brought the high as well as lowly  
Submissive to their challengings  
And laws' ordaining.

And what of all their power and prize  
That touched the very peaks of fame  
That none could limit?—

A conflagration 'gainst the skies,  
Till at its brightest ruthless came  
Death's hand to dim it.

The dukes so many and excelling,  
The marquises, and counts, the throng  
Of barons splendid,  
Speak, Death, where hast thou hid their  
dwelling?

The sway we saw them wield so strong  
How was it ended?

What fields upon were they engaging,—  
What prowess showing us in war  
Or its cessation,  
When thou, O Death, didst come outraging  
Both one and all, and swept them o'er  
With desolation

Their warriors' unnumbered hosting.  
The pennon, and the battle-flag,  
And bannered splendor,—



The castles with their turrets boasting,  
Their walls and barricades to brag  
And mock surrender,—

The cavern's ancient crypt of hiding,  
Or secret passage, vault, or stair,—  
What use affords it?

Since thou upon thy onslaught striding  
Canst send a shaft unerring where  
No buckler wards it!

*O World that givest and destroyest  
Would that the life which thou hast shown  
Were worth the living!*

*But here, as good or ill deployest,  
The parting is with gladness known  
Or with misgiving.*

*Thy span is so with griefs encumbered  
With sighing every breeze so steeped,  
With wrongs so clouded,  
A desert where no boon is numbered,  
The sweetness and allurements reaped  
And black and shrouded.*

*Thy highway is the road of weeping;  
Thy long farewells are bitterness  
Without a morrow;*

*Adown thy ruts and ditches keeping  
The traveller who doth most possess  
Hath most of sorrow.*

*Thy chattels are but had with sighing;  
With sweat of brow alone obtained  
The wage they give;*

*In myriads thine ills come hieing,  
And once existence they have gained,  
They longest live.*

*And he, the shield and knightly pastor  
Of honest folk, beloved by all  
The unoffending,—*

*Don Roderic Manrique, Master  
Of Santiago, —Fame shall call  
Him brave unending!*

*Not here behooves to chant his praises  
Or laud his valor to the skies,  
Since none but knows them;  
Nor would I crave a word that raises  
His merit higher than the prize  
The world bestows them.*

*What a comrade comrades found him!  
Unto his henchmen what a lord!  
And what a brother!*

What foeman for the foes around him  
His peer as Master of the Sword  
There was no other!

What precious counsel 'mid the knave  
What grace amid the courtly bow  
What prudence rare!

What bounty to the vanquished slave  
How 'mid the brave in danger's hour  
A lion there!

In destiny a new Augustus;  
A Caesar for his victories  
And battle forces;  
An Africanus in his justice;  
A Hannibal for energies  
And deep resources,

A Trajan in his gracious hour;  
A Titus for his open hand  
And cheer unfailing;  
His arm, a Spartan king's in power  
His voice, a Tully's to command  
The truth's prevailing!

In mildness Antoninus Pius;  
A Marc Aurelius in the light  
Of calm attending;

A Hadrian to pacify us;  
A Theodosius in his right  
And high intending;

Aurelius Alexander stern  
In discipline and laws of war  
Among his legions;

A Constantine in faith eterne;  
Gamaliel in the love he bore  
His native regions.

He left no weighty chests of treasure,  
Nor ever unto wealth attained  
Nor store excelling;  
To fight the Moors was all his pleasure  
And thus his fortresses he gained.  
Demesne, and dwelling.

Amid the lists where he prevailed  
Fell knights and steeds into his hands  
Through fierce compression,  
Whereby he came to be regaled  
With vassals and with feudal lands  
In fair possession.

Ask you how in his rank and station  
When first he started his career  
Himself he righted?

Left orphan and in desolation  
His brothers and his henchmen dear  
He held united.

And ask you how his course was guided  
When once his gallant deeds were famed  
And war was ended?

His high contracting so provided  
That broader, as his honors claimed,  
His lands extended.

And these, the proud exploits narrated  
In chronicles to show his youth  
And martial force,  
With triumphs equal he was fated  
To re-affirm in very sooth  
As years did course.

Then for the prudence of his ways.  
For merit and in high award  
Of service knightly,  
His dignity they came to raise  
Till he was Master of the Sword  
Elected rightly.

Finding his father's forts and manors  
By false intruders occupied  
And sore oppressed,

With siege and onslaught, shouts and banners,  
His broad-sword in his hand to guide,  
He re-possessed.

And for our rightful king how well  
He bore the brunt of warfare keen  
In siege and action,  
Let Portugal's poor monarch tell,  
Or those who in Castile have been  
Among his faction.

Then having risked his life, maintaining  
The cause of justice in the fight  
For law appointed,  
With years in harness spent sustaining  
The royal crown of him by right  
His lord anointed,

With feats so mighty that Hispania  
Can never make account of all  
In number mortal,  
Unto his township of Ocaña  
Came Death at last to strike and call  
Against his portal:

*Speaketh Death*

"Good Cavalier,"—he cried,—  
"divest  
you

Of all this hollow world of lies  
And soft devices;  
Let your old courage now attest you,  
And show a breast of steel that vies  
In this hard crisis!

"And since of life and fortune's prizes  
You ever made so small account  
For sake of honor,  
Array your soul in virtue's guises  
To undergo this paramount  
Assault upon her!

"For you, are only half its terrors  
And half the battles and the pains  
Your heart perceiveth;  
Since here a life devoid of errors  
And glorious for noble pains  
To-day it leaveth;

"A life for such as bravely bear it  
And make its fleeting breath sublime  
In right pursuing,

Untainted, as is their's who share it  
And put their pleasure in the game  
Of their undoing;

"The life that is The Everlasting  
Was never yet by aught attained  
Save meed eternal;  
And ne'er through soft indulgence casting  
The shadow of its solace stained  
With guilt infernal;

"But in the cloister holy brothers  
Besiege it with unceasing prayer  
And hard denial,  
And faithful paladins are others  
Who 'gainst the Moors to win it bear  
With wound and trial.

"And since, O noble and undaunted,  
Your hands the paynim's blood have shed  
In war and tourney,—  
Make ready now to take the vaunted  
High guerdon you have merited  
For this great journey!

"Upon this holy trust confiding,  
And in the faith entire and pure  
You e'er commended,



Away,—unto your new abiding,  
Take up the Life that shall endure  
When this is ended!"

*Respondeth the Grand-Master*

"Waste we not here the final hours  
This puny life can now afford  
My mortal being;  
But let my will in all its powers  
Conformable approach the Lord  
And His decreeing.

"Unto my death I yield, contenting  
My soul to put the body by  
In peace and gladness;  
The thought of man to live, preventing  
God's loving will that he should die,  
Is only madness."

*The Supplication*

O Thou who for our weight of sin  
Descended to a place on earth  
And human feature;

Who didst join Thy Godhead in  
 O'g of such lowly worth  
 As man Thy creature;

Who amid Thy dire tormenting  
 Unresistingly endure  
 Such pangs to ease us;  
 Thy mean deserts relenting,  
 Only on a sinner poor,  
 Have mercy, Jesus!

*The Codicil*

His hopes so nobly founded,  
 His eyes clear and unimpaired  
 So none could doubt him,—  
 His house and offspring fond surrounded,  
 His men and his servants bared  
 And knelt around him, -

His soul to Him who gave it,  
 God in heaven ordain it place  
 And share of glory!)  
 Our life as balm to save it,  
 Dry the tears upon our face!  
 His deathless story.

—Thomas Walsh.

## RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN

(About 1450)

## TO THE VIRGIN

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN, known also as Rodríguez de la Cámara, is considered the last representative of the Galician troubadours in Spain. He is said to have been in love with a queen of Spain, and many fictitious accounts of him are discussed in Pidal's *Cancionero de Baena* (Edition, 1860), and in Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (vol. 1, 355).

O fire of light divine,  
Sweet Flame unscorching, pure,—  
Against dismay our countersign,  
Against all grief a cure,—  
Shine on thy servant poor!—  
The fickle glory of the world,  
Its vain prosperity,  
He contemplates;

His reasonings profound behold  
The centre where there lie  
The ills he hates.

Let him who thinks him wise  
The Siren's call attend!

She fearing in amend.

The torments that chastise,  
Weeps that her reign must end.

—*Roderick Gill.*

## RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE

(About 1492)

## ESPARSA

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE was a Christianized Jew, who has received mistaken notice as the author of the *Coplas de Mingo* and the beginning of the *Celestina*. His most famous work is the *Diálogo entre y un Viejo*.

Clouded vision, light obscure,  
 Moody glory, living death,  
 Fortune that cannot endure,  
 Pickle weeping, joy a breath,  
 Bitter-sweet and sweet unsure,  
 Peace and anger, sudden crosses  
 Such is love, its trappings sure  
 Decked with glory for its cost.

— Thomas Wals

## CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO

(1490-1550)

## WOMEN

CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO was born at Ciudad Real. He joined the household of Ferdinand of Bohemia, the brother of Carlos V, and became a priest. In 1539 he went to Vienna in the suite of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. He died in Vienna where he is buried at Wiener Stadt. His works were printed at Madrid in 1792. C. L. Nicolay edited *The Life and Works of Cristóbal de Castillejo* (Philadelphia, 1910).

How many and how lone  
The world would appear  
When women were none!  
To be like a fair,  
Whether fun nor business there

And their smile  
Could be tasteless, vain, and vile;

A chaos of perplexity,  
A body without soul 'twould be;  
A roving spirit borne  
Upon the winds forlorn;  
A tree without or flowers or fruit,  
A reason with no resting place,  
A castle with no governor to it,  
A house without a base.  
What are we? What our race?  
How good for nothing and base  
Without fair woman to aid us  
What could we do? Where should we  
How should we wander in night and w  
But for woman to lead us?  
How could we love if woman were not  
Love—the brightest part of our lot;  
Love—the only charm of living;  
Love—the only gift worth giving?  
Who would take charge of your house  
who?  
Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest?  
Who but the women, who guard them?  
Guard and adorn them too?  
Who like them has a constant smile,  
Full of peace, as meekness full,  
When life's edge is blunt and dull,

sorrow, and sin, in frowning file,  
 led by the path in which we go  
 to the grave through wasting woe?  
 That is good is theirs, is theirs  
 we give and all we get;  
 If a beam of glory yet  
 the gloomy earth appears,  
 'tis theirs! O, 'tis theirs, —  
 they are the guard, — the soul, — the seal  
 of human hope and human weal;  
 — they, — none but they!  
 Man, — sweet woman, — let none say  
 nay!

—*John Bowring.*

SOME DAY, SOME DAY

Some day, some day  
 O troubled breast,  
 Shalt thou find rest.  
 If Love in thee  
 To grief give birth,  
 Six feet of earth  
 Can more than he;  
 There calm and free  
 And unoppressed  
 Shalt thou find rest.



The unattained  
In life at last,  
When life is passed  
Shall all be gained;  
And no more pained,  
No more distressed,  
Shalt thou find rest.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

TO LOVE

Love, grant me kisses beyond counting  
As the hairs upon my head;  
A thousand and a hundred shed,  
A thousand more be their amounting,  
And then add thousands more again,  
So that none shall know the number,  
And no record shall encumber  
With the list of where and when.

*—Thomas Walsh.*

AN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER

(1493-1540)

THE DEATH OF GARCILASSO

BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER was born at Bar-  
 and served in the Spanish Army in  
 later becoming tutor to the Duke of  
 His early verses were written in the  
 anish manner, but when the Venetian  
 adior Navagiero was passing through  
 he met Boscán and urged him to  
 ace the Italian styles of poetry into  
 n. He thereupon followed in the lead  
 erial and Santillana, and was most  
 tial in establishing the Italian verse  
 ds in Castilian. He frequently imi-  
 Dante and Petrarch. His poems were  
 ublished with those of Garcilasso de  
 a in 1543. He made a masterly trans-  
 of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*, reprinted  
 3. His poems may be found in W I  
 's edition (Madrid, 1875).

Tell me, dear Garcilasso, --thou  
Who ever aimedst at good,  
And in the spirit of thy vow  
So swift her course pursued  
That thy few steps sufficed to place  
The angel in thy loved embrace,  
Won instant soon as wooed, —  
Why took'st thou not, when winged  
From this dark world, Boscán, with

Why, when ascending to the star  
Where now thou sit'st enshrined,  
Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,  
Alas! so far behind?  
Oh, I do think, had it remained  
With thee to alter aught ordained  
By the Eternal Mind,  
Thou wouldst not on this desert spot  
Have left thy other self forgot!

For if through life thy love was such  
As still to take a pride  
In having me so oft and much  
Close to thy envied side, —  
I cannot doubt, I must believe,

Thou wouldst at least have taken leave  
Of me; or, if denied,  
Have come back afterwards, unblest  
Till I too shared thy heavenly rest.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

## COMENDADOR JUAN ESCRIVÁ

(About 1497)

## CANCIÓN

*El Comendador Juan Escrivá was of Valencian birth, and in 1497 went to Rome as ambassador for Ferdinand. He wrote verses in Catalán and Castilian. Lope de Vega wrote a glosa on the present Canción, which is also quoted by Calderón and Cervantes.*

Come Death, with so much stealth  
I shall not feel thee near;  
Let not thy joy appear  
The very breath of health!

Come like the thrust that cleaves  
The wounded ere he knows  
The purport of the blows  
Which he, surprised, receives!

Thy coming be by stealth  
Else unto me, I fear,  
Joy shall make thee appear  
The very breath of health.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE

(Late fifteenth century)

## PRAYER TO THE CRUCIFIX

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE was a devotional poet of Aragon, whose poems are to be found in the *Cancionero General*. Little is known of his life.

Almighty God, unchangeable,  
Who framed the universe entire  
Thy truth to see;  
Thou who for loving us so well  
Didst in Thine agony expire  
On Calvary;  
Since with such suffering didst deign  
To make amend for our transgression,  
*O Agnus Dei.*  
Placed with the thief let us obtain  
Salvation in his grief's confession:  
*Memento mei.*

—Thomas Walsh.

## JUAN DE LA ELCINA

(1468-1529)

COME LET US EAT AND DRINK  
TODAY

JUAN DE LA ELCINA, so called from the probable place of his birth, was educated at the University of Salamanca and entered the household of the second Duke of Alva. He made several journeys to Rome where one of his dramatic pieces—*Plácido y Victoriano*—was produced in 1512. He became a priest and was appointed chapel-master to Pope Leo X. In 1518 he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He returned to Spain and died at Salamanca.

Come, let us eat and drink today,  
And sing and laugh and banish sorrow,  
For we must part tomorrow.

In Anstruejo's honor, fill

The laughing cup with wine and glee,  
And feast and dance with eager will,  
And crowd the hours with revelry,



Where the wolves may rail,  
But none is harmed;  
A flock unarmed  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard !*

A shepherd true  
Shall I alway be,  
Since a joy to me  
Is my flock to view;  
And I swear to you  
I shall ne'er discard,  
*But ever faithful guard !*

—*Roderick Gill*

## DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

(Late fifteenth century)

## EYES SO TRISTFUL

Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful,  
Heart so full of care and cumber,  
I was lapped in rest and slumber,  
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!  
In this life of labor endless  
Who shall comfort my distresses?  
Querulous my soul and friendless  
In its sorrow shuns caresses.  
Ye have made me, ye have made me  
Querulous of you, that care not,  
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not  
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

For that is wisdom's counsel still;  
Today be gay, and banish sorrow,  
For we must part tomorrow.

Honor the saint—the morning ray  
Will introduce the monster Death —  
There's breathing space for joy today,  
Tomorrow ye shall gasp for breath;  
So now be frolicsome and gay,  
And tread joy's round, and banish sorrow,  
For we must part tomorrow.

—*John Bowring.*

#### VILLANCICO

So rare a flock  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

A flock so rare,  
Of such a breed,  
Will quickly feed  
On land most bare;  
When grass is fair  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

'Tis my delight  
To lead the sheep  
And fold to sleep  
Their ranks by night;  
The frosts are slight,  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

The fruitful throng  
In silence goes;  
No bleating shows  
It suffers wrong;  
Ere shades grow long  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

'Tis well to mind  
The precious thing  
And safely bring  
Where no thieves find;  
A flock so kind  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

O shepherd charmed,  
In a happy vale,

## OLD SPANISH BALLADS

Old Spanish Ballads are for the most part to be dated from the end of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, although as Gaston Paris has pointed out, some of them are concerned with snatches from older epic poems. It is an intricate question among the critics and may be found discussed in the *Journal des Savants* (May and June, 1898), in Menéndez y Pelayo's *Tratado de los romances viejos*, in the *Antología de los poetas líricos castellanos desde la formación del idioma* (vols. xi and xii, Madrid, 1890-1908), in Ramón Menéndez Pidal's *L'Épopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole* (Paris, 1910), and in M. R. Foulché-Delbosc's *Essai sur les origines du Romancero* (Paris, 1912).

## RÍO VERDE

## I

*Río Verde, Río Verdel*  
Many a corpse is bathed in thee,

of Moors and eke of Christians,  
 with swords most cruelly  
 thy pure and crystal waters  
 red are with crimson gore;  
 between the Moors and Christians  
 the fight has been and sore.  
 and counts fell bleeding near thee,  
 of high renown were slain,  
 had many a brave hidalgo  
 noblemen of Spain.

2

Nuño, Count of Lara,  
 ger and in pride,  
 all reverence for the King  
 thus in wrath replied:  
 noble ancestors," quoth he,  
 for such a tribute paid,  
 shall the King receive of us  
 they have once gainsaid  
 base-born souls who deem it just  
 here with thee remain;  
 follow me, ye cavaliers,  
 gentlemen of Spain."

Forth followed they the noble Count,  
They marched to Glera's plain;  
Out of three thousand gallant knights  
Did only three remain.  
They tied their tribute to their spears,  
They raised it in the air,  
And they sent to tell their lord the King  
That his tax was ready there

"He may send and take by force," said  
they,

"This paltry sum of gold,  
But the goodly gift of liberty  
Cannot be bought and sold."

## 3

The peasant leaves his plough afield,  
The reaper leaves his hook,  
And from his hand the shepherd-boy  
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,  
The old forget their years,  
The feeble man grows stout of heart,  
No more the craven fears.

to Bernard's standard,  
 liberty they call;  
 cannot brook to wear the yoke,  
 threatened by the Gaul.

were we born," 'tis thus they cry,  
 villingly pay we  
 ty that we owe our king  
 divine decree.

God forbid that we obey  
 vs of foreign knaves,  
 the glory of our sires,  
 make our children slaves.

hearts have not so craven grown,  
 dless all our veins,  
 rless our brawny arms,  
 submit to chains.

he audacious Frank, forsooth,  
 d these seas and lands?  
 e a bloodless victory have?  
 t while we have hands.

all learn that the gallant Leonese  
 avely fight and fall,



But that they know not how to yield;  
They are Castilians all.

"Was it for this the Roman power  
Of old was made to yield  
Unto Numantia's valiant hosts  
On many a bloody field?

"Shall the bold lions that have bathed  
Their paws in Libyan gore,  
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,  
And dare the strife no more?

"Let the false king sell town and tower  
But not his vassals free;  
For to subdue the free-born soul  
No royal power hath he!"

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

#### LORD ARNALDOS

The strangest of adventures  
That happen by the sea,  
Befell to Lord Arnaldos  
On the Evening of Saint John;  
For he was out a hunting —

A huntsman bold was he!—  
 When he beheld a little ship  
 And close to land was she.  
 Her cords were all of silver,  
 Her sails of cramasy;  
 And he who sailed the little ship  
 Was singing at the helm;  
 The waves stood still to hear him,  
 The wind was soft and low;  
 The fish who dwell in darkness  
 Ascended through the sea,  
 And all the birds in heaven  
 Flew down to his mast-tree.  
 Then spake the Lord Arnaldos,—  
 (Well shall you hear his words!)—  
 “Tell me, for God’s sake, sailor,  
 What song may that song be?”  
 The sailor spake in answer,  
 And answer thus made he:  
 “I only tell the song to those  
 Who sail away with me.”

—*James Elroy Flecker.*

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON  
THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST  
OF ALHAMA

The Moorish King rides up and down,  
Through Granada's royal town;  
From Elvira's gates to those  
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell  
How Alhama's city fell;  
In the fire the scroll he threw,  
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule and mounts his horse,  
And through the street directs his course;  
Through the street of Zacatín  
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gained  
On the moment he ordained  
That the trumpet straight should sound  
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

in the hollow drums of war  
loud alarm afar,  
Moors of town and plain  
answer to the martial strain,  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moors, by this aware,  
ody Mars recalled them there,  
one, and two by two,  
ghty squadron grew.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

spoke an agèd Moor  
words the King before,  
ore call on us, O King?  
ay mean this gathering,"  
Woe is me, Alhama!

, ye have, alas, to know  
t disastrous blow;  
Christians, stern and bold,  
tained Alhama's hold."  
Woe is me, Alhama!

spake old Alfaquí,  
beard so white to see,

"Good King! thou art justly served!  
Good King! this thou hast deserved.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;  
And strangers were received by thee  
Of Cordova the chivalry.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King, is sent  
On thee a double chastisement;  
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,  
One last wreck shall overwhelm.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,  
He must perish by the law;  
And Granada must be won,  
And thyself with her undone."  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's  
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,  
Because he answered, and because  
He spoke exceeding well of laws,  
Woe is me, Alhama!

is no law to say such things  
 disgust the ear of kings";—  
 snorting with his choler, said  
 Moorish King, and doomed him dead  
 Woe is me, Alhama!

Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!  
 the beard so hoary be,  
 King hath sent to have thee seized  
 Alhama's loss displeased.  
 Woe is me, Alhama!

to fix thy head upon  
 Alhambra's loftiest stone;  
 this for thee should be the law  
 others tremble when they saw.  
 Woe is me, Alhama!

valiant and man of worth!  
 these words of mine go forth!  
 the Moorish monarch know  
 to him I nothing owe.  
 Woe is me, Alhama!

on my soul Alhama weighs  
 in my inmost spirit preys;

And if the King his land that lost  
Yet others may have lost the most.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, wives  
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!  
One what best his love might claim  
Hath lost, another, wealth and fame.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,  
Of all the land the loveliest flower,  
Doubloons a hundred I would pay  
And think her ransom cheap that day "  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,  
They severed from the trunk his head;  
And to the Alhambra's walls with speed  
'Twas carried as the King decreed.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep  
Their loss so heavy and so deep;  
Granada's ladies, all she rears  
Within her walls, burst into tears.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls  
The sable web of mourning falls;  
The King weeps as a woman o'er  
His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

—*Lord Byron.*

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA

There was crying in Granada when the  
sun was going down,—  
Some calling on the Trinity—some calling  
on Mahoun!  
Here passed away the Koran,—there, in the  
Cross was borne,—  
And here was heard the Christian bell,—  
and there the Moorish horn.

*Te Deum Laudamus!* was up the Alcala  
sung;  
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were  
all the crescents flung;  
The arms thereon of Aragon they with  
Castile's display;  
One king comes in in triumph,—one weep-  
ing goes away.



Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his  
old white beard did tear,

"Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city  
without peer!

Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom!  
seven hundred years and more

Have gone since first the faithful thy royal  
sceptre bore!

"Thou wert the happy mother of an high  
renowned race;

Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now  
go from their place;

Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who  
fought with mickle glee

The enemies of proud Castile—the bane  
of Christientie!

"The mother of fair dames wert thou, of  
truth and beauty rare,

Into whose arms did courteous knights for  
solace sweet repair;

For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric  
made display

Of might in joust and battle on many a  
bloody day.

Here gallants held it little thing for  
ladies' sake to die,  
for the Prophet's honor and pride of  
Soldanry,—  
or here did valor flourish and deeds of  
warlike might  
in nobled lordly palaces, in which was our  
delight.

The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and  
blooming bowers,—  
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and  
scattered all their flowers!  
No reverence can he claim, the King that  
such a land hath lost,  
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard  
among the host;

But in some dark and dismal place, where  
none his face may see,  
There weeping and lamenting, alone that  
King should be."—

Thus spoke Granada's King as he was  
riding to the sea,  
About to cross Gibraltar's Strait away to  
Barbary;

Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen  
did cry

(He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms,  
for together they did fly).

"Unhappy King! whose craven soul can  
brook" (she made reply)

"To leave behind Granada—who hast not  
the heart to die!

Now for the love I bore thy youth, thee  
gladly could I slay!

For what is life to leave when such a crown  
is cast away?"

*J. G. Lockhart*

#### GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER

Gentle river, gentle river,  
Lo, thy streams are stained with gore.  
Many a brave and noble captain  
Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,  
All beside thy sands so bright,  
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors  
Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

and dukes and noble princes  
by fatal banks were slain;  
banks that gave to slaughter  
the pride and flower of Spain.

the hero, brave Alonso,  
of wounds and glory died;  
the fearless Urdiales  
victim by his side.

where yonder, Don Saavedra  
though their squadrons slow retires;  
in Seville, his native city,  
in Seville his worth admires.

behind a renegado  
loudly shouts with taunting cry;  
and thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra.  
thou from the battle fly?

I know thee, haughty Christian,  
I lived beneath thy roof;  
thou'rt in the lists of glory  
thou'rt win the prize of proof.

I know thy aged parents,  
thy blooming bride I know;

Seven years I was thy captive,  
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our Prophet grant my wishes,  
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;  
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow  
Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior  
Back he sends an angry glare;  
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,  
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury  
Sent a deep and mortal wound,  
Instant sank the renegado  
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,  
Brave Saavedra stands at bay;  
Wearied out but never daunted,  
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him, fighting, great Alonso  
Stout resists the Paynim bands;  
From his slaughtered steed dismounted  
Firm entrenched behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadrons  
 Furious he repels their rage;  
 Loss of blood at length enfeebles;  
 Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows  
 Close behind its foot retired,  
 Fainting sank the bleeding hero,  
 And without a groan expired.

—*Thomas Percy.*

ABENAMAR, ABENAMAR

O thou Moor of *Moreria*,  
 There were mighty signs and aspects  
 On the day when thou wert born,  
 Calm and lovely was the ocean,  
 Bright and full the moon above.  
 Moor, the child of such an aspect  
 Never ought to answer falsely.  
 Then replied the Moorish captive,  
 (You shall hear the Moor's reply):

Nor will I untruly answer,  
 Though I died for saying truth.  
 I am son of Moorish sire.

My mother was a Christian slave.  
In my childhood, in my boyhood,  
Often would my mother bid me  
Never know the liar's shame.  
Ask thou, therefore, King, thy question  
Truly will I answer thee.

Thank thee, thank thee, Abenamar,  
For thy gentle answer, thanks.  
What are yonder lofty castles,  
Those that shine so bright on high?

That, O King, is the Alhambra,  
Yonder is the Mosque of God.  
There you see the Alixares,  
Works of skill and wonder they;  
Ten times ten doubloons the builder  
Daily for his hire received;  
If an idle day he wasted  
Ten times ten doubloons he paid.  
Farther is the Generalife,  
Peerless are its garden groves.  
Those are the Vermilion Towers,  
Far and wide their fame is known.

Then spake up the King Don Juan  
(You shall hear the Monarch's speech):

Wilt thou marry me, Granada,  
would I for thy dowry  
And Seville give.

Married, King Don Juan.

I am not yet a widow.  
I love my noble husband.  
My wedded Lord loves me.

—*Robert Southey.*



## ANONYMOUS

(Sixteenth century)

THE *SIESTA*

*Vientecito murmurador*, by an anonymous author.

Airs that wander and murmur around  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow!  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade be

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest  
Till the heat of the noonday sun is  
Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast  
The pain she has waked may slumber  
no more.

Breathing soft from the blue profound  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound  
While my lady sleeps in the shade be

that ever the bending boughs,  
l under the shade of the pendent  
leaves,  
ur soft like my timid vows  
he secret sighs my bosom heaves—

r sweeping the grassy ground,  
ring delight where'er ye blow,  
in the elms a lulling sound,  
ile my lady sleeps in the shade below.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA

(Sixteenth century)

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA was a Castilian poet of the sixteenth century about whom there are no other particulars. His poems are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). He has been much admired for his poem, the *Auroras de España*.

Bird of the joyous season!

That from thy flower seat,  
Dost teach the forest singers  
Thy music to repeat.

Thou wooer of the morning,

That, to this wood withdrawn  
Dost serenade the daybreak,  
Dost celebrate the dawn.

Soul of this lonely region,  
That hearest me lament,

My days in sighing wasted,  
My nights in weeping spent.

Chief lyrist of the woodland,  
And poet of the spring,  
That well art skilled in sorrow,  
And well of love can sing.

Go where my lady loosens  
Her bright hair to the wind,  
Held in a single fillet,  
Or floating unconfined

The beautiful, and cruel,  
Whose steps where'er they pass  
Tread down more hearts of lovers  
Than lilies of the grass.

Sweet nightingale, accost her,  
And in the tenderest strain  
Say Silvio loves thee, Cruel!  
Why lov'st thou not again?

Then tell of all I suffer,  
How well have loved and long,  
And counsel her to pity,  
And tax her scorn with wrong.

My gentle Secretary!

If harshly then she speak,  
Rebuke her anger, striking  
Her red lips with thy beak.

Drink from her breath the fragrance  
Of all the blooming year,  
And bring me back the answer  
For which I linger here.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

#### THE RIVULET

Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave  
The lovely vale that lies around thee.  
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,  
When but a fount the morning found  
thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,  
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,  
No blossom bowed its stalk to show  
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on the stream the noonbeams look  
Usurping, as thou downward driftest.

al from the clearest brook,  
shing current from the swiftest.

at wild haste!—and all to be  
r and expire in ocean.  
untain’s tribute hurries thee  
at vast grave with quicker motion.

er ’twere to linger still  
s green vale, these flowers to cher-

in peace, an aged rill,  
thus, a youthful Danube, perish.  
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA

(1503-1536)

TO THE FLOWER OF *GNIDO*

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA, the soldier-poet, was born at Toledo of a distinguished family. He served at the battle of Pavia and took part in several campaigns, winning the favor of Carlos V, and losing it through his supposed part in a conspiracy to marry his nephew to one of the Empress's maids-of honor. After some months of imprisonment on an island in the Danube, he retired to Naples. In 1533 he visited Boscán in Spain. He was mortally wounded while storming the walls of May near Fréjus. He died at Nice and two years later was buried at Toledo. He shared in Boscán's Italian innovations of style and, in the few works that he left, is seen to surpass him. *Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilasso de la Vega* were first published at Barcelona in 1543. There is a good edition by

Savarró Tomás in the series of *Clásicos* (Madrid, 1911).

The sweet resounding lyre  
 A voice could in a moment chain  
 The wind's ungoverned ire,  
 Movement of the raging main;  
 The hills the leopard rein,  
 The fiery soul entrance,  
 And along with golden tones  
 Fascinated trees and stones  
 A waltz dance,—

Oh, think not, fair Flower of Gnide,  
 I should celebrate the scars,  
 The blood shed, or laurels dyed  
 On the gonfalon of Mars;  
 I see sublime on festal cars,  
 The who to submission sank  
 The German's soul of soul,  
 The chains that now control  
 The Frank.

Its harmonies should ring  
 Of glories all thine own,  
 And sometimes from the string



Struck forth to make thy harsh  
known;

The fingered chords should speak all  
Of Beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms,  
And one who, made by thy disdain  
Pale as a lily clipt in twain,  
Bewails thy fatal charms.

Of that poor captive, too, contemned  
I speak, —his doom you might depict  
In Venus' galliot-shell condemned  
To strain for life the heavy oar.  
Through thee no longer as of yore  
He tames the unmanageable steed,  
With curb of gold his pride restrain  
Or with pressed spurs and shaken reins  
Torments him into speed.

Not now he wields for thy sweet sake  
The sword in his accomplished hand  
Nor grapples like a poisonous snake,  
The wrestler on the yellow sand;  
The old heroic harp his hand  
Consults not now, it can but kiss  
The amorous lute's dissolving strings  
Which murmur forth a thousand themes  
Of banishment from bliss



*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Garcilasso de la Vega



thee, my dearest friend and best  
 harsh, importunate, and grave,  
 have been his port of rest  
 shipwreck and the yawning wave;  
 how so high his passions rave  
 not reason's conquered laws,  
 not the traveller ere he slays  
 sp, its sting, as he my face  
 is, or so abhors.

on rocks, sweet Flower of Gnide,  
 wert not cradled, wert not born,  
 has no fault beside  
 ne'er be signalized for scorn,  
 tremble at the fate forlorn  
 arete, who spurned  
 keeping Iphis from her gate,  
 scoffing long, relenting late,  
 a statue turned.

et soft pity she repelled,  
 yet she steeled her heart in pride,  
 or friezed window she beheld  
 t, the lifeless suicide;  
 and his lily neck was tied  
 and his spirit from her chains,

And purchased with a few short sighs  
For her immortal agonies,  
Imperishable pains.

Then first she felt her bosom bleed  
With love and pity; vain distress!  
Oh what deep rigors must succeed  
This first sole touch of tenderness!  
Her eyes grow glazed and motionless,  
Nailed on his wavering corse, each bone  
Hardening in growth, invades her flesh,  
Which, late so rosy, warm, and fresh,  
Now stagnates into stone.

From limb to limb the frost aspire,  
Her vitals curdle with the cold;  
The blood forgets its crimson fire,  
The veins that e'er its motion rolled;  
Till now the virgin's glorious mould  
Was wholly into marble changed,  
On which the Salaminians gazed,  
Less at the prodigy amazed,  
Than of the crime avenged.

Then tempt not thou Fate's angry arms,  
By cruel frown or icy taunt;

thy perfect deeds and charms  
Poets' harps, Divinest, grant  
names worthy their immortal vaunt,  
lest our weeping strings presume  
celebrate in strains of woe,  
Justice of some signal blow  
strikes thee to the tomb.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

## CHANGE

the sweets of life's luxuriant May,  
Ere his rapid Age is hastening on his way  
To crown his snowy wreaths to crown the beauti-  
ous brow;  
We will fade when storms assail the  
year,  
He who changeth not his swift career,  
Constant in this, will change all else  
below!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

## ECLOGUE

SALICIO AND NEMOROSO

First lament of two Castilian swains,  
Salicio's love and Nemoroso's tears,

In sympathy I sing, to whose loved strains  
Their flocks, of food forgetful, crowding  
    'round,  
Were most attentive   Pride of Spanish  
    peers!  
Who by thy splendid deeds, hast gained a  
    name  
And rank on earth unrivalled,—whether  
    crowned  
With cares, Alvano, wielding now the rod  
Of empire, now the dreadful bolts that  
    tame  
Strong kings, in motion to the trumpet's  
    sound,  
Express vice-regent of the Thracian God,  
Or whether, from the cumbrous burden  
    freed  
Of state affairs, thou seek'st the echoing  
    plain,  
Chasing, upon thy spirited fleet steed  
The trembling stag that bounds abroad in  
    vain  
Lengthening out life,—though deeply now  
    engrossed  
By cares, I hope, so soon as I regain  
The leisure I have lost,

To celebrate, with my recording quill  
Thy virtues and brave deeds, a starry sum,  
Ere grief, or age, or silent death turn chill  
My poesy's warm pulse, and I become  
Nothing to thee, whose worth the nations  
blaze.

Failing thy sight and songless in thy praise.  
But till that day, predestined by the Muse,  
Appears to cancel the memorial dues,  
Owed to thy glory and renown,—a claim  
Not only upon me, but which belongs  
To all fine spirits that transmit to fame  
Ennobling deeds in monumental songs,—  
Let the green laurel whose victorious boughs  
Clasp in endearment thine illustrious brows  
To the weak ivy give permissive place,  
Which rooted in thy shade, thou first of  
trees,

May hope by slow degrees,  
To tower aloft, supported by thy praise;  
Since Time to thee sublimer strains shall  
bring,

Hark to my shepherds, as they sit and sing.  
The sun, from rosy billows risen, had rayed  
With gold the mountain tops, when at the  
foot



Of a tall beech romantic, whose green a  
Fell on a brook, that, sweet-voiced  
lute,  
Through lively pastures wound its sp  
ling way,  
Sad on the daisied turf Salicio lay;  
And in a voice in concord to the sound  
Of all the many winds, and waters ro  
As o'er the mossy stones they swiftly a  
Poured forth in melancholy song his  
Of sorrow with a fall  
So sweet, and aye so mildly musical,  
None could have thought that she w  
seeming guile  
Had caused his anguish, absent was  
while,  
But that in very deed the unhappy yo  
Did, face to face, upbraid her quest  
truth.

—J. H. Wiffen.

GIL VICENTE	163
<p>GIL VICENTE (? —1557)</p> <p><i>CANTIGA</i></p> <p>VICENTE passed his life in Portugal. He was of good family, although his history is not very certain. During his years at the Portuguese court he wrote many plays, a large number in Spanish and with Spanish motives. See Méndez y Pelayo's <i>Antología de poetas castellanos</i> (Madrid, 1890-1908, vol. ii).</p> <p>Of grace exceedingly,  She hath charm and loveliness;  O sailor of the sea,  From out thy bark, confess  Never ship nor sail can be  So beautiful as she.</p> <p>O, thou knightly man-at-arms,  Telling of thy panoply,—  Horse or sword or war-alarms  So beautiful as she?</p> <p>O, thou shepherd of the hills,</p>	
RID MONOGRAPHS	IV

Where thine idle flocks are free,  
Are there peaks or vales or rills  
Beautiful as she?

—*Thomas Wals*

#### THE NIGHTINGALE

The rose looks out in the valley  
And thither will I go!  
To the rosy vale where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe

The virgin is on the river-side  
Culling the lemons pale;  
Thither,—yes! thither will I go  
To the rosy vale where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled  
'Tis for her lover all,  
Thither,—yes! thither will I go  
To the rosy vale where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle sake  
She has placed the lemons pale;

Thither,—yes! thither will I go  
To the rosy vale where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

—*John Bowring.*

## SONG

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
Awake and open thy door.  
'Tis the break of day, and we must away  
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,  
But come with thy naked feet;  
We shall have to pass through the dewy  
grass  
And waters wide and fleet.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## SAINT TERESA (1515-1582)

## LINES WRITTEN IN HER BREV

SAINT TERESA of Ávila, was born Teresa Cepeda y Ahumada, at Ávila. In 1535 she became a Carmelite nun and began reforms and foundations. Known as *Madre Teresa de Jesús*, she gave evidence of the highest practical talents and of imagination as a mystical writer. Her style is simple but passionate with sincerity and elevation. She was canonized in 1612 and was declared co-patron of Spain with Santiago. The first edition of her works was edited by Vitoriano de la Fuente at Madrid in 1881. Cunningham Graham has published *Teresa, her Life and Times* (London, 1903).

Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee;  
All things are passing;  
God never changeth;  
Patient endurance



Saint Teresa  
(*Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada*)



Attaineth to all things;  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting;  
Alone God sufficeth.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

"IF, LORD, THY LOVE FOR ME IS  
STRONG"

If, Lord, Thy love for me is strong  
As this which binds me unto Thee,  
What holds me from Thee, Lord, so long,  
What holds Thee, Lord, so long from me?

O soul, what then desirest thou?  
—Lord, I would see Thee, who thus choose  
Thee.

What fears can yet assail thee now?  
—All that I fear is but to lose Thee.

Love's whole possession I entreat,  
Lord, make my soul Thine own abode,  
And I will build a nest so sweet  
It may not be too poor for God.

O soul in God hidden from sin,  
What more desires for thee remain,



Save but to love, and love again,  
And, all on flame with love within,  
Love on, and turn to love again?

—*Arthur Symons.*

"LET MINE EYES SEE THEE"

Let mine eyes see Thee,  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
And then see death.

Let them see that care  
Roses and jessamine;  
Seeing Thy face most fair  
All blossoms are therein.  
Flower of seraphim,  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
And then see death.

Nothing I require  
Where my Jesus is;  
Anguish all desire,  
Saving only this;  
All my help is His,

He only succoreth.  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
And then see death.

—*Arthur Symons.*

"TO-DAY A SHEPHERD"

To-day a shepherd and our kin,  
O Gil, to random us is sent,  
And He is God Omnipotent.

For us hath He cast down the pride  
And prison wall of Satanas;  
But He is of the kin of Bras,  
Of Menga, also of Llorent.  
O is not God Omnipotent?

If He is God, how then is He  
Come hither and here crucified?  
—With His dying sin also died,  
Enduring death the innocent  
Gil, how is God Omnipotent!

Why, I have seen Him born, pardie  
And of a most sweet shepherdess

—If He is God how can He be  
With such poor folk as these content?  
—Seest not He is Omnipotent?

Give over idle parleyings  
And let us serve Him, you and I,  
And since He came on earth to die,  
Let us die with Him too, Llorent;  
For He is God Omnipotent.

*Arthur Symons.*

"SHEPHERD, SHEPHERD, HARK"

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!  
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

What is this ding-dong,  
Or loud singing is it?  
Come, Bras, now the day is here,  
The shepherdess we'll visit.  
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!  
Angels they are, and the day is dawn-  
ing.

Oh, is this the Alcalde's daughter,  
Or some lady come from far?

## SAINT TERESA

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the daughter of God the Father,  
shines like a star.  
O, shepherd, hark that calling!  
they are, and the day is dawning.  
—*Arthur Symonds.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

## GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE

(1520 1569)

## LOVE'S VISITATION

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE was born at Lisbon, the son of a royal physician. He adopted the fashion of Castillejo in abusing the Italianate writers, but later wrote poems in that manner. He died as organist of the cathedral of Granada. See *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxxv)

Certain Verses very weary  
On their laggard footsteps coming  
In the Tuscan manner dreary,  
Chanced upon a lover humming  
Of his woes and bitter sorrows  
In the heavy-footed measures  
And the leaden-weighted treasures  
That were used in ancient morrows—  
Heaven forgive our Castillejo  
For having praised these oldtime lays so!

"And whence," said Love in passion,

"This measure so o'erweighted  
Our ears have so much hated?"

They answered in this fashion:

"This is a foreign gabble,  
The subject without reason,  
To common-sense such treason  
That the lady doubts the rabble  
Is a cursing her or praising  
When she hears its voices raising."

"See, though the device are using  
Garcilasso and Boscán,  
This for utmost soarings choosing,  
Though a Roland is each man,  
Even they find insufficient  
This false artificial plan.  
'Tis for your own damage making  
A perverse, mad, undertaking, -  
Through my kingdom idly spreading  
The false coinage they are shedding."

"To the chatelaine or maiden  
(Venus asks) what rash pretender  
Speaks the cares with which he's laden  
On a speech no mind can render?  
You, nor I, nor she, are able

To feel very comfortable,  
When we see the very ladies  
That we die for, and each maid is  
Quite unsure if it's a joke  
Or a satire that we poke  
In this rigmarole from Hades."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

VAZ DE CAMOËNS (1524-1580)

ADIEU TO COÏMBRA

VAZ DE CAMOËNS, the glory of Portu-  
guese literature, is also famous for his poetry  
in blank verse. He was born and died at Lisbon.  
His early birth occupied a distinguished  
court until an unhappy love affair  
drove him from the city in 1547. He  
served in the army and later lost an eye at the  
battle of Ceuta. Returning from Goa  
in 1556, after persecution and imprisonment,  
he fell into poverty and obscurity and so  
that his great work the *Os Lusíadas* was  
not published until 1572.

Sweet waters of Mondego's stream,  
Remembrance restful jouissance,  
Far-fet, lingering, traitorous Esper-  
ance  
While misled me in a blinding Dream;  
You I part, yea, still I'll ne'er mis-  
tem.



That long-drawn Memories which  
charms enhance

Forbid me changing and, in every chase  
E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.

Well may my Fortunes hale this instrum  
Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide  
side,

Offered to winds and watery element,  
But hence my Spirit, by you 'compan  
Borne on the nimble wings that Rel  
lent,

Flies home and bathes her, Waters, in  
tide.

*R. F. Burton*

VILLANCICO—"I'LL BE A MARINER"

I'll go to yon boat, my Mother;  
O yes! to yon boat I'll go;  
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,  
And be a mariner too.

Mother, there's no withstanding  
For whereso'er I am driven  
It is by the will of heaven,



*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Luis Vaz de Camoêns



Or the infant god's commanding;  
He plays with my heart at will,  
I feel it with love o'erflow;  
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,  
And be a mariner too.

Mother, 'tis vain complaining;  
Omnipotence is his boast;  
I feel that my soul is lost,  
And nought but my body remaining;  
The mariner's dying, Mother—  
He must not die—I'll go—  
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,  
And be a mariner too.

He's a tyrant without example!  
This little usurping lord,  
With a single look or word  
A king in the dust will trample;  
If the mariner goes, my Mother,  
If the mariner's bent to go,  
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,  
And be a mariner too.

Tell me, ye waves, if ever  
A nymph so soft and fair  
Sped o'er your waters there;

Tell me, ye waves! O never!  
 'Tis nothing to me, my Mother—  
 What love commands I'll do;  
 I'll go with my mariner, Mother  
 And be a mariner too.

—*John Bourin,*

ON THE DEATH OF CATARINA  
 ATTAYDA

Those charming eyes within whose  
 sphere  
 Love whilom sat, and smiled the  
 away,—  
 Those braids of light, that shame  
 beams of day,—  
 That hand benignant, and that  
 sincere,—  
 Those virgin cheeks, which did ~~a~~  
 appear  
 Like snow-banks scattered with the ~~t~~  
 of May,  
 Turned to a little cold and worthless  
 Are gone, forever gone, and perished b  
  
 But not unbathed by Memory's w  
 tear!

h thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,  
 fragrant plant, to which, while scarce  
 a flower,  
 mellow fruitage of its prime was  
 given;  
 saw the deed,—and as he lingered near  
 d o'er the ruin, and returned to  
 heaven!

—*R. F. Burton.*

REVISITING CINTRA AFTER THE  
 DEATH OF CATARINA

rel of green woods and meadows gay;  
 ear and fresh waters innocent of stain,  
 herein the field and grove are found  
 again,  
 om high rocks ye take your downward  
 way;  
 shaggy peaks, and ordered disarray  
 crags abrupt, know that ye strive in  
 vain,  
 l grief consent, to soothe the eye of  
 pain,  
 n the same scene that Pleasure did  
 survey.

Nor as erst seen am I beheld by you,  
 Rejoiced no more by fields of pleas  
     green,  
 Or lively runnels laughing as they c  
 Sown be these fields with seeds of ruth  
     rue,  
 And wet with brine of welling tears  
     seen  
 Sere with the herb that suits  
     broken heart

*-Richard Garnett.*

BABYLON AND SION (GOA AND  
 LISBON)

Here, where fecundity of Babel frame  
 Stuff for all ills wherewith the w  
     doth teem,  
 Where loyal Love is slurred with  
     esteem,  
 For Venus all controls, and all defame  
 Where vice's vaunts are counted, virt  
     shames;  
 Where Tyranny o'er Honor lords  
     preme;

ere blind and erring sovereignty doth  
 deem  
 God for deeds will be content with  
 names;

in this world where whatso is, is  
 wrong,  
 ere Birth and Worth and Wisdom  
 begging go  
 To doors of Avarice and Villainy,—  
 melled in the foul chaos, I prolong  
 y days, because I must. Woe to me!  
 Woe!

Sion, had I not memory of thee!  
 —*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

e me, all sweet refrains my lip hath  
 made;  
 ave me, all instruments attuned for  
 song;  
 ave me, all fountains pleasant meads  
 among;  
 e me, all charms of garden and of glade;  
 e me all melodies the pipe hath played;



Leave me, all rural feast and sportive  
     throng;  
 Leave me, all flocks the reed beguiles  
     along;  
 Leave me, all shepherds happy in the shade.  
  
 Sun, moon and stars, for me no longer  
     glow;  
 Night would I have, to wail for vanished  
     peace;  
 Let me from pole to pole no pleasure  
     know;  
 Let all that I have loved and cherished  
     cease;  
 But see that thou forsake me not, my Woe,  
 Who wilt, by killing, finally release.  
     —*Richard Garnett.*

## SONNET

Time and the mortal will stand never fast;  
     Estrangéd fates man's confidence es-  
         trange;  
 Aye with new quality imbued, the vast  
     World seems but victual of voracious  
         change.

New endless growth surrounds on every  
 side,  
 Such as we deemed not earth could ever  
 bear,  
 Only doth sorrow for past woe abide,  
 And sorrow for past good, if good it were.

Now Time with green hath made the  
 meadows gay,  
 Late carpeted with snow by winter frore,  
 And to lament hath turned my gentle lay;  
 Yet of all change this chiefly I deplore,  
 The human lot, transformed to ill alway,  
 Not chequered with rare blessing as of  
 yore.

—*Richard Garnett.*

## FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN (1528-1584)

IMITATIONS OF VARIOUS  
AUTHORS

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN was born at Belmonte, of Cuenca, of presumably Jewish origin. At an early age he entered the Augustinian Order at Salamanca and rapidly became one of the most distinguished figures in the literature and history of that university. In 1572 his enemies had him imprisoned and tried before the Inquisition on charges of irregular translations regarding the Vulgate Bible, and he remained almost six years before he regained his liberty. Proving his orthodoxy and innocence, he was at first esteemed as a great theologian, but in later years he has been recognized as the greatest lyric poet, in Castilian, and one of the great masters of the world in devotional song. His poems, of which there are numerous merable editions, were first published by Quevedo. The best edition is that of Merino (Madrid, 1816).



*From 'Pacheco's Album'*

Fray Luis de León



mighty tyranny of thine,  
 rock unbending, Love shall take,  
 and victim of thee make  
 subjection to repine.  
 thy vain and care-free days,  
 better ways  
 urge the measure of my score,  
 thy sorrow none shall more  
 notice whoso pays.

rough the golden locks that crown  
 flows the scattered snows shall run,  
 thy twin daystars have begun  
 their lights of old renown;  
 the first wrinkle line shall sear  
 the clear,  
 thy time is done and over,  
 a fugitive—the lover  
 and the rose so fresh and dear;

thou shalt see thy cause is lost,  
 midst thy loving is but weeping,  
 then shalt know the woe unsleeping  
 that with no love is crossed;  
 then with grief shalt say,  
 woeless day:—

"Would I had now, alas, my fate!  
That beauty that was mine of late,  
Or that old love I cast away!"

The thousands whom your coldness spurned  
And left to sorrows, on that day  
Of vengeance shall be glad and gay  
When they have thy discomfort learned;  
And Love himself shall take the wing  
And publishing  
The novel tale of thy disgrace,  
To all who mock shall show thy face  
To warn them 'gainst the loveless thing.

Alas, by heaven, my lady fair,  
Behold thyself in flower so pure  
And gracious that cannot endure,  
But left unplucked is lost fore'er;  
And since no less discreet thou art  
In equal part  
Than fair and scornful to the view,  
Look thou how everything is due  
And subject to the loving heart!  
'Tis Love that governs all the skies  
With law eternal and most sweet;  
Thinkst thyself strong enough to meet

e in this poor world of lies?  
 ve gives movement and delight  
 eauty's might,  
 e very sweet of life;  
 t the fate with it at strife  
 lened with a pauper's blight.

at avail the golden cup,  
 silken vesture and brocade,  
 ceiling with its gems inlaid,  
 les of treasures mounting up?  
 at avail the fertile breast  
 earth's best,  
 s adoring—if in fine,  
 , slumbering be thine  
 where the cold couch is dressed?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### AT THE ASCENSION

ouldst Thou, Holy Shepherd, leave  
 flock within this vale of woe  
 olitude to grieve,  
 lst Thou through ambient skies  
 aglow  
 ndst where death and sorrow cannot  
 go!



But they—so blessed in the past,  
Yet now with hearts afflicted sore—  
Thy little ones, outcast,  
Bereft of Thee their guide of yore—  
Whither shall turn they when Thou  
leadst no more?

What now remains to glad the eyes  
That once Thy comeliness have known?  
What longer can they prize?  
What voices, but discordant grown  
To them who hearkened to Thy loving  
tone?

The waves of yon perturbed deep,  
Whose hand shall curb?—Who now  
assuage  
The blasts and bid them sleep?  
In Thine eclipse — what star presage  
For our benighted bark the harborage?

Alas! swift cloud unpitying  
That bidst our joys no more endure,—  
Whither thy silvery wing?

rich the bliss thou dost secure!—  
 beggared wilt thou leave us, how  
 obscure!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

### THE POET JUAN DE GRIMAL

earth's loveliness withdrawn  
 her bosom; now the heavens are  
 stoled  
 ure of the fading lawn;  
 from the branches' lifeless hold  
 after leaf unto the ground is doled.

hoebus turns on sunlit tread  
 g Ægean shores; the coursing day  
 wifter; noontide is bespread  
 herding of the fleeces gray  
 ōlus upon his blustery way.

horizons go the cranes  
 oycus, migrating with their cry  
 tous; and the bullock strains  
 nst the yoke with shoulders high,  
 ing his patient furrows to the sky.

To noble studies would the hours,  
Griâl, convene us; now the voice of  
Fame

Calls upward to her sacred towers,  
And to that summit bids us aim  
Where never yet the breath of passions  
came

And at her calling, bolder strides  
The foot upon the mountain, so it gains  
The final peak whence purest glides  
The fountain without worldly stains;  
Drink there thy fill, and thirst no more  
remains.

Then naught to thee is golden lure  
That snares mankind upon a fevered  
quest

For that which can no more endure  
Than gossamer the zephyr's breast  
Is wafting light and fickle without rest.

Doth God Apollo smile?—then write;  
Be peer with olden poets,—take thy  
stand

Above our newer bards in might;

Oh, dear friend, not hand in hand  
 'st hope to clasp me on that songful  
 strand!

Whom whirlwinds have assailed,  
 treachery from high adventuring  
 o the very grime hath haled,  
 broken—I a wounded thing—  
 ye beloved and my soaring wing.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE NIGHT SERENE

I contemplate o'er me  
 heaven of stars profound,  
 mark the earth before me  
 arkness swathed around,—  
 careless slumber and oblivion bound;

Love and longing waken  
 anguish of my soul;  
 eyes with tears are taken  
 founts beyond control,  
 voice sighs forth at last its voice  
 of dole:—

O Temple-Seat of Glory,  
Of Beauteousness and Light,  
To thy calm promontory  
My soul was born! What blight  
Holds it endungeoned here from such a  
height?

What mortal aberration  
Hath so estranged mankind  
That from God's destination  
He turns, abandoned, blind,  
To follow mocking shade and empty  
rind?

No thought amid his slumber  
He grants impending fate,  
While nights and dawns keep number  
In step apportionate,  
And life is filched away —his poor estate.

Alas!—arise, weak mortals,  
And measure all your loss'  
Begirt for deathless portals,  
Can souls their birthright toss  
Aside, and live on shadows vain and  
dross?

your eyes beholding  
 pure celestial sphere,  
 the wiles enfolding  
 life that flatters here—  
 little day of mingled hope and fear!

more can base earth render  
 one poor moment's pause,  
 ed with that far splendor  
 e in its primal cause  
 all that is—that shall be—and  
 t was!

yon constellation  
 al can set gaze,—  
 ry gradation,  
 ajesty of ways,  
 concord and proportion it displays,—

it wonder turning  
 noon doth nightly rove,  
 by the Star of Learning  
 melting Star of Love,  
 tails with gentle retinue above—

through outer spaces  
 e Mars is rolled aflame!

Where Jupiter retraces  
The calmed horizon's frame  
And all the heavens his ray be  
acclaim!

Beyond swings Saturn, father  
Of the fabled age of gold;  
And o'er his shoulders gather  
Night's chantries manifold,  
In their proportioned grade and b  
stoled!—

Who can behold such vision  
And still earth's baubles prize?  
Nor sob the last decision  
To rend the bond that ties  
His soul a captive from such bli  
skies?

For there Content hath dwelling;  
And Peace, her realm; and there  
'Mid joys and glories swelling  
Lifts up the dais fair  
With Sacred Love enthroned be  
compare.

ensurable Beauty  
 ows cloudless to that light;  
 there a Sun doth duty  
 at knows no stain of night;  
 ere Spring Eternal blossoms without  
 blight.

ds of Truth-Abiding!  
 een pasturelands and rills!  
 mines of treasures hiding!  
 joyous-breasted hills!  
 -echoing vales where every balm  
 distils!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### TO RETIREMENT

st, O thou serene retreat  
 om all my wanderings! Thou balm  
 desired  
 ng, that bringst me healing sweet  
 om wounds naught else can heal!  
 Inspired  
 elusion, gracious welcome for the  
 tired!



At last, thou little thatch of straw  
Beneath whose eaves no lurking  
hath stayed,  
Where none within a comrade's glance  
The gleam of Envy e'er displayed  
Nor voice was perjured, not  
betrayed!

Fair upland, sloping to the skies  
With peace beyond the thought of  
endowed—  
Beyond where in death's grapple vie  
The creature of the fevered crowd  
With thirst of dissolution and  
shroud!—

Receive me, mountain, oh receive .  
Within thy fastness! For I come  
sued  
By slander!—yea, unfinished leave  
The tasks that bring ingratitude,  
The peace that mocks, and  
unhappy brood! -

Where one, who late at haven-bar  
Hath lain to anchor calm, is now th

Of winds that buffet him afar  
And waves that gulf him in their spray  
And rack his hapless timbers with dismay!

Another meets the lurking rock  
And instant down the yawning waters  
goes

Calamitous unto the shock!  
For one, becalmed, no life-breath blows;  
On Syrtean shoals the squall another  
throws;

Whilst others are despairing prey  
To sudden midnight and the dread  
typhoon,

And to the hungry Neptune pay  
Their lives in tribute mid the swoon;  
Some, bold to swim, are down the ocean  
strewn!

Strive or surrender to the flood,  
What end must ultimate be his, who  
rides,

Death-gripping through the foaming scud,  
Some broken spar his wreck provides  
Adown such vast abysm of roaring tides?

Alas!—how often and how often thou,  
Unfailing haven, hast been my desire!  
Then of thy refuge fail not now—  
Fail not when I would so require  
'Mid such a sea of troubles blind and dire.  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF HIS  
DUNGEON

Lo, where envy and where lies  
Held me in the prison cell;  
Blesséd was the lot that fell  
To the humble and the wise  
Far from earth's chagrins to dwell;  
Who with thatch and homely fare  
Rests him in some sylvan spot,  
Lone with God abiding there,  
And none else his thought to share,  
Envyng none, and envied not.  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE VALLEY OF THE HEAVENS

Resplendent precinct of the skies,  
Fair sward of gladness neither snow

ching breath of noonday tries,  
 in whose sacred uplands show  
 pace ungarnered deathlessly aglow!

ws in white and azure crowned  
 art its pastures softly wends,  
 endeared with thee around,  
 Ioly Shepherd; thee He tends  
 ned with staff or sling where naught  
 offends.

s, and happy sheep o'erflow  
 nd Him in a loving feud,  
 he immortal roses blow  
 verdure ever is renewed  
 'er the flock may graze, in pleni-  
 ude.

w upon the mountain ways  
 iss He guides; now by the stream  
 e them in His grace He strays;  
 grants them banqueting agleam—  
 elf the Giver and the Gift Supreme.

en the eye of noon attains  
 enith of its fiery powers,

Amid His fondlings He remains  
To drowse away the torrid hours  
And cheer with voice serene the  
bowers.

He wakes the viol's melting tone  
And sweetness trembles through the  
Unto such golden joy unknown;  
Enraptured then beyond control  
It casts itself on Him, its only goal.

O Breath! O Voice!—mightst Thou of  
Some little echo for my breast  
That—self-surrendering in that strain  
To Thee—of Thee 'twould be posse  
O Love, and on Thy shoulder find  
rest!

Where Thou dost linger at the noon,  
Sweet Spouse, Oh, would my soul  
knew!—  
And breaking from this prison swoon,  
Of Thy far flocks might come in view  
And stray no more, save paths Thou  
leadst them through.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## THE PROPHECY OF TAGUS

In dalliance Roderic the King  
Delayed with fair La Cava by the side  
Of Tagus' gorge, till clamoring  
The river-god from out the tide  
Emerged, and in a voice prophetic cried:—

“Licentious despot,—would you choose  
Such hour for weakness! Now when  
thunders sound

And trumpetings of death confuse!—  
When clash and shout of Mars astound  
Our land, and conflagrations spread  
around!

“Alas, for thy mere pleasure, how  
Our country groans! That lovely one  
(O day  
Unhallowed of her birth!) doth now  
On Spain bring weeping and dismay,  
To sweep the sceptre of the Goths away!

“Flames, supplications, shouts of war,  
Laments of death and anguish and dis-  
grace,—

That brief embrace is twining for!—  
Involving you and all the race  
In shame the ages never shall efface!

“A yoke of slavery on the lands,  
They till at Constantina, where  
stream

Of Ebro, where Sansueña's strands  
And Lusitania's reach extreme—  
On all the spacious Spains,—a  
supreme!

“Hark, out of Cadiz raging calls  
Count Julian's voice to speak a fact  
wrongs!

No shame of treachery appals—  
He conjures up avenging throngs  
To waste the kingdom that to you  
longs!

“Adown the morn the trumpet's thro  
Proclaims the doom! See, on More  
shore

What thronging, when his banners flo  
Upon the winds conspired to pour  
So swift on Spain the Moslem  
queror!

"The cruel Arab lifts his lance  
And shakes his gleaming challenge to  
the wind;

Swiftly his light flotillas dance  
Upon their way of warfare blind  
See all their numbers swarming on my  
mind! -

"The trembling earth is hidden where they  
tread;

Their sails blot out the intervening sea;  
Their clamors strike the heaven with  
dread;

The sun from out the noon would flee  
Before the dust cloud and obscurity!

"Alas, how ardently their prows  
Surmount the waves! What sinews  
bend the oar

As every galley onward plows  
And how the deeps must foam and roar,  
When they glide hissing on the Spanish  
shore!

"To Æolus their sails are given  
And over Hercules's unguarded straits



Their sharpened prows of steel are driven  
Where Neptune, the great father, willed  
To grant them ingress by his open gate

"Alas!—poor wretch, that bosom dear  
Can still bewitch you?—that you deem  
no sword,

When such calamities you hear?—  
When even upon the sacred ford  
Tarifa falls already to the horde!

"Out in the saddle! Spread your wings  
Across the mountains! Spare not one  
plain

Your bloody spurs! There brandishing  
The goad, come thundering amain  
Upon them, Roderic, with blade  
sane!

"But oh! what travail now prepares,—  
What years of sweat and carnage  
ordained

On him who shield and breastplate bears  
On princeling who might else have  
reigned,—  
On horse and rider to destruction charged

"Thou Stream of Betis,—shalt be dyed  
With mingling blood of kinsmen and of  
foes!

Unto the sea how soon thy tide  
With broken wrack of helmets flows,  
And surge of corpses kingly in their  
woes!—

"Five days of blood infuriate  
The God of war unloosens on the plains,  
Where meet the swarming hordes of hate;  
The sixth, alas, thy doom ordains!—  
O land belovéd,—in barbaric chains!"  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR  
(1530-1606)

THE JOLLY SUPPER

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR was a native of Seville, who saw service with the Marqués de Santa Cruz and later became steward of the Conde de Gelves. See his poems in the edition of F. Rodríguez Marín (Madrid, 1910).

In Jaén where I'm abiding  
Don Lope de Sosa dwells,  
And my story, Ines, tells  
Wonders past your mind's providing.  
On this gentleman attended  
A young squire from Portugal—  
But to supper let us fall  
So my hunger may be ended  
For the table is awaiting  
Where together we may sup;  
Forth are set the steaming cup  
And the glass, —no more debating, —



From Pacheco's Album

Baltasar del Alcázar



bread, ah, what a savor!—  
s *d'œuvre* is Paradise!  
e *salpicón* arise  
f a heavenly flavor.  
e wine into the glasses  
oke a blessing now;  
ime I drink I vow  
ss each ruby drop that passes.  
as sure a healthy portion,  
ss the bottle here;  
outhful would appear  
a florin,—no extortion.  
tavern do you buy it?  
e place by the ravine;  
l six a measure, clean,  
nd good and cheap to try it.  
Lord, it is a treasure  
cocer tavern wine;  
y, I think it's fine  
at hand so just a measure.  
r old or new invention,  
aith, I do not know,  
I see that here below  
ern came with good intention.  
there I go a-thirsting,  
p the newest brew,

Mixing it they serve to you,  
You pay and drink yourself to bursting.  
This, my Ines, is its merit,  
There's no need to sing its praise—  
The one objection that I raise,  
The fleeting joy that we inherit.  
Now, the lighter dishes over,  
Tell me what is coming now?  
The meat-pie! —O blesséd brow,  
Worthy of such noble cover!  
What a dish it is, how hollow! —  
What meat and luscious fat it holds! —  
It seems, Ines, that it unfolds  
Its depths for you and me to swallow.  
But onward, onward, without question,  
For straight and narrow is the road;  
No more water, —let the load  
Of wine, Ines, invite digestion.  
Pour out the three-year vintage freely,  
'Twill aid your stomach in its work.  
How good to see you do not shirk  
But take a grown man's portion, really!  
Now tell me, is it not delightful  
To have a dish so fine and rare,  
With all its biting flavors there,  
And all its spices fresh and spiteful?

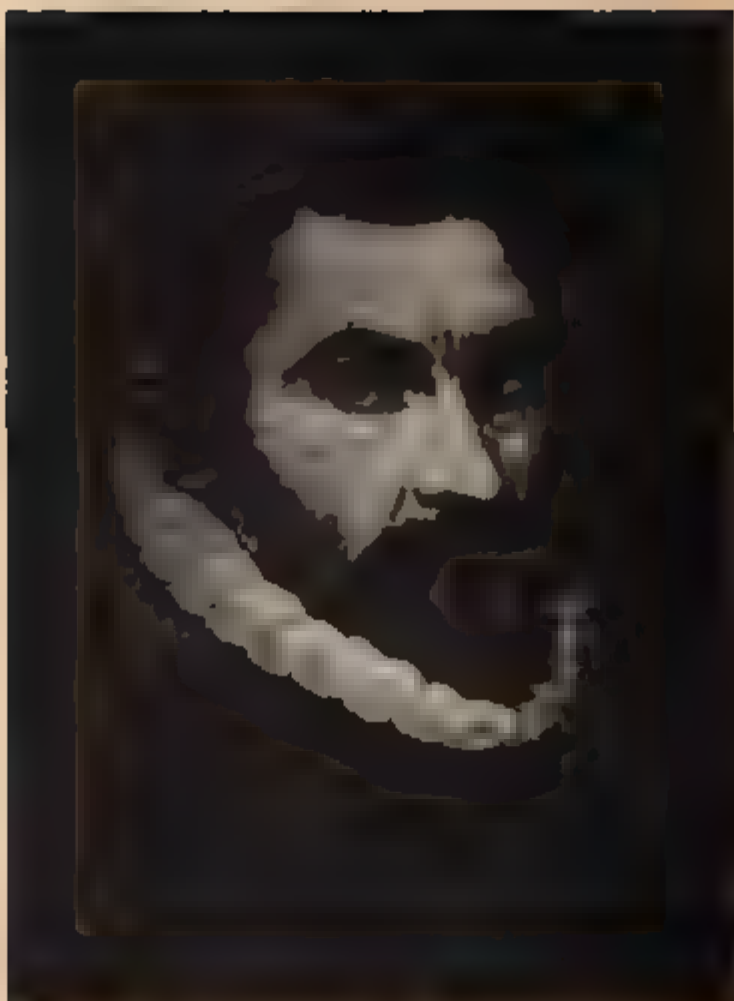
nuts in its luscious dressing  
the brave dame's meat-pie sweet;  
roasted by her there's a treat  
ckling pig that is a blessing.  
ae as heaven 'tis fit to honor  
very table of the King;  
k, Ines,—the sweetest thing  
her delicious tripe upon her!  
very heart is filled with rapture;  
't know how it is with you,  
aking now and then a view,  
seem contentment here to capture.  
heavens! I am full of liquor;  
would make a sage remark;  
brought one lamp to light the dark,  
two before me seem to flicker.  
hese are really drunken notions;  
w of course it had to be,  
with this heavy drink I'd see  
ights increasing with the potions.  
let us try the tankard's juices,  
tial beverage refined,  
ior to what we bind  
sks, it livelier joy produces.  
smoothness and what glassy clear-  
ness!



What taste and odor rarified!  
What touch! What color there beside  
And all that makes for luscious dearness!  
But now there come the cheese and berry  
To take their place upon the board;  
And both it seems would claim award  
Of cup and tankard passing merry.  
Try the cheese,—the choice from many,—  
Quite as good as Pinto's best;  
And the olives—for the rest  
They can hold their own with any.  
Now then, Ines, if you're able  
Take six mouthfuls from the flask—  
There is nothing more to ask,  
Clear the covers from the table.  
And as we have supped and rested  
To our very hearts' content  
It would seem the moment meant  
For the story I suggested.  
'Tis a tale, Ines, to win you —  
For the Portuguese fell ill —  
Eleven striking?—Wait until  
To-morrow, I'll the tale continue—

—*Thomas Walsh.*





*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga

LONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA  
(1533-1594)

FROM THE *ARAUCANA*

LONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA was born at  
id, where he died after a life of soldier-  
and adventuring in South America. He  
some years in Chile with the Gover-  
ernónymo de Alderete. In 1562 he re-  
l to Spain, and in 1569 he published the  
art of his *Araucana*, a fine heroic poem,  
of it written amid the scenes and  
s it describes.

ques! defenders of our country, hear!  
s not envy wounds my tortured sight,  
I observe these struggles, who shall  
wear  
bition's badge,—which had been mine  
of right;  
see my brow in aged wrinkles dight,  
he tomb tells me I must soon be there;

'Tis love inspires me!—patriotism! **zeal**  
Listen! my soul its counsels shall **unveil**

To what vain honors, chiefs, aspire **ye** **pride**  
And where the bulwarks of this tower  
pride?

Ye have been vanquished, **trod on**,  
the foe;

Defeat is echoed round on every **side**  
What! are your conquerors thus **to**  
defied,

That stand around with laurels on **the**  
brow!

Check this mad fury! wait the coming **of**  
Then shall it crush the foe in glory's **day**

What a wild rage is this that bears  
**on**,

Blindly to sure perdition, **to despair**  
These murderous, fratricidal swords **thrust**  
down,

Or point them at the tyrant! **He is here**  
The Christian felons, noble chiefs!  
near

Spill their base blood! but spare, **O spare**  
your own!

f you will,—like men, like patriots  
die;

read a death of shame, of infamy!

lend your weapons with the enthusiast  
soul!

let them probe the invader's inmost  
breast;

who would chain you to his proud  
control,—

slavery, insult!—O 'twere wise,  
'twere best

stay his fettering hand, nor tamely  
rest

strength and valor on your efforts  
call!

blood, chiefs, is your country's!—  
guard it then

er!—It is not yours, heroic men!

never me not to see a warlike rage,—  
vail the rapturous fury of the brave!

never let its violence engage

struggles leading on to freedom's  
grave;

when madness loses what it seeks to save;

Discord's deep wounds, not valor  
assuage.

I cannot bear it, chiefs!—if it must  
Come wreak your waking violence on

Let me fall first; for I am sick of life  
And wearied with misfortune;—I  
die!

Devote my bosom to the horrid knife  
Since these sad thoughts end no  
misery!

Happy the dying babe!—O why w  
Thus made the victim of this vain w  
strife?

Yet will I raise my voice, though wear  
rude,—

The tears of age may touch the brave  
good.

In strength and valor ye all equal are  
To each a noble heritage was given  
And power and wealth and bravery;  
Were equally conferred by bound  
heaven.

In greatness,—strength of soul,—  
are even,

might rule the world, they blaze  
far.

ve your worth by valiant hero-  
eds;  
no time for words! your country  
eds!

our arms,—your hearts; nor aught  
spect;  
ature smiles; there is no thought  
fear!

ere wise some chieftain to elect  
ll may govern and whom all revere.  
be he who yon vast log can bear  
upon his shoulder, firm, erect.  
alth and fortune made ye equal all,  
e strongest chief the lot shall fall!

—*John Bowring.*



## FERNANDO DE HERRERA

(1534-1594)

## IDEAL BEAUTY

FERNANDO DE HERRERA was a native of the city of Granada, where, on taking orders he was attached to the church of San Andrés. His poems celebrate a famous Platonic love-affair with the Countess of Gelves the mother of the patron of Baltasar de Alcázar. In 1573 he published an annotation of the poems of Garcilasso de la Vega; in 1582 he published his poems, *Algunas Obras*; his *Life of Thomas More* was published in 1592. *Fernando de Herrera el Divino*, by M. Coster (Paris, 1908).

O light serene! present in him  
 breathes  
 That love divine, which kindles  
 restrains  
 The high born soul — that in its m  
 chains



*From Pacheco's Album*

**Fernando de Herrera**



Heavenward aspires for love's immortal  
wreaths!

Rich golden locks, within whose clustered  
curls

Celestial and eternal treasures lie!

A voice that breathes angelic harmony

Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!

What marvelous beauty! Of the high  
estate

Of immortality, within this light

Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse  
is given;

And in the glorious form I contemplate

(Although its brightness blinds my feeble  
sight)

The immortal still I seek and follow  
on to Heaven!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

#### THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

Pure Spirit! that within a form of clay

Once veiled the brightness of thy native  
sky;

In dreamless slumber sealed thy b  
eye,  
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy  
away!  
He that chastised thee did at leng  
close  
Thy prison doors, and give thee  
release  
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal :  
Received thee to its stillness and rep  
  
Look down once more from thy ce  
dwelling,  
Help me to rise and be immortal t  
An earthly vapor melting into air;-  
For my whole soul with secret  
swelling,  
From earth's dark mansion strugg  
be free,  
And longs to soar away and be a  
with thee.

—*H. W. Longfel*

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Sun! that flaming through the  
midday sky

st with light heaven's blue, deep-  
vaulted arch,

hast thou seen in thy celestial march  
e to rival this blue tranquil eye?

Summer Wind, of soft and delicate  
touch

ing me gently with thy cool, fresh  
pinion,

hast thou found in all thy wide  
dominion,

of gold that can delight so much?

honor of the night! Thou glorious  
choir

andering Planets and eternal Stars!  
y, have ye seen two peerless orbs  
like these?

me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of  
fire—

ye my woes, that know no bounds  
nor bars?

e ye these cruel stars, that brighten  
and yet freeze?—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE  
TORRE

(1534-1594?)

ODE

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE, an important personality in Spanish poetry, is said to have been born at Torrelaguna, and to have received his education at Alcalá de Henares. Disappointed in love, he enlisted for a time in the army in Italy, and on his return to Spain found his "Pilis" the wife of another man of wealth. His poems were first published by Quevedo in 1631, and a first edition was published by the Hispanic Society of America (New York, 1903).

Tirsis, O Tirsis, turn and seek again  
The safety of the port; behold what  
Descend about thy fragile little bark  
And warn thee not to go!

frigid Boreas, the South Wind's  
breaths,  
stirred the seas to an appalling rage;  
that troubled marge no sail can run  
a happy course.

out, unhappy man!—the heavens  
receive  
hush your bitter moans and shouts  
with roll  
unders shaking o'er the brows  
their disturbèd face!

do not tell me that thy ardent breast  
passionate disorders so commands  
rash adventure on thee, but to break  
calmness of thy youth!

and unhappy, how the South Wind's  
rage  
its whirling mocks the fickle wings  
st and blast of satire, and the head  
remature and bold!

do not how its fiercest breath is stirred  
off the burning mountain, where below



Lie in their living death the boastful twain,  
Encéladus and Typheus?

Be warned upon thy fortunes, and repair  
Thy threatened ills; in time be wise  
Nor let mishaps encroach too near, for all  
Their sudden charge.

Why shouldst thou perish? ah, return,  
Tirsis, return! On land, yea, on the land  
Let thy ship be the prison and the cave  
Of the infuriate winds!

Afar, the vengeance of the sea, afar,  
The raging ordnance of fierce Eolus  
Upon the heads of hardy mariners  
Who dare to brave his powers.

From off the shore let us behold the storm  
And watch the angry heavens, where they  
least

Are furious against the heads that least  
Oppose their vaunted strength.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ANCISCO DE FIGUEROA  
(1536?-1620?)

SONNET

ANCISCO DE FIGUEROA was a native of  
le Henares, returning there after  
service in the army in Italy. He  
th in Italian and Spanish and was the  
establish blank verse in Castilian.  
ns (incomplete) were first published  
1 in 1625. A facsimile of the edition  
was published by the Hispanic Society  
ca (New York, 1903).

Where the sun forever hides his  
face  
noon ne'er whitens on thy gloomy  
rows;  
O Nature, avarous step-dame, scarce  
flows  
provision for the human race;  
O fate! O destiny! were I to trace

(Since I have wandered from my natal  
boughs)  
And end in lone and melancholy drowse  
My days of life amid thy snowbound place!  
  
Where never would an amorous shepherd  
turn  
With rose and violet garlands for my  
tomb  
And 'mid his sighs memorial declare:—  
“Thy hapless ending doth thy Filis learn,  
O Tirsis, and two tears she sheds in  
gloom  
More precious than all Niobe's weep-  
ing rare.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

EL DECERVANTES SAAVEDRA

(1547-1616)

SONNET ON GOLETTA

DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the immortal author of *Don Quixote* and *The Exemplary* was born at Alcalá de Henares, served his country and lost his left hand at the battle of Lepanto. He was captured by Moorish pirates and spent five years in captivity in Algiers.

He was ransomed and returned to Spain, where he lived in obscurity and poverty for the rest of his life. He died at Madrid. His verse is not highly regarded, but not distinguished when compared with his work in prose.

Thou art discharged of life's oppressive weight,  
 And virtue proved your passport to the skies,  
 Where you procured a more propitious fate  
 For your faith you bravely fell to rise.

When pious rage diffused through  
 vein,  
 On this ungrateful shore you shed  
 blood;  
 Each drop you lost was bought  
 crowds of slain,  
 Whose vital purple swelled the neig  
 ing flood.

Though crushed by ruins and by odd  
 claim  
 That perfect glory, that immortal fa  
 Which like true heroes nobly you pu  
 On these you seized, even when  
 deprived,  
 For still your courage, even your  
 survived;  
 And sure 'tis conquest, thus  
 subdued. — *P. Motte*

## SONNET

When I was marked for suffering,  
 forswore  
 All knowledge of my doom; or else  
 Love grows a cruel tyrant, hard to

e a chastisement exceeding sore  
le sin hath brought me. Hush! No  
more!

ve is a god! All things he knows and  
sees,

d gods are bland and mild! Who then  
decrees

readful woe I bear and yet adore?

ould say, O Chloe, that 'twas thou,  
ould speak falsely since, being wholly  
good

like Heaven itself, from thee no ill can  
come.

is no hope; I must die shortly now,  
t knowing why, since, sure, no witch  
hath brewed

he drug that might avert my martyr-  
dom.

—*Edmund Gosse.*

### CANCIÓN

makes me languish and complain?—  
Oh, 'tis disdain!

yet more fiercely tortures me?—  
Tis jealousy.

How have I patience lost?—By absence  
crossed

Then hopes farewell, there's no relief;  
I sink beneath oppressing grief;  
Nor can a wretch, without despair,  
Scorn, jealousy, and absence bear.

What in my breast, this anguish drove  
Intruding love.

What could such mighty ills create  
Blind fortune's hate.

What cruel powers my fate approve  
The powers above.

Then let me bear and cease to moan;  
'Tis glorious thus to be undone;  
When these invade, who dares oppose?  
Heaven, love, and fortune are my foes,

Where shall I find a speedy cure?—Death  
is sure.

No milder means to set me free?—In  
stancy.

Can nothing else my pains assuage  
Distracting age.

What! die or change?—Lucinda lose?  
Oh, let me rather madness choose!

idge, ye gods, what we endure  
 death or madness is the cure!  
 —*P. Motteux.*

SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP

red friendship, Heaven's delight,  
 ich, tired with man's unequal mind,  
 to thy native skies thy flight,  
 ile scarce thy shadow's left behind!  
 thee, diffusive good below,  
 ce and her train of joys we trace;  
 alsehood, with dissembled show,  
 oft usurps thy sacred face.

ed genius, then resume thy seat!  
 oy imposture and deceit,  
 ich in thy dress confound the ball!  
 onious peace and truth renew,  
 the false friendship from the true,  
 nature must to Chaos fall.

—*P. Motteux.*

FROM "THE JOURNEY AROUND  
 PARNASSUS"

are made of clay of dainty worth,  
 , ductile, and of delicacy prime,



And fond of lingering at a neighbor  
hearth;

For e'en the wisest poet of his time  
Is ruled by fond desires and delicate,  
Of fancies full and ignorance sublime;  
Wrapped in his whimsies, with affection  
great

For his own offspring, he is not designed  
To reach a wealthy, but an honored end  
So let my patient readers hence  
mind —

As saith the vulgar impolite and coarse  
That I'm a poet of the self same kind  
With snowy hairs of swan, with voice  
hoarse

And jet-black crow, the rough bark of  
wit

To polish down Time vainly spends its force  
Upon the top of Fortune's wheel to serve  
For one short moment hath not been  
fate,

For when I'd mount, it fails to turn a wheel  
But yet to learn if one high thought  
great

Might not some happier occasion seize  
I travelled on with slow and tardy gait

aten loaf, with eight small scraps of  
 cheese,  
 All the stock my wallet did contain,  
 for the road, and carried with great  
 ease.  
 Well," quoth I, "my humble home  
 and plain!  
 Well, Madrid, thy Prado, and thy  
 rings  
 ing nectar and ambrosial rain!  
 Well, ye gay assemblies, pleasant  
 ings  
 er one aching bosom, and delight  
 housand faint, aspiring underlings!  
 Well, thou charming and deceitful site,  
 erst two giants great were set ablaze  
 underbolt of Jove, in fiery might!  
 Well, ye public theatres, whose praise  
 on the ignorance I see becrown  
 untless follies of unnumbered plays!"

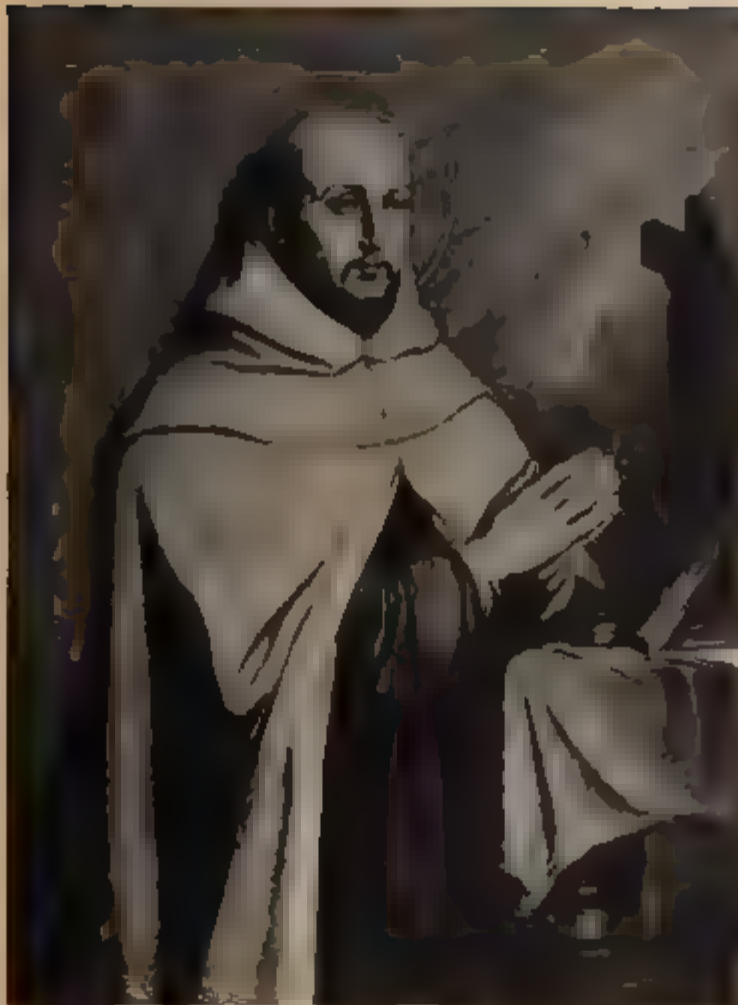
—James Young Gibson.

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS  
(1549-1591)

THE OBSCURE NIGHT OF THE

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS was born Juan de Yepes y Álvarez, at Ontiveros. He joined the Carmelite Order in 1563, and soon became an energetic reformer of monastic life, and gained renown as a mystic and saintly character. He became known as the "Ecstatic Doctor" through the inspired nature of his mystical writings. His poems are few, but they are among the greatest productions in all Spanish literature. See the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxvii). He was canonized in 1726.

Upon an obscure night  
Fevered with love in love's anxiety  
(O hapless-happy plight!),  
I went, none seeing me,  
Forth from my house where all things  
                    be.



St. John of the Cross



night, secure from sight,  
 by the secret stair, disguisedly,  
 (apless-happy plight!)  
 night, and privily,  
 h from my house where all things  
 quiet be.

t night of wandering,  
 ecret, where by none might I be spied,  
 I see anything;  
 hout a light or guide,  
 e that which in my heart burnt in my  
 side

t light did lead me on,  
 e surely than the shining of noontide,  
 ere well I knew that one  
 for my coming bide;  
 ere He abode, might none but He abide.

ight that didst lead thus,  
 ight more lovely than the dawn of  
 light,  
 ight that broughtest us,  
 er to lover's sight,  
 er with loved in marriage of delight!

Upon my flowery breast  
Wholly for Him, and save Himself for  
There did I give sweet rest  
To my belovèd one;  
The fanning of the cedars breathed then

When the first moving air  
Blew from the tower and waved His  
    aside,  
His hand, with gentle care,  
Did wound me in the side,  
And in my body all my senses died.

All things I then forgot,  
My cheek on Him who for my coming  
All ceased, and I was not,  
Leaving my cares and shame  
Among the lilies, and forgetting them:

—*Arthur Symonds*

#### O FLAME OF LIVING LOVE

O flame of living love,  
That dost eternally  
Pierce through my soul with so consuming  
    heat,

Since there's no help above,  
Make thou an end of me,  
And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal!  
O more than pleasant wound!  
And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,  
That dost new life reveal,  
That dost in grace abound,  
And, slaying, dost from death to life  
translate!

O lamps of fire that shined  
With so intense a light  
That those deep caverns where the senses live,  
Which were obscure and blind,  
Now with strange glories bright,  
Both heat and light to His belovèd give!

With how benign intent  
Rememberest thou my breast,  
Where thou alone abidest secretly;  
And in thy sweet ascent,  
With glory and good possessed,  
How delicately thou teachest love to me!

—*Arthur Symons.*



FRANCISCO DE ALDANA  
(1550-1578)

THE IMAGE OF GOD

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA, was a soldier born at Tortosa. He perished in the disaster that overtook the Portuguese Dom Sebastian, in 1578. The body writings has been lost, although he was esteemed as an author of mystical poems some of which has survived.

O Lord! who seest from yon starry height  
Centered in one the future and the past  
Fashioned in thine own image, see how  
The world obscures in me what once  
bright!

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou  
given

To cheer life's flowery April, fast decay  
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days  
Forever green shall be my trust in thee

Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass  
Before my spirit, and an image fair  
Shall meet that look of mercy from on  
high,  
As the reflected image in a glass  
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it  
there,  
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.  
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## MY NATIVE LAND

Clear fount of light! my native land on  
high  
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!  
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath,  
But sentinelled in heaven, its glorious  
presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not,  
death.

Beloved country! banished from thy shore  
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,

The exiled spirit weeps and si  
thee!  
Heavenward the bright perfections  
Direct, and the sure promise che  
way,  
That, whither love aspires, the  
my dwelling be.  
—*H. W. Longfe*

MATEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA

(About 1550)

SONNET

TEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA may be assumed  
 have been a Sevillian, although no  
 facts of his life or dates are to be  
 known. He was secretary to Philip II, and  
 several works on genealogical and moral  
 questions.

were a foolish, though an amorous  
 fellow,  
 under—had you for a boat but waited  
 death and the devil might have both  
 been cheated  
 history have been spared the pains to  
 tell how  
 my youth was drowned!—You might  
 have gone  
 my-footed to your mistress, and have  
 kissed her

In nuptial joy,—but no!—for drive  
By an impatient passion's gus  
missed her

And died.—A pity that!—In th  
Seville

You've not a notion how we cheat th  
And run no risk of colds nor disa  
ments;

True, love may graze us,—but the dr  
plan

Is a mistake, which neither c  
ointments,

Nor wit, nor wisdom, can get over, 1

—*John Bow*

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

(Sixteenth Century)

ART AND NATURE

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO was a native of Spain during the sixteenth century. Practically nothing is known as to the date of his birth or death or the events of his life. He is known to have visited Italy. His works, printed in Palermo in 1617, are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (nos. 35 and 42).

Works of human artifice soon tire  
 the curious eye; the fountain's sparkling  
 rill  
 In gardens, when adorned by human  
 skill,  
 Teach the feeble hand, the vain desire.  
 But, the free and wild magnificence  
 Of Nature in her lavish hours doth steal,  
 And admiration silent and intense,  
 Fills the soul of him who hath a soul to feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless way  
 The verdant reach of meadows far  
     green,  
 And the blue hills that bound the  
     scene,  
 These speak of grandeur, that  
     decay,—  
 Proclaims the Eternal Architect  
     high,  
 Who stamps on all his works the  
     eternity.

—H. W. Longfellow

#### THE TWO HARVESTS

But yesterday these few and hoary  
 Waved in the golden harvest; far  
     plain  
 I saw the blade shoot upward, and  
     grain  
 Put forth the unripe ear and tender  
 Then the glad upland smiled upon the  
     And to the air the broad green  
     unrolled,  
 A peerless emerald in each silken  
 And on each palm a pearl of morning

us sprang up and ripened in brief  
space  
at beneath the reaper's sickle died,  
at smiled beauteous in the summer-  
side.  
at are we? a copy of that race,  
er harvest of a longer year!  
! how many fall before the ripened  
ear!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*



## VICENTE ESPINEL

(1551-1624)

## LETRILLA

VICENTE ESPINEL was born at Ronda, being sold into captivity by Moors; when he joined the Spanish army in 1571. Later, he returned to Spain, took orders, obtained a post at the hospital at Seville, where his irregular conduct led to his dismissal. He was a famous musician of the school of Salamanca and added the fifth string to the guitar, to the disapproval of Lope de Vega. His death occurred at Madrid. He is famous as the author of the *Relaciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregón* (1591), after which Le Sage copied his more famous *Gil Blas*. Espinel's *Diversas Rimas* were published in 1591.

A thousand, thousand times I seek  
My lovely maid;  
But I am silent, still, afraid

if I speak  
naid might frown, and then my heart  
would break.

oft resolved to tell her all,  
lare not—what a woe 'twould be  
doubtful favor's smiles to fall  
e harsh frown of certainty.  
grace—her music cheers me now;  
limpled roses on her cheek,  
ear restrains my tongue, for how,  
should I speak,  
1, if she frowned, my troubled heart  
would break?

rather I'll conceal my story  
y full heart's most secret cell;  
hough I feel a doubtful glory  
pe the certainty of hell.  
, 'tis true, the bliss of heaven—  
a my courage is but weak;  
weakness may be well forgiven,  
hould she speak  
ords ungentle, O my heart would  
break.

—*John Bowring.*

FAINT HEART NEVER WON  
LADY

He who is both brave and bold  
Wins the lady that he would;  
But the courageless and cold  
Never did and never could.

Modesty in women's game  
Is a wide and shielding veil,  
They are tutored to conceal  
Passion's fiercely burning flame.  
He who serves them brave and bold  
He alone is understood;  
But the courageless and cold  
Ne'er could win and never should

If you love a lady bright,  
Seek, and you shall find a way;  
All that love would say—to say,  
If you watch the occasion right,  
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,  
Every soldier firm and good;  
But the courageless and cold  
Ne'er have conquered—never could

—*John Bourne*

ANONYMOUS

xteenth or Seventeenth Century)

TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED

mous sonnet, in spite of the ascrip-  
its authorship to Saint Teresa of  
the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*,  
declared to be anonymous. (M. R.  
Delbosc, *Revue Hispanique*, 1895, vol.  
has also been attributed, without suf-  
reason, to Saint Ignatius de Loyola,  
Francis Xavier, and Pedro de los Reyes,  
tin hymn "*Deus ego te amo*" is simi-  
t in many ways. The latter hymn,  
k of Saint Francis Xavier, has been  
illy rendered into English by Alexan-  
e. The sonnet has also been transla-  
Dryden in his "O God, thou art the  
of my love."

st moved to love Thee, O my Lord,  
ny longing for Thy Promised Land;  
oy the fear of hell am I unmanned

To cease from my transgressing deed or  
word.

'Tis Thou Thyself dost move me,—Thy  
blood poured

Upon the cross from nailèd foot and  
hand;

And all the wounds that did Thy body  
brand;

And all Thy shame and bitter death's  
award.

Yea, to Thy heart am I so deeply stirred  
That I would love Thee were no heaven  
on high,—

That I would fear, were hell a tale absurd!

Such my desire, all questioning grows vain;  
Though hope deny me hope I still should  
sigh,

And as my love is now, it should remain.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE  
ARGENSOLA  
(1559-1613)

SONNET

RCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA, together  
his brother Bartolomé, is considered  
g the greater poets of the seventeenth  
ry. He made some attempts at the  
a, but it is not until the publication of  
s in 1634 that we have a text to warrant  
great reputation. The Argensolas were  
lian descent and followed the methods of  
alian poets, with a strong classical ten-  
' which saved them from the abuses of  
orism, then at its height. Lupercio be-  
the Chronicler of Aragon and, following  
ount de Lemos to Naples, died there.

er scatters the torn vines around,  
d the great floods their 'customed  
bounds break o'er;

Drowning the plains their shoreless  
waters pour,  
Sweeping both bridge and bank in Spain's  
whole bound.

Moncayo, as of old, lifts up his crowned  
High forehead of the snows; the sun no  
more

Than scarce appears with day's half-  
portioned store,  
When it is covered o'er with night profound.

The angry breath of tempests is abroad  
Upon the seas and forests. Mankind  
hastes

Into his ports and cabins wisely awed;  
Whilst Fabio by the Tays lingering  
wastes

His shamefaced tears, to mourn the sea-  
sons' fraud,—

The fruits that wither ere the lip half  
tastes.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

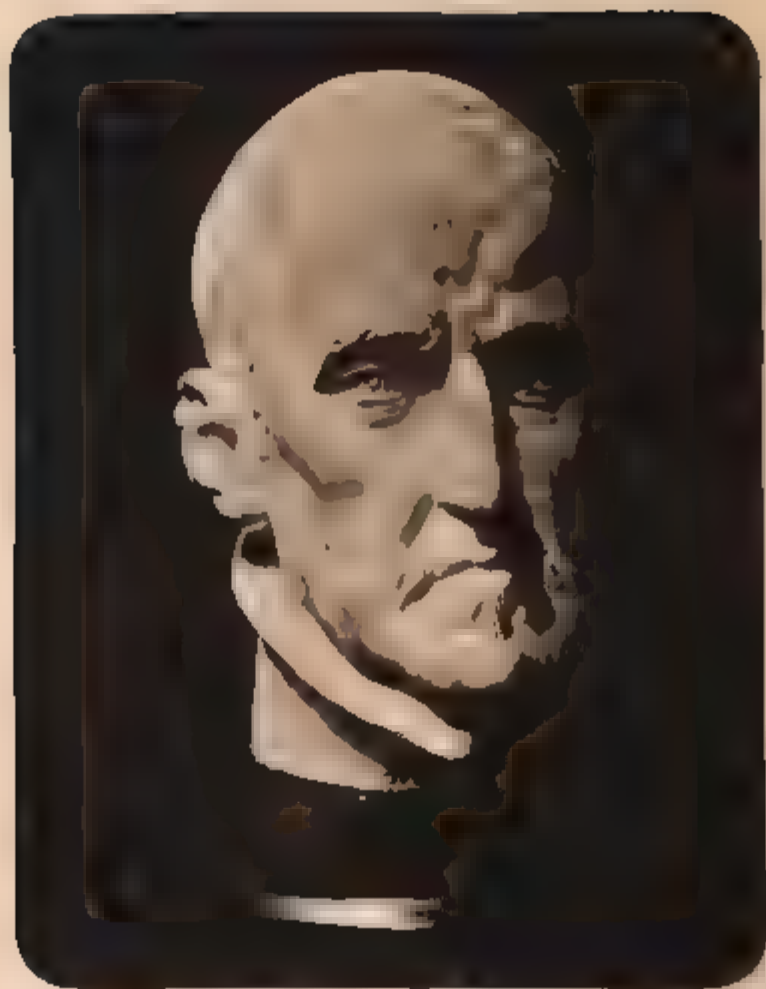
JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO	265
<p>JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO (1560-1638)</p> <p><i>SEGUIDILLA</i></p> <p>JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO was a native of Toledo, and the author of the excellent <i>Autos Sacramentales</i>, and <i>Comedias Divinas</i>. His <i>Vida de San José</i> is also noteworthy; but he is especially esteemed for his devotional lyrics. There was an edition of his <i>Romancero espiritual</i> published at Madrid in 1880.</p> <p>I who once was free, Sold unto death you see; <i>Trust not, Mother dear,</i> <i>Hearts ungrateful here!</i> With a honeyed smile, Mother, a false friend At the banquet's end His hand within my dish the while, Like a lamb betrayed me vile.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV



*Trust not, Mother dear,  
Hearts ungrateful here !  
I placed him at my side  
And passed the dish to him;  
I shared and did provide  
The best unto the brim  
His bargain rare and grim,—  
He sold Thy Son away,  
Trust not, Mother dear,  
Hearts ungrateful here !  
The garden flowers were wet  
With the tears I shed thereon;  
'Twas Holy Thursday, yet  
With me had Judas gone;  
He gave unto Thy Son  
The kiss I'll not forget—  
Trust not, Mother dear,  
Hearts ungrateful here !*

*-Thomas Walsh.*





*From a bust in the Hispanic Society of America*  
Luis de Góngora



DE ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA

(1561-1627)

ALL SWEET NIGHTINGALES

ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA was born of good  
Córdoba; he was educated at the  
y of Salamanca and received a bene-  
77. In 1613 he removed to Madrid  
me chaplain to the King. He re-  
Córdoba in ill health and died there.  
tation as a poet was already estab-  
600 at the publication of the *Roman-*  
*al*. His earlier poems are free from  
ns, but in his later style he adopted  
ations known as *Marinism* in Italy,  
in England and *Preciosité* in France,  
y establishing in Spain the School of  
m which afflicted Spanish literature  
7 generations. His poems may be  
the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*,  
vi, xxix, xxxii, and xxxv.

*not all sweet nightingales  
with songs the flowery vales;*

*But they are little silver bells,  
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells;  
Magic bells of gold in the grove,  
Forming a chorus for her I love.*

Think not the voices in the air  
Are from the wingéd Sirens fair,  
Playing among the dewy trees  
Chanting their morning mysteries;  
Oh! if you listen, delighted there,  
To their music scattered o'er the dales,  
*They are not all sweet nightingales, etc*

Oh! 'twas a lovely song—of art  
To charm —of nature to touch the heart;  
Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which  
    played  
By passion fills the forest shade;  
No! 'tis music's diviner part  
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails  
*They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.*

In the eye of love, which all things sees,  
The fragrance breathing jasmine trees  
And the golden flowers and the sloping  
    hill -  
And the ever melancholy rill—

Are full of holiest sympathies,  
 And tell of love a thousand tales.  
*They are not all sweet nightingales,  
 That fill with songs the cheerful vales;  
 But they are little silver bells,  
 Touched by the wind in the smiling dells,  
 Bells of gold in the secret grove,  
 Making music for her I love.*

—John Bowring.

ROMANCE

The loveliest girl in all our country-side,  
 To-day forsaken, yesterday a bride,  
 Seeing her love ride forth to join the wars,  
 With breaking heart and trembling lips  
 implores:

“My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me,  
 Oh let me walk alone where breaks the sea!

“You told me, Mother, what too well I know,  
 How grief is long, and joy is quick to go,  
 But you have given him my heart that he  
 Might hold it captive with love’s bitter  
 key,—

My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.



"My eyes are dim, that once were full  
    of grace,  
And ever bright with gazing on his face  
But now the tears come hot and never cease  
Since he is gone in whom my heart found  
    peace,  
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding

"Then do not seek to stay my grief, nor  
To blame a sin my heart must needs forgive  
For though blame were spoken in its  
    part,  
Yet speak it not, lest you should break  
    heart.  
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding

"Sweet Mother mine, who would not wish  
    to see  
The glad years of my youth so quickly fly  
Although his heart were flint, his breast  
    stone?  
Yet here I stand, forsaken and alone,  
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding

"And still may night avoid my lonely  
Now that my eyes are dull, my soul is dead

is gone for whom they vigil keep,  
 is night, I have no heart for sleep.  
 is dead, my tears are blinding me,  
 I walk alone where breaks the sea!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

LET ME GO WARM

go warm and merry still;  
 the world laugh, an' it will.

or muse on earthly things,—  
 of thrones, the fate of kings,  
 those whose fame the world doth fill;  
 muffins sit enthroned in trays,  
 age-punch in winter sways  
 my sceptre of my days;—  
 at the world laugh, an' it will.

the royal purple wears,  
 golden plate a thousand cares  
 swallow as a gilded pill;  
 like these I turn my back,  
 puddings in my roasting-jack  
 the chimney hiss and crack;  
 at the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,  
And January's sleets and snows  
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,  
With one to tell a merry tale  
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,  
I sit, and care not for the gale;—  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands  
For silver mines and golden sands;  
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill  
Just where its bubbling fountain swells  
Do sit and gather stones and shells,  
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover  
The stormy Hellespont swam over;  
I cross without the fear of ill  
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides  
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,  
Or barefoot wade through Yepes's tides  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,  
That Pyramus should die of love,  
And love should gentle Thisbe kill;

his be an apple-tart,  
word I plunge into her heart  
both that bites the crust apart,—  
let the world laugh, an' it will.  
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

from the Aurora's bosom  
has fallen—a crimson blossom;  
h, how glorious rests the hay  
ich the fallen blossom lay!

silence gently had unfurled  
antle over all below,  
owned with winter's frost and snow,  
swayed the sceptre of the world,  
the gloom descending slow,  
the monarch's frozen bosom  
has fallen,—a crimson blossom.

ly flower the Virgin bore  
(a fair) within her breast,  
ve to earth, yet still possessed  
rgin blossom as before;  
ay that colored drop caressed,—

Received upon its faithful bosom  
That single flower,—a crimson blossom

The manger, unto which 'twas given,  
Even amid wintry snows and cold,  
Within its fostering arms to fold  
The blushing flower that fell from heaven  
Was as a canopy of gold,  
A downy couch,—where on its bosom  
That flower had fallen,—that crimson b  
som.

—H. W. Longfellow

#### LETRILLA

*Riches will serve for titles, too,  
That's true—that's true!  
And they love most who oftener sigh,  
That's a lie—that's a lie!*

That crowns give virtue—power gives  
That folhes well on proud ones sit;  
That poor men's slips deserve a halter;  
While honors crown the great defaulter;  
That 'nointed kings no wrong can do,  
No right, such worms as I and you —  
*That's true—that's true!*

ay a dull and sleepy warden  
 guard a many-portal'd garden;  
 woes which darken many a day  
 moment's smile can charm away;  
 ay you think that Celia's eye  
 looks aught but trick and treachery,  
*that's a lie—that's a lie!*

wisdom's bought and virtue sold;  
 that you can provide with gold  
 court a garter or a star,  
 valor fit for peace or war;  
 purchase knowledge at the U-  
 niversity for P. or Q.—  
*that's true—that's true!*

must be gagged who go to court,  
 bless, beside, the gagger for 't;  
 rankless must be scourged, and thank  
 scourgers when they're men of rank;  
 humble, poor man's form and hue  
 live both shame and suffering too—  
*that's true—that's true!*

condorous favors to be done,  
 glorious prizes to be won;

And downy pillows for our head,  
And thornless roses for our bed;  
From monarch's words you'll trust and  
try,  
And risk your honor on the die—  
*That's a lie—that's a lie!*

That he who in the courts of law  
Defends his person or estate,  
Should have a privilege to draw  
Upon the mighty River Plate;  
And spite of all that he can do,  
He will be plucked and laughed at too—  
*That's true, that's true!*

To sow of pure and honest seeds,  
And gather nought but waste and weeds;  
And to pretend our care and toil  
Had well prepared the ungrateful soil;  
And then on righteous heaven to cry,  
As 'twere unjust—and ask it why?—  
*That's a lie, that's a lie!*

*John Bowring.*

EAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID  
ELEMENT"

onor of the liquid element,  
t rivulet of shining silver sheen!  
e waters steal along the meadows  
green,  
entle step and murmur of content!  
he for whom I bear each fierce  
xtreme,  
ds herself in thee,—then Love doth  
trace  
now and crimson of that lovely face  
soft gentle movement of thy stream.

smoothly flow as now, and set not  
free  
crystal curb and undulating rain  
in now thy current's headlong speed  
restrain;  
broken and confused the image rest  
ch rare charms on the deep-heaving  
breast  
who holds and sways the trident  
of the seas

—*H. W. Longfellow.*



## LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO

(1562-1635)

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO, one of the greatest figures in Spanish literature, the "*monstruo*" of the critics, was born at Madrid, and after an irregular youth took part in the Invincible Armada, returning to receive priestly orders, but, also, to continue his dissolute courses. He is said to have written 1800 dramas of various kinds, establishing the style for all future writers for the Spanish theatre. His lyric talents are of the highest order, and his fluency makes him one of the most remarkable figures in the literature of the world. His *Obras sueltas* in twenty-one volumes appeared at Madrid in 1776. Menéndez y Pelayo died before completing the collection of his works which he was preparing for the Spanish Academy.

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan  
song



*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio



Hast broken the slumber that encom-  
passed me,  
Who mad'st Thy crook from the accursed  
tree  
On which Thy powerful arms were stretched  
so long!  
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;  
For Thou my shepherd, guard, and guide  
shalt be;  
I will obey Thy voice, and wait to see  
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains  
Hear, Shepherd Thou who for Thy flock art  
dying,  
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou  
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.  
Oh, wait! to Thee my weary soul is crying  
Wait for me: Yet why ask it, when I see,  
With feet nailed to the cross, Thou'rt  
waiting still for me!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

*O NAVIS*

Poor bark of Life, upon the billows hoarse  
Assailed by storms of envy and deceit,  
Across what cruel seas in passage fleet

My pen and sword alone direct thy course  
 My pen is dull, my sword of little force  
 Thy side lies open to the wild waves' roar  
 As out from Favor's harbors we retire  
 Pursued by hopes deceived and a  
 remorse.

Let heaven be star to guide thee! here be  
 How vain the joys that foolish he  
 desire!

Here friendship dies and enmity la  
 true;

Here happy days have left thee long ago  
 But seek not port, brave thou the t  
 pest's ire;

Until the end thy fated course pur

—*Roderick Gil*

#### TOMORROW

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing  
 Thou did'st seek after me, that T  
 did'st wait

Wet with unhealthy dews before  
 gate,

And pass the gloomy nights of winter th

strange delusion, that I did not greet  
thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven  
how lost  
my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy  
feet.

oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
soul, from thy casement look, and thou  
shalt see  
how He persists to knock and wait for  
thee!"  
And oh, how often to that Voice of  
sorrow,  
"morrow we will open," I replied,  
And when the morrow came I an-  
swered still "Tomorrow."

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE  
ARGENSOLA  
(1564-1631)

TO THE FATHER OF THE UNIVERSE

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA, younger of the Argensola brothers of Saragossa, who resisted the influence of Gongora, who established their literary reputation in 1634 with the publication of *Rimas*.

Tell me, Thou common Father, why,

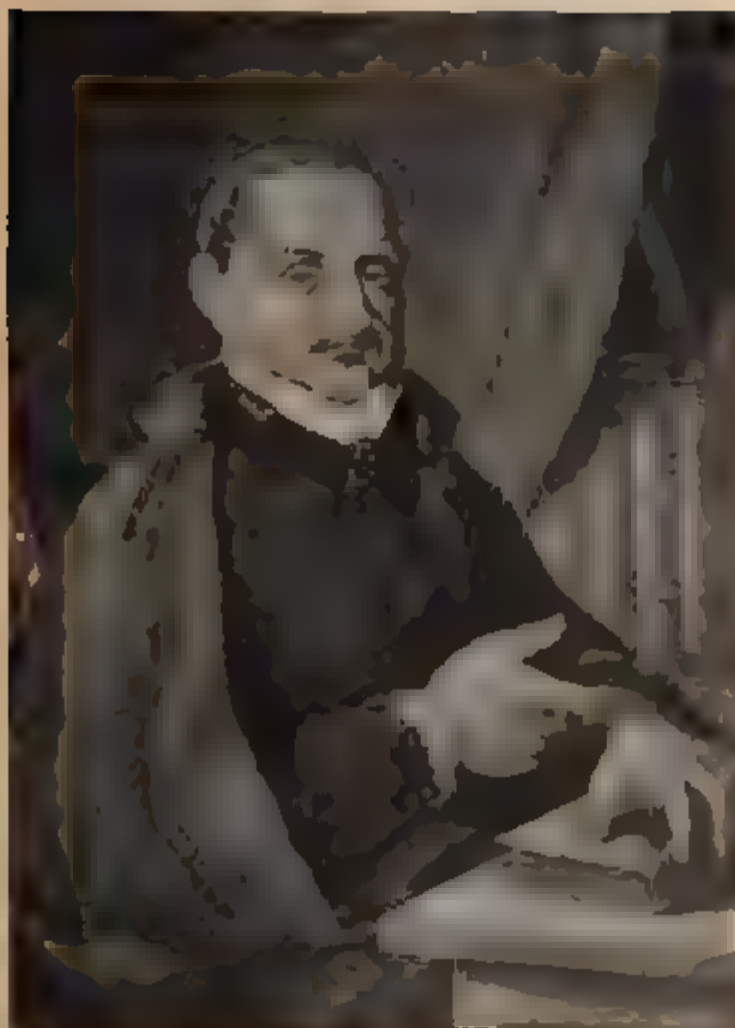
(Since Thou art just and good)  
Thou permit

Successful fraud, securely throned  
sit

While innocence, oppressed, stands  
ing by?

Why hast Thou nerved that strong to  
oppose

Thy righteous mandates with imp



*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*  
Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola





le the meek man who served and  
reverenced Thee  
the feet of Thine and virtues's toes?

said I, in despair) should vice con-  
found

nature's harmony, and tower above  
all the pomp, and pride, and power  
of state?

I looked upwards— and I heard a  
sound

s from an angel, smiling through  
heaven's gate,

earth a spot for heaven-born souls to  
love?"

—*John Bowring.*

TO MARY MAGDALEN

d, yet sinful one, and broken-  
hearted!

owd are pointing at the thing forlorn,  
ader and in scorn!

weepest days of innocence departed;  
weepest, and thy tears have power

move

ord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy tollies is forgiven,  
Even for the least of all the tears that shine  
On that pale cheek of thine  
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came  
from heaven,  
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise  
Holy and pure and wise

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom  
The ragged briar should change, the bitter fir  
Distil Arabian myrrh;  
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,  
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the  
swain  
Bear home the abundant grain

But come and see the bleak and barren  
mountains  
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see  
Leaves on the dry dead tree.  
The perished plant, set out by living  
fountains,  
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches  
rise,  
Forever, to the skies

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

JUAN DE ARGUIJO

(1567-1623)

THE TEMPEST AND THE CALM

JUAN DE ARGUIJO was a native of Seville; his abilities and character procured him a high position in the Sevillian school of poetry. His sonnets are to be found in the *Antología* of J. Colón y Colón (Seville, 1841).

His sonnets are to be found in the *Antología* of J. Colón y Colón (Seville, 1841).

When I saw the ruddy sun to turn  
 In cloudy trouble and to disappear;  
 Across his hidden face the lightning  
 Crear  
 The darkness then began to burn.  
 When the furious south-wind came to  
 Churn  
 Fury and tormenting far and near;  
 Where the shoulders of great Atlas  
 Rear,  
 How shook beneath the thunder  
 Stern.

But soon the heavy veil is swept away  
By rains, and clear again the moon  
shines

With gladness full-renewed across  
skies;

Marking the freshened splendors of  
day,

I murmur—These perchance may be  
signs

Wherein the image of my fortune

—*Thomas Wal*

DRO VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA  
(1576-1609)

PASTORAL CHARMS

O VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA was born at  
car la Mayor, of a noble family be-  
g to Seville. He died at Granada  
s thirty-third year. His *Remedios de*  
was first published, together with the  
s of Francisco de Medrano, in Palermo,

It is an original poem written around  
general scheme of Ovid's work of the  
title.

happy he, his idle thoughts unreined,  
iohere arrayed in calmness forth can go  
song amid his peaceful oxen trained  
d join his wearied flocks returning  
slow,  
ging the plough as evening's shadow  
falls  
daylight all its broken host recalls.

Who when the earliest light of Phoebus  
warns

And earth awakes, is glad from out his bed  
Beneath the farm-house eaves, nor laboring  
scorns

To trim his vines and train the nodding  
head

Of elms upon the hillsides tall and slight  
Such as god Hymen takes for his delight.

Or through the heavy furrows wins his way  
With ponderous team, and scatters the  
glad grain

In token of the Golden Age and sway  
Of oldtime Bacchus and Silvanus' reign;  
Till grateful gifts to Ceres here disclose,  
And on her sacred altars sheaves repose.

Upon the earliest day the floods are free  
From icy bondage, there he lightly turns  
To seek his Filomena lovingly

When the sun's waning light no longer  
burns,  
And heifers bleat, and doves' compelling  
song

Is music to the ears attentive long.

ives the busy husbandman prepares  
bees are out and soon the honey  
lows;  
n with covered face and arms he  
lares  
smoke and fire invade their treasure  
lose,  
s their gatherings of sunny hours,  
y themselves have robbed the  
ragrant flowers.

their rangèd pastures graze the cows  
locks upon the sloping hills afar;  
. their yards, and folds, and cattle-  
ouse  
eir accustomed stalls they gathered  
re;  
n their fragrant floods of milk arise  
tar and the cheeses that we prize.

that never blasphemy profanes  
falsehood, blows an ample breath  
round;  
ls induce repose for all our pains,  
silence weaves its woof of balm  
rofound,



Here where Astrea in her heaven  
flight

Left her last footprint ere she passed  
sight.

What nobler love can honest bosoms  
Than this sweet solitude and bland  
tent?

Peace and no troubles for the weary m  
Nor Fortune's fickleness nor blan  
ment;

Where high above the accidents of Fa  
Man lives and dies, without a fear or

—*Thomas Wal.*

MIS MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA  
(1577-1625)

MADRIGAL

MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA was a native of  
era. His education was obtained  
University of Osuna, and he was or-  
a priest in 1598. His poems may be  
in *Flores de poetas ilustres de España*,  
ro Espinosa.

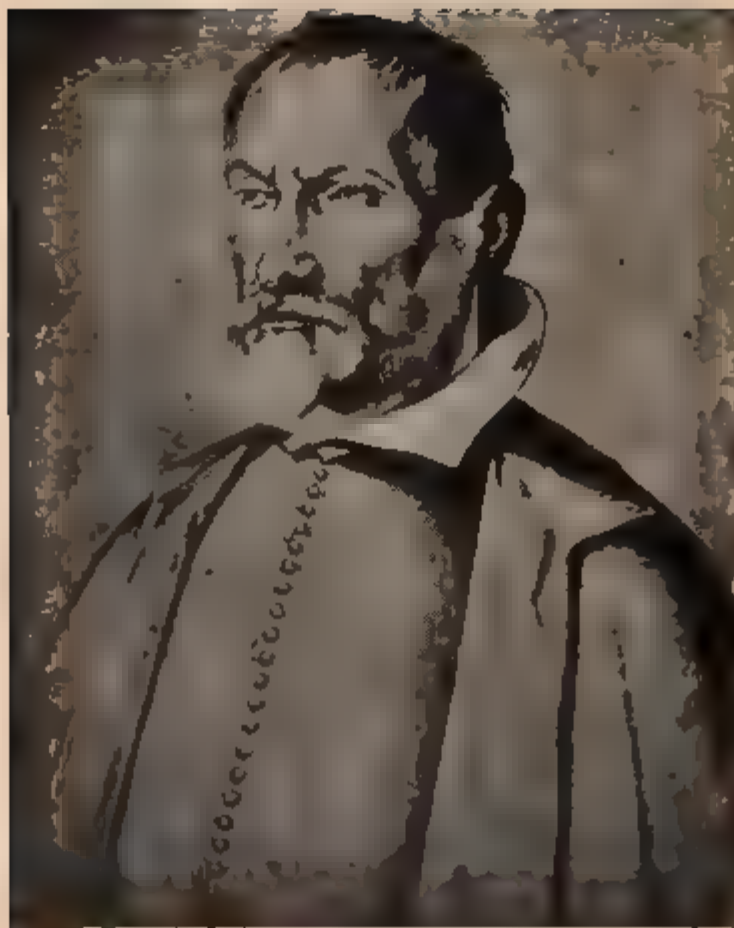
green margin of the land  
Guadalhorce winds his way  
dy lay.  
golden key, Sleep's gentle hand  
osed her eyes so bright,—  
es, two suns of light,—  
ade his balmy dews  
sy cheeks suffuse.  
iver God in slumber saw her laid,  
sed his dripping head  
veeds o'erspread,

Clad in his wintry robes approach  
    maid,  
And with cold kiss, like Death,  
Drank the rich perfume of the m  
    breath.

The maiden felt that icy kiss;  
Her suns unclosed, their flame  
Full and unclouded on the intruder  
Amazed the bold intruder felt  
His frothy body melt,  
And heard the radiance on his bosom  
And, forced in blind confusion to re  
Leapt in the water to escape the fire.

—*Robert Sou*





*From \* Pacheco's Album*

Rodrigo Caro

RODRIGO CARO

(1573-1647)

THE RUINS OF ITÁLICA

RODRIGO CARO was the son of distinguished family of Utrera. He was graduated at the University of Osuna in 1596, being later named procurator of the Archepiscopal estates, and became famous as a lawyer. He formed part of the literary circle of Francisco Pacheco in Madrid and is supposed to be represented in the portrait marked as that of the unknown artist. His *Antigüedades* of Seville appeared in 1614. He left some few sonnets beside a famous ode on *The Ruins of Itálica*. See edition of his works published by the *Real Academia de Bibliófilos Andaluces* (Seville, 1915), and *Rodrigo Caro*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1915).

I

... this region desolate and drear,  
solitary fields, this shapeless mound  
once Itálica, the far-renowned;

For Scipio the mighty planted here  
His conquering colony, and now,  
    thrown,  
Lie its once-dreaded walls of massive stone  
Sad relics, sad and vain  
Of those invincible men  
Who held the region then.  
Funereal memories alone remain  
Where forms of high example walked  
    yore.  
Here lay the forum, there arose the fane  
The eye beholds their places, and no more  
Their proud gymnasium and their sumptuous  
    baths,  
Resolved to dust and cinders, strewn  
    paths;  
Their towers that looked defiance at the sky  
Fallen by their own vast weight, in ruins  
    lie.

2

This broken circus, where the rock-walled  
    climb,  
Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and  
The gods to whom its walls were piled  
    high,

a tragic theatre, where Time  
 the great fable, spreads a stage that  
 shows  
 grandeur's story and its dreary close,  
 around this desert pit,  
 not the applauding rows  
 of the great people sit?  
 beasts are here, but where the com-  
 stants?  
 his bare arms, the strong athleta  
 here?  
 re departed from this once gay haunt  
 by crowds, and silence holds the  
 e.  
 this spot, Time gives us to behold  
 tacle as stern as those of old.  
 amily I gaze, there seem to rise,  
 all the mighty ruin, wailing cries.

## 3

erible in war, the pride of Spain  
 his country's father, here was born,  
 fortunate, triumphant, to whose  
 gn  
 ted the far regions, where the morn



Rose from her cradle, and the shores  
steeps

O'erlooked the conquered Ganges  
deeps.

Of mighty Adrian here,

Of Theodosius, saint,

Of Silius, Virgil's peer,

Were rocked the cradles, rich in  
quaint

With ivory carvings, here were  
boughs

And sprays of jasmine gathered  
brows

From gardens now a marshy, thorny

Where rose the palace, reared for  
yawn

Foul rifts to which the scudding  
haste.

Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are gone

And even the stones their names  
graven on.

4

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, go

The long-dismantled streets, so  
of old,

broken marbles, arches in decay,  
 d statues, toppled from their place  
 and rolled  
 ist when Nemesis, the avenger, came,  
 buried in forgetfulness profound,  
 owners and their fame.  
 : Troy, I deem must be,  
 many a mouldering mound;  
 thou, whose name alone belongs to  
 thee,  
 e, of old gods and kings the native  
 ground;  
 thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas,  
 whom  
 laws redeemed not from the appointed  
 doom—  
 envy of earth's cities once wert thou—  
 ary solitude and ashes now!  
 Fate and Death respect ye not; they  
 strike  
 mighty city and the wise alike.

5

why goes forth the wandering thought  
 to frame

New themes of sorrow, sought in distant  
lands?

Enough the example that before me stands;  
For here are smoke wreaths seen, and  
glimmering flame,

And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die;  
So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell  
On those who near it dwell.

And under night's still sky,  
As awe-struck peasants tell,  
A melancholy voice is heard to cry:

"Itálica is fallen!" the echoes then  
Mournfully shout "Itálica" again.

The leafy alleys of the forest round  
Murmur "Itálica," and all around  
A troop of mighty shadows at the sound  
Of that illustrious name, repeat the call  
"Itálica" from ruined tower and wall.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

#### ORPHEUS

Oblivion's misty prison ceased its moan  
Before the Thracian youth; ceased too  
the lyre  
Its consonance; the tears and fond desire

Ceased in their gentle sweetness to intone.  
Sisiphus, at hearing, rests his stone;

And Tantalus might have eased his  
hunger dire

With that elusive apple, and no ire  
Attend him from dread Radamanthus'  
Throne

But see, Eurydice is passing through  
The deeps of Orcus, oh, behold her doom!  
They turn, he to his moan, she to her  
chains!

O Love, how good and ill are joined in you!  
In one poor lover how could you presume  
To give his voice such power,—his  
eyes such pains?

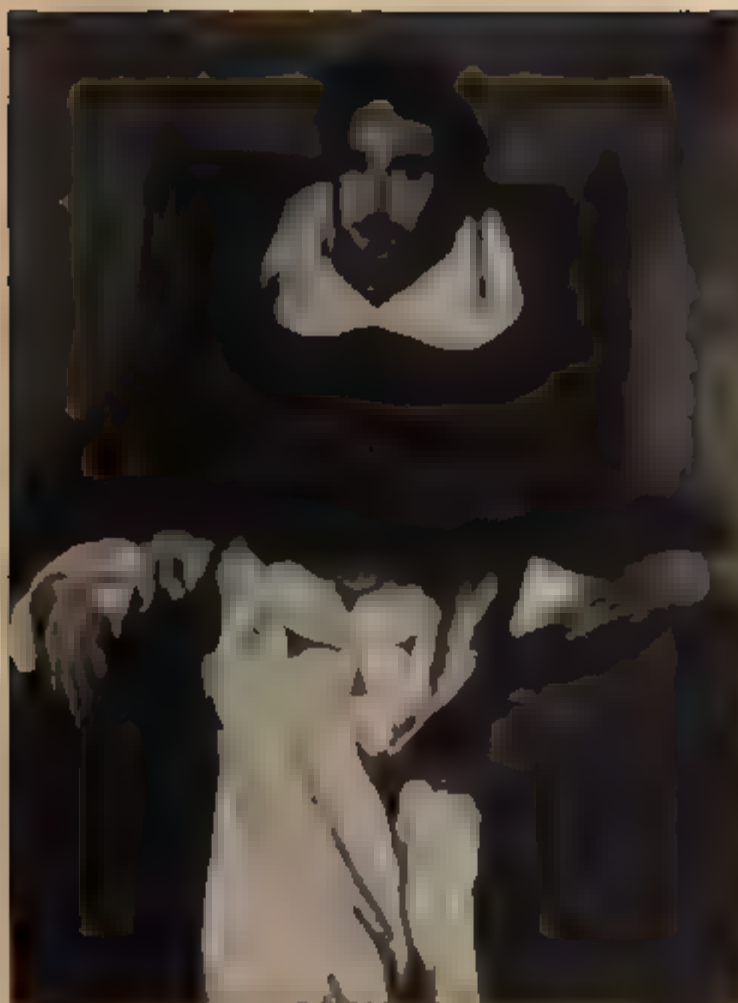
*Thomas Walsh.*

## FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA

(1580-1633)

SONNET ON THE TOMB OF  
PAINTER WHO WAS *EL GRECO*  
OF TOLEDO

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA was born at Madrid of a distinguished family. He studied with the Jesuits, graduated with honors at the University of Salamanca. At the age of nineteen he joined the Order of the *Trinitarios Calzados* and obtained the Doctorate of the University of Salamanca in 1601. In 1605 he preached the address of welcome to Philip II on his visit to Salamanca, after which he was called to court and made preacher to the King, on whose death he was made preacher to Philip III. He was a famous *predicador*, following the style of Góngora, he was also a friend of *El Greco* and noted for his wit and fancy. His poetic works did not appear until after his death.



*From the painting by 'El Greco'*

**Fray Hortensio**  
*(F. de Paravicino y Arteaga)*



ntitled *Obras póstumas divinas y*  
de Fray Felix de Arteaga (Madrid,

of Greco that can be confined  
Piety lay; here buries, and here  
eals;  
y dispose him, gently, so he feels  
steps stir the part he left behind!  
e no silence upon earth shall bind  
e men are born; though envy's  
reast be steel's  
st it; for no other star reveals  
liant glow on our horizon blind.

gher life he wrought,—not mere  
ppause,—  
er Apelles!—and the wonderment  
ages shall invoke his stranger  
ays!—  
ve him birth; the brush with which  
e draws,  
o;—and a better land is bent  
grant him rest eternal to his days!  
—*Thomas Walsh.*



## THE DIVINE PASSION

Pierced are Thy feet, O Lord, pierced  
Thy hands;

Thy head a shaggy grove of bitter thorns  
Thou hangest on the shameful tree  
scorn;

Thy woe my feeble sense half understands  
You who love God and who would light  
brands

Of righteous vengeance 'gainst  
outrage born,

Look, these are things of wonder and  
to warn

The hearts of Jew and Greek and Roman  
lands!

'Tis you have caused this anguish, of woe  
you,

Dishonest, are a witness, judge and jury  
Your sin against this innocence in  
war!

O mortal, to your ceaseless wrongs are  
This silent victim—I would charge  
heart

With malice that against its God  
bore.

- Thomas Wainwright





*From "Pacheco's Album"*

Francisco Gómez Quevedo y Villegas



ANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y  
VILLEGAS  
(1580-1645)

LLA: THE LORD OF DOLLARS

CO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS was born  
rid, the son of good family. His  
an was received at Alcalá de Henares,  
or a duel he fled to Italy and took  
under the Duke of Osuna, in whose  
he was involved in 1618. Returning  
n, he found no favor with Olivares,  
accused of having lampooned that fa-  
He was imprisoned for four years in  
astery of San Marcos of Leon. He  
Villanueva, leaving a great reputation  
mat, scholar, and poet. His poems  
be found in the *Biblioteca de autores*  
s (vol. 69). *The Sociedad de Biblió-*  
*alances* began the publication of his  
e works at Seville in 1897

ngs and priests and scholars  
e mighty Lord of Dollars.

Mother, unto gold I yield me,  
He and I are ardent lovers;  
Pure affection now discovers  
How his sunny rays shall shield me!  
For a trifle more or less  
All his power will confess, —  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

In the Indies did they nurse him,  
While the world stood round admiring;  
And in Spain was his expiring;  
And in Genoa did they hearse him;  
And the ugliest at his side  
Shines with all of beauty's pride;  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

He's a gallant, he's a winner,  
Black or white be his complexion;  
He is brave without correction  
As a Moor or Christian sinner.  
He makes cross and medal bright,  
And he smashes laws of right, —  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

e his proud ancestors  
; blood-veins are patrician;  
ies make the position  
ient investors;  
y find themselves preferred  
duke or country herd,—  
*s and priests and scholars,*  
*mighty Lord of Dollars!*

anding who can question  
there yields unto his rank, a  
astillian Doña Blanca,  
llow the suggestion?—  
t crowns the lowest stool,  
hero turns the fool,—  
*s and priests and scholars,*  
*mighty Lord of Dollars.*

ields are noble bearings;  
blazonments unfurling  
his arms of royal sterling  
gh pretensions airing;  
e credit of his miner  
behind the proud refiner,—  
*s and priests and scholars*  
*mighty Lord of Dollars.*



Contracts, bonds, and bills to render  
Like his counsels most excelling,  
Are esteemed within the dwelling  
Of the banker and the lender.  
So is prudence overthrown,  
And the judge complaisant grown,  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Such indeed his sovereign standing  
(With some discount in the order),  
Spite the tax, the cash-recorder  
Still his value fixed is branding.  
He keeps rank significant  
To the prince or man in want,—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Never meets he dames ungracious  
To his smiles or his attention,  
How they glow but at the mention  
Of his promises capacious!  
And how bare-faced they become  
To the coin beneath his thumb!—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

in peaceful season  
 n this his wisdom showeth)  
 s standards, than when bloweth  
 haughty blasts and breeze on;  
 foreign lands at home,  
 e'en in pauper's loam,—  
*s and priests and scholars*  
*mighty Lord of Dollars.*

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## ROME IN HER RUINS

these scenes, O Pilgrim, seek'st  
 ou Rome!  
 ; thy search—the pomp of Rome is  
 ed;  
 t Aventine is glory's tomb;  
 ills, her shrines, but relics of the dead.

, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,  
 en mourns where once it towered  
 blime;  
 uldering medal now far less dis-  
 ays  
 iumphs won by Latium, than by  
 ime.

Tiber alone survives—the passing wave  
That bathed her towers now murns  
her grave,

Wailing with plaintive sound her  
fanés.

Rome! of thine ancient grandeur  
past

That seemed for years eternal frame  
last,

Nought but the wave, a fugitive  
mains.

—*Felicia D. Hemm*

#### SONNET. DEATH-WARNING

I saw the ramparts of my native land  
One time so strong, now dropp'd  
decay,

Their strength destroyed by this  
age's way

That has worn out and rotted what  
grand.

I went into the fields; there I

The sun drink up the waters  
thawed;

on the hills the moaning cattle  
awed,  
series robbed the light of day for  
e.

to my house; I saw how spotted,  
ing things made that old home  
eir prize;  
withered walking-staff had come  
bend.  
ie age had won; my sword was  
tted;  
here was nothing on which to set  
y eyes  
t was not a reminder of the end.  
—*John Masefield.*

## FRANCISCO DE BORJA

(1581-1658)

## CANCIÓN

FRANCISCO DE BORJA, Prince of Esqu  
was partly of Italian origin. His w  
simple and natural with an occasional  
into the Gongoristic style. His poes  
to be found in the *Biblioteca de*  
*españoles*.

Ye laughing streamlets, say,  
Sporting with the sands, where do ye  
your way  
From the flowerets flying,  
To rocks and caverns hieing;  
When ye might sleep in calmness and  
Why hurry thus in wearying restlessn

Whither is she going?—whither is she;  
Sweetest maid of sweetest maidens,  
our village-pride,—

her than the daybreak,—lighter than  
the day,—  
her is she going?  
e is gone to the greenest meadow's side,  
re the sweet flowers are growing.  
gathers and she scatters sweet flowerets  
on her way;  
! how the flowerets are blowing.  
the Day of Saint John,—the Evangel-  
ist's Day,—  
her is she going?

—*John Bowring.*

## JUAN DE TASSIS

(1582-1622)

## TO A CLOISTRESS

JUAN DE TASSIS, Count of Villana, was born at Lisbon. In 1611 he was expelled from court for gambling. He returned to Spain in 1617, where he satirised the Duke of Lerma and other court favorites. As a gentleman-in-waiting to Isabel of Borbone, wife of Philip IV, he was assassinated. He is said, by order of the King, who had discovered him to be a lover of the Queen. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xli). See also *El Conde de Villamediana*, by Emilio Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1886).

Thou who hast fled from life's encumbered  
bowers

In youth's gay spring, in beauty's  
glowing morn,

ing thy bright array, thy path of  
flowers,  
or the rude convent-garb and couch  
of thorn;

1 that escaping from a world of cares,  
st found thy haven in devotion's fane,  
o the port the fearful bark repairs,  
o shun the midnight perils of the main;

the glad hymn, the strain of rapture  
pour  
hile on thy soul the beams of glory  
rise!

if the pilot hail the welcome shore  
ith shouts of triumph swelling to the  
skies,

ow should'st thou the exulting paeon  
raise  
heaven's bright harbor opens to thy  
gaze!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*



## ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS

(1589-1669)

## SPRING-TIME

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS was born in Matute, where he practised law and was executed by the Inquisition, being exiled to Santa María de Ribarredonda in 1659. His works reveal him as an opponent of the dogmatists and as a classical scholar. His *Rimas* edited by Vicente de los Ríos, appeared in Madrid in 1774 and again in 1797.

'Tis sweet in the green spring  
To gaze upon the wakening  
around;  
Birds in the thicket sing,  
Winds whisper, waters prattle, from  
ground  
A thousand odors rise,  
Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand  
dyes.

lowy and clear and cool,  
the pine and poplar keep their quiet  
nook;  
ever fresh and full,  
vines at their feet the thirst-inviting  
brook;  
the soft herbage seems  
ad for a place of banquets and of  
dreams.

u, who alone art fair,  
and whom alone I love, art far away.  
ess thy smile be there,  
makes me sad to see the earth so gay;  
re not if the train  
eaves and flowers and zephyrs go again.  
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE

have seen a nightingale  
n a sprig of thyme bewail  
eing the dear nest which was  
ers alone, borne off, alas!  
y a laborer. I heard,  
or this outrage, the poor bird

Say a thousand mournful things  
To the wind which on its wings  
To the Guardian of the sky  
Bore her melancholy cry,  
Bore her tender tears She spake  
As if her fond heart would break,  
One while in a sad, sweet note  
Gurgled from her straining throat,  
She enforced her piteous tale,  
Mournful prayer and plaintive wail;  
One while, with the shrill dispute  
Quite outwearied, she was mute;  
Then afresh, for her dear brood  
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.  
Now she winged it round and round  
Now she skimmed along the ground  
Now from bough to bough, in haste,  
The delighted robber chased,  
And, alighting in his path,  
Seemed to say 'twixt grief and wrath  
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude,  
Give me back my pretty brood,"—  
And I heard the rustic still  
Answer, —"That I never will."—

—*Thomas Rose*

## SAPPHIC ODE

icious dweller of the woodland green,  
on ever of the April flowers,  
ig breath of mother Venus's heart,  
O gentle zephyr!—

ost know the sorrows of my love,—  
at dost bear afar my sad lament,—  
and frankly say to her I love  
That here I perish!

o once my bitter yearnings knew,  
o once my bitter yearnings wept,  
she love me, but, alas, I fear,  
I fear her anger!

e gods with their paternal breasts,  
heavens with all their hearts benign  
w themselves, what time thy glad-  
e wing  
The snows uncover;

e dark clouds' burden, at the break  
along the lofty mountain chain,  
hy shoulders, nor their bitter hail  
Shatters thy pinions!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS

(Early Seventeenth Century)

TO A BEAUTIFUL BUT HEARTLESS  
COQUETTE

FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS was born in Mexico early in the seventeenth century, the son of one of the generals of Hernán Cortés in his campaign in Mexico. Francisco de Terrazas is therefore the first native-born poet of Spanish-America.

Renounce those threads of twisted gold  
that close  
In glinting ringlets round my captive will,  
And on the virgin snowdrift in repose  
The tinted whiteness of these roses spill.  
Of pearls and precious corals that adorn  
This mouth enticingly, be thou but shorn;  
And to the heavens, by which thou'rt  
envied still,  
Return the stolen suns that thou hast worn.

ace and wisdom, which as symbols  
nd  
wledge springing from the Source  
vine,  
ler to the far angelic sphere;  
us renounced the gifts of Nature's  
nd,  
, that which remains to thee is thine;  
ingrateful, cruel, vain, austere!  
—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

## FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA

(Early Seventeenth Century)

## OPEN THE DOOR

FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA was a Castilian poet who flourished about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He adhered to the methods of the old Spanish poets and left a number of songs, mostly devotional in character.

O porter, ope the door for me!  
I'm shivering in the cold and rain;  
Take pity on the stranger's pain!  
I and this poor old man have come  
Tired wanderers from a foreign shore,  
And here we stray without a home;  
His weariness o'erwhelms me more  
Than my own woe. Oh, ope your door  
To shelter us from cold and rain!  
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

ght is dark, and dull and cold;  
 is open on the road;  
 eary midnight bell hath tolled,  
 t a straggler walks abroad;  
 ight but solitude behold,  
 by driving hail and rain,—  
 ity on the stranger's pain!

l, be generous, friend! thy door  
 open for the love of heaven;  
 but two—but two—no more,—  
 ay poor old husband, driven  
 uge here; and we implore  
 er. Shall we ask in vain?—  
 ity on the stranger's pain!

ve us welcome; thou wilt be  
 led by God's grace, which can  
 unexpected joys; though he  
 e an old, defenceless man,  
 d has recompense for thee;  
 ay'st a noble guerdon gain;—  
 ity on the stranger's pain.

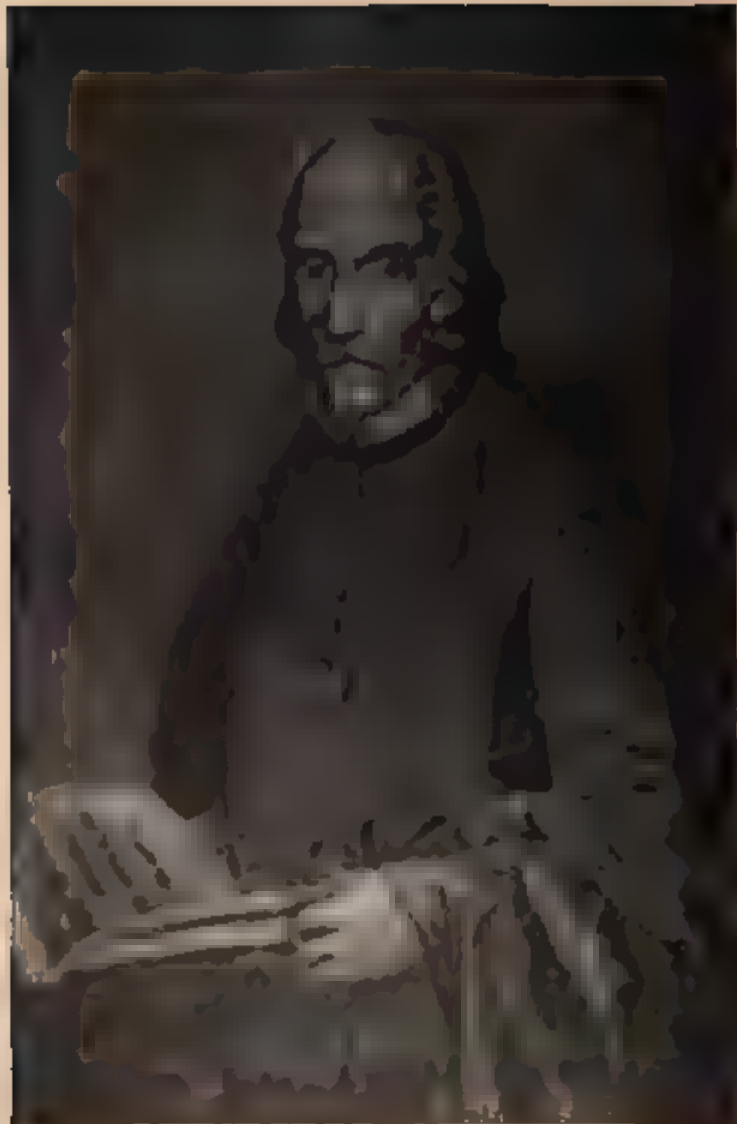
not tarry longer,—ope!  
 chilled with cold,—so ope, I pray!



Ope to the wanderers now, and hope  
They well thy kindness may repay;  
Time and eternity give scope  
For recompense. The wind and rain,  
Beat on,—relieve the stranger's pain!

—*Anonymous.*





*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Pedro Calderón de la Barca

ALDERÓN DE LA BARCA  
(1600-1681)

THE DREAM CALLED LIFE

From *La Vida es Sueño*

ALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, the supreme of the Spanish stage, was born at Madrid. He was the favorite dramatist of Philip IV, who created him Knight of Santiago in 1626. He took part in the hostilities in 1640, and became a priest in 1642, which did not, however, interfere with his work for the theatre until his death at Madrid in 1681. Numerous translations of his plays have appeared in English, showing his superior gifts, even if his inventiveness does not equal that of Lope de Vega. See his *Life* (Cadiz, 1845); *Calderón und seine Werke* by Gunther (Freiburg, 1888); and *His Life and Genius*, by R. C. Trenchard (New York, 1856).

It was in which I found myself.

And you that hail me now, then hailed me  
king,

In a brave palace that was all my own,  
Within, and all without it, mine; until,  
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,  
Methought I towered so big and swelled  
so wide

That of myself I burst the glittering bubble  
Which my ambition had about me blown  
And all again was darkness. Such a dream  
As this, in which I may be walking now,  
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows  
Who make believe to listen; but anon  
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plumed  
and steel,

Ay, even with all your airy theatre,  
May flit into the air you seem to rend  
With acclamations, leaving me to wake  
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake  
From this that waking is; or this and that  
Both waking and both dreaming; such  
doubt

Confounds and clouds our mortal life about  
But whether wake or dreaming, this  
know

How dreamwise human glories come and go

Whose momentary tenure not to break,  
Valking as one who knows he soon may  
wake,  
To fairly carry the full cup, so well  
Disordered insolence and passion quell,  
That there be nothing after to upbraid  
Dreamer or doer in the part he played;  
Whether tomorrow's dawn shall break the  
spell,  
Or the last trumpet of the Eternal Day,  
When dreaming, with the night, shall pass  
away.

—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

FROM "LIFE IS A DREAM"

We live, while we see the sun,  
Where life and dreams are as one;  
And living has taught me this,  
Man dreams the life that is his,  
Until his living is done.  
The king dreams he is king, and he lives  
In the deceit of a king,  
Commanding and governing;  
And all the praise he receives  
Is written in wind, and leaves

A little dust on the way  
When death ends all with a breath.  
Where then is the gain of a throne,  
That shall perish and not be known  
In the other dream that is death?  
Dreams the rich man of riches and fears  
The fears that his riches breed;  
The poor man dreams of his need,  
And all his sorrows and tears;  
Dreams he that prospers with years,  
Dreams he that feigns and foregoes,  
Dreams he that rails on his foes;  
And in all the world, I see,  
Man dreams whatever he be,  
And his own dream no man knows.  
And I too dream and behold,  
I dream I am bound with chains,  
And I dreamed that these present pains  
Were fortunate ways of old.  
What is life? a tale that is told;  
What is life? a frenzy extreme,  
A shadow of things that seem;  
And the greatest good is but small,  
That all life is a dream to all,  
And that dreams themselves are a dream.

*Arthur Symonds*

THE CROSS

which heaven has willed to dower  
 that true fruit whence we live,  
 at other death did give;  
 w Eden loveliest flower;  
 of light, that in worst hour  
 e worst flood signal true  
 he world, of mercy threw;  
 plant, yielding sweetest wine;  
 r David harp divine;  
 r Moses tables new;  
 r am I, therefore I  
 i upon thy mercies make;  
 alone for sinners' sake  
 on thee endured to die.

—*R. C. Trench.*

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

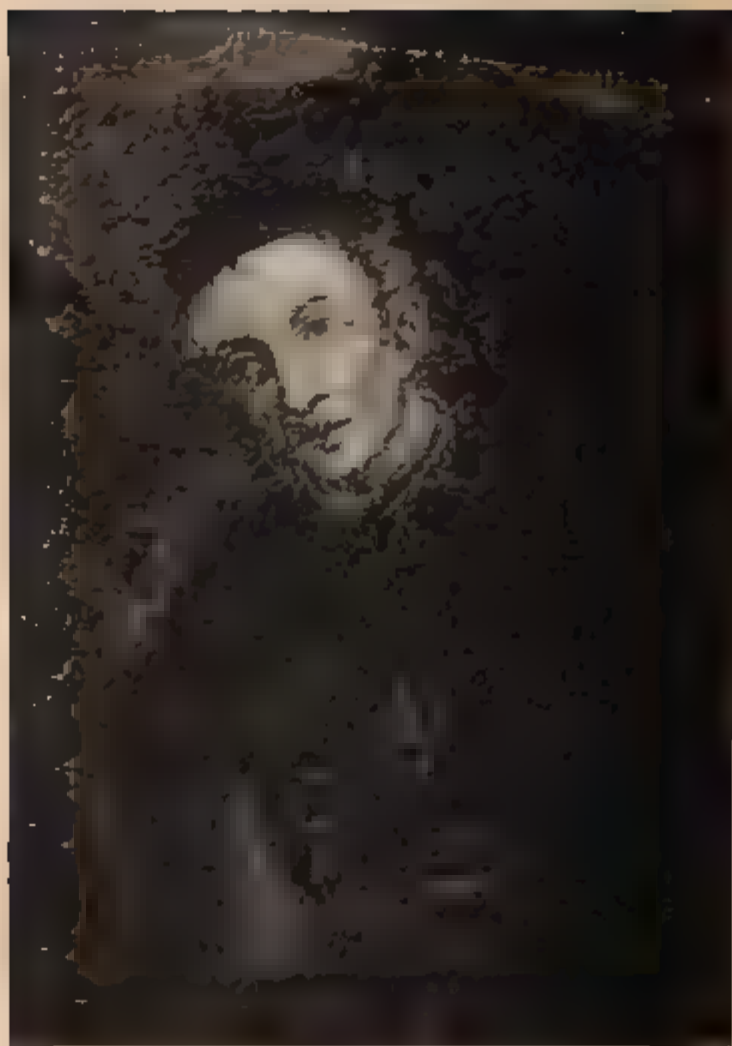
n the lion's mouth,  
 i mystical, divine,  
 e sweet and strong combine;  
 rock for Israel's drouth;  
 e-house of golden grain  
 Joseph laid in store,  
 rethren's famine sore



Freely to dispense again;  
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece;  
Well, from bitter turned to sweet;  
Shew-bread laid in order meet,  
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,  
Though no rain in April fall,  
Horeb's manna freely given  
Showered in white dew from heaven,  
Marvelous, angelical;  
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine;  
Cake to strengthen and sustain  
Through long days of desert pain;  
Salem's monarch's bread and wine;—  
Thou the antidote shalt be  
Of my sickness and my sin,  
Consolation, medicine,  
Life and Sacrament to me.

—*R. C. Tremain*





*From an old painting*

**Baltasar Gracián y Morales**

ASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES  
(1601-1658)

SUMMER

AR GRACIÁN Y MORALES was a native  
onte near Calatayud. He became a  
and obtained great renown as a  
her. In his poetry he follows and  
Góngora in extravagance of style.

n the celestial theatre  
seman of the day is seen to spur  
refulgent Bull, in his brave hold  
; for darts his rays of burning gold.  
auteous spectacle of stars—a crowd  
y dames, his tricks applaud aloud;  
o enjoy the splendor of the fight,  
on heaven's high balcony of light.  
is strange metamorphosis, with  
irs  
est of fire, red-throated Phoebus  
s,

Like a proud cock amongst the hens divine  
Hatched out of Leda's egg, the Twins that  
shine,  
Hens of the heavenly field.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

STER VIOLANTE DO CEO

(1601-1693)

LE TO BETHLEHEM WE ARE  
GOING "

VIOLANTE DO CEO was born, lived and  
Lisbon where, in 1630, she made her  
n as a Dominican sister. Her works  
be found in *Rimas varias* (Rouen,  
d in the *Parnaso Lusitano de divinos*  
os versos (Lisbon, 1733).

to Bethlehem we are going,  
ne, Blas, to cheer the road,  
ne why this lovely Infant  
ed His divine abode?—  
n that world to bring to this  
, which, of all earthly blisses,  
brightest, purest bliss."

efore from His throne exalted,  
He on His earth to dwell—

All His pomp an humble manger,  
All His court a narrow cell? -

"From that world to bring to this  
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses  
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Why did He, the Lord eternal,  
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,  
He who fashioned for His glory  
Boundless immortality? -

"From that world to bring to this  
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses  
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well then! let us haste to Bethlehem;  
Thither let us haste and rest;  
For of all heaven's gifts the sweetest  
Sure is peace,—the sweetest, best,

—*John Bowring*

#### THE NIGHT OF MARVELS

In such a marvelous night, so fair  
And full of wonder strange and new  
Ye shepherds of the vale, declare  
Who saw the greatest wonder? V

I saw the trembling fire look wan.  
 I saw the sun shed tears of blood  
 I saw a God become a man.  
 I saw a man become a God.

rous marvels! at the thought,  
 bosom's awe and reverence move;  
 o such prodigies has wrought?  
 t gave such wonders birth? 'Twas  
 ove!

called from heaven that flame  
 divine,  
 h streams in glory from above;  
 de it o'er earth's bosom shine,  
 bless us with its brightness? Love!

ide the glorious sun arrest  
 course, and o'er heaven's concave  
 nove  
 s,—the saddest, loneliest  
 e celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

ised the human race so high,  
 . to the starry seats above,  
 or our mortal progeny,  
 in becomes a God? 'Twas love!



Who humbled from the seats of light  
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;  
Led the great source of day—to night;  
And made of God a man? 'Twas love

Yes, love has wrought, and love alone,  
The victories all, beneath, above,—  
And earth and heaven shall shout as one,  
The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,  
And told the wondrous tales aloud,—  
The trembling fire that looked so wan,  
The weeping sun behind the cloud.  
A God—a God! becomes a man!  
A mortal man becomes a God!

—John Bowring

## SANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO

(1611-1667)

ASCENDING A HILL LEADING  
TO A CONVENT

SANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO, an historian  
et, was born of an illustrious family at  
. His works may be found in *Obras*  
s (Lyons, 1665).

not with lingering foot, O pilgrim,  
here,  
ce the deep shadows of the moun-  
tain-side;  
oe thy step, thy heart unknown to  
fear,  
brighter worlds this thorny path will  
guide.

shall thy foot approach the calm  
abode  
ear the mansions of supreme delight;

Pause not, but tread this consecrated road  
'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.

Behold to cheer thee on the toilsome way,  
How many a fountain glitters down the  
hill!

Pure gales inviting softly round thee play,  
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou  
linger still?

Oh, enter there, where, freed from human  
strife,

Hope is reality and time is life.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE  
SAN FELIX

(Middle of Sixteenth Century)

*AMOR MYSTICUS*

ISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE SAN FELIX, nun of the Trinitarian Order, was the daughter of the great poet Lope de Vega Carpio. She is a famous figure among the religious mystical writers of the period following that of Saint Teresa of Ávila. Her principal poem is *Soliloquios de un alma a Dios*.

Let them say to my Lover  
That here I lie!  
The thing of His pleasure,—  
His slave am I.

Say that I seek Him  
Only for love,  
And welcome are tortures  
My passion to prove.

Love giving gifts  
Is suspicious and cold;  
I have all, my Belovéd  
When Thee I hold.

Hope and devotion  
The good may gain;  
I am but worthy  
Of passion and pain.

So noble a Lord  
None serves in vain,  
For the pay of my love  
Is my love's sweet pain.

I love Thee, to love Thee,—  
No more I desire;  
By faith is nourished  
My love's strong fire.

I kiss Thy hands  
When I feel their blows;  
In the place of caresses  
Thou givest me woes.

But in Thy chastising  
Is joy and peace.

O Master and Love,  
Let Thy blows not cease.

Thy beauty, Belovéd,  
With scorn is rife,  
But I know that Thou lovest me  
Better than life.

And because Thou lovest me,  
Lover of mine,  
Death can but make me  
Utterly Thine.

I die with longing  
Thy face to see;  
Oh! sweet is the anguish  
Of death to me!

—*John Hay.*

GASPAR DE JAEN: "GASPARILLO"  
(Middle of Seventeenth Century)

DIALOGUE

*(Between the Asistente of Seville and  
River Guadalquivir, the latter being very old  
at the time )*

GASPAR DE JAEN, "GASPARILLO," was a person of singular satirical bitterness who flourished in Seville about the middle of the seventeenth century. The date and place of his birth and of his death are unknown, but he is supposed to have been of mulatto blood, and to have been possessed of a real mania of hatred for the officials of the government at Seville. See *Gasparillo*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).

ASISTENTE:

Know, Guadalquivir, I am master

GUADALQUIVIR:

I know it, Señor, what is your desire

ASISTENTE:

That you suspend your floods and go no  
higher;

Meseems you are excessive in career!

GUADALQUIVIR:

Your challenge is impertinent and queer,  
For see you not, I am another's squire?

ASISTENTE:

So then you disobey me?—

GUADALQUIVIR:

Foolish, sire,

How can I stem my floods your course to  
steer?

ASISTENTE:

In Count of Olivares' name, then cease;  
He is your offspring and my chief su-  
preme,—

And you shall have a decoration  
high!

GUADALQUIVIR:

What, one of Manzanares' fripperies!—

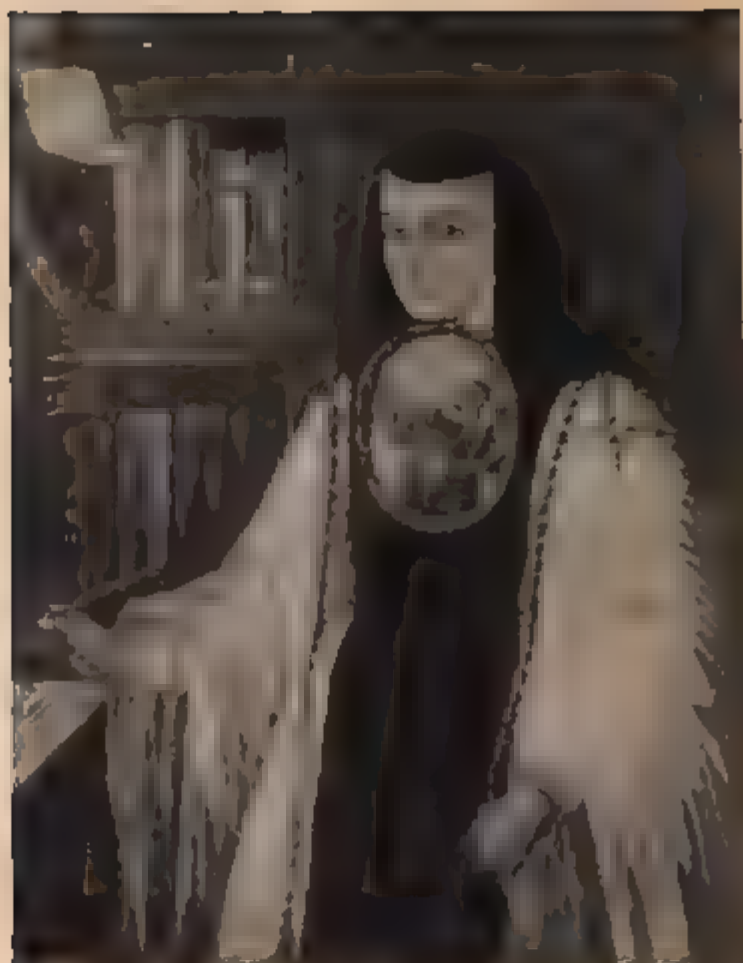
I want it not, nor fear its hollow  
gleam!

Confer it, please, on Tagarete nigh,  
Which being but a stream of poor  
supply



Would stoop its shoulders unto any  
crime,  
And take your decoration as sublime!  
—*Thomas Walsh.*





*From the painting in the convent of S Jerónimo,  
Mexico City*

Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz

<p>INÉS DE LA CRUZ</p>	<p>357</p>
<p>           DR. JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ            (1651-1691)         </p> <p>THE LOST LOVE</p> <p> <b>JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ</b> was born, <i>de Asbaje</i>, at San Miguel de Nepantla, Mexico. From childhood she showed ability and some of her poems are regarded the product of the years prior to her entrance into the convent in 1667. She died of the plague in Mexico City. For her works see the edition by Juan Gamacho (Madrid, 1725), and for her biography, <i>de Asbaje</i> by Amado Nervo (Madrid, 1907).         </p> <p>           When shall I, my glory,            In thy light in radiance shining,            Presence illusory,            Bring me sweet release from grief and            Sorrow?         </p>	
<p>HISPANIC NOTES</p>	<p>IV</p>

When shall I see thine eyes, enchanted  
rapture,  
And yield thee mine, as tender capti

When will thy voice awaken  
Mine ears with thrilling accents from  
sadness,  
And I, enthralled, o'ertaken  
By the floods of its ineffable gladness  
Be swept away in ecstasy, and after  
The marvel wanes, hasten to thee  
laughter?

When will thy light effulgent  
Reclothe with roseate glamour all my  
And when shall I, indulgent,  
The anguish of my sighs exhaled and  
No more bemoan the pangs of my  
sorrow?  
When thou shalt come, and glori  
morrow!

Come then, my soul's dear treasure,  
Since fast through weariness my  
fading,  
And absence without measure;

then, lest, heeding not my soft  
persuading,  
wound my love; e'en yet, despite  
fine anger,  
ears of hope I will refresh my languor!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

## CAPRICE

thankless flees me, I with love pursue,  
oving follows me, I thankless flee;  
n who spurns my love I bend the  
ree,  
ve who seeks me, cold I bid him rue;  
as diamond him I yearning woo,  
f a diamond when he yearns for me;  
lays my love I would victorious see,  
slaying him who wills me blisses true.  
or this one is to lose desire,  
ve that one, my virgin pride to tame;  
her hand I face a prospect dire,  
ver path I tread, the goal the same:  
adored by him of whom I tire,  
e by him who scorns me brought to  
ame.

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

## ARRAIGNMENT OF THE MEN

Males perverse, schooled to condemn  
Women by your witless laws,  
Though forsooth you are prime cause  
Of that which you blame in them:

If with unexampled care  
You solicit their disdain,  
Will your fair words ease their pain,  
When you ruthless set the snare?

Their resistance you impugn,  
Then maintain with gravity  
That it was mere levity  
Made you dare to importune.

What more elevating sight  
Than of man with logic crass,  
Who with hot breath fogs the glass,  
Then laments it is not bright!

Scorn and favor, favor, scorn,  
What you will, result the same,  
Treat you ill, and earn your blame,  
Love you well, be left forlorn.

Scant regard will she possess  
Who with caution wends her way,—  
Is held thankless for her “nay,”  
And as wanton for her “yes.”

. . . . .

What must be the rare caprice  
Of the quarry you engage:  
If she flees, she wakes your rage,  
If she yields, her charms surcease.

. . . . .

Who shall bear the heavier blame,  
When remorse the twain enthralls,  
She, who for the asking, falls,  
He who, asking, brings to shame?

Whose the guilt, where to begin,  
Though both yield to passion's sway,  
She who weakly sins for pay,  
He who, strong, yet pays for sin?

Then why stare ye, if we prove  
That the guilt lies at your gate?  
Either love those you create,  
Or create those you can love.



To solicitation truce, —  
Then, sire, with some show of right  
You may mock the hapless plight  
Or the creatures of your use!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

TO HER PORTRAIT

This that you see, the false presentment  
planned

With finest art and all the colored show  
And reasonings of shade, doth but disclose  
The poor deceits by earthly senses fanned  
Here where in constant flattery expand  
Excuses for the stains that old age know  
Pretexts against the years' advancing  
snows,

The footprints of old seasons to withstand

'Tis but vain artifice of scheming minds;

'Tis but a flower fading on the winds;

'Tis but a useless protest against Fate

'Tis but stupidity without a thought,

A lifeless shadow, if we meditate;

'Tis death, 'tis dust, 'tis shadow, yea,  
nought.

—*Roderick Gilk.*

STER GREGORIA FRANCISCA  
(1653-1736)

ENVYING A LITTLE BIRD

R GREGORIA FRANCISCA was born, Gre-  
Francisca Queynoghe, at Sanlúcar de  
meda, the daughter of wealthy parents  
panish, half Flemish. At an early age  
tered the convent and in 1669 became  
essed nun of the Order of Carmelites  
ed by Saint Teresa in Seville She rose  
at eminence in her Order and left some  
us mystical poetry to be found in the  
*exemplar, etc. de la V. Madre Gregoria  
isca de Santa Teresa de Jesus*, by Diego  
res Villaroel (Salamanca). Her *Poesías*  
published by A. de Latour (Paris,  
See also *Discurso sobre Sor Gregoria  
isca* by Santiago Montoto (Seville,

ing a little bird  
ight to heaven my heart is stirred,

So hardy is the wing he finds  
To breast the bluster of the winds,  
So lightly pulsing doth he fare,  
Enamored of the sunset there—  
And swaying ever higher, higher,  
He mounts unto the realms of fire!  
Would I were with thee in thy flight,  
Fair plaything of the breeze tonight,  
And from thy heart such impulse know  
As spreads thy steadfast pinions so!  
I follow with a lover's sighs  
Impatient, where thou cleav'st the sky  
Feeling my body's prison bars  
Withhold my spirit from the stars.  
For of the Sun supreme am I  
A love-delirious butterfly;  
By tender dawns I sip,—but claim  
The blossom of His noontide flame.  
O little bird, my dismal cell  
Reflects His sunlit splendors well—  
His glorious beauties are for me  
But shadowed in my misery!  
In envy of thy boundless flight  
But one desire can requite  
My heart,—a salamander's soul  
To brave His flames without control!

ght is joyous, little bird.  
[ in prison am interred;  
eing thee my soul is raised  
he skies thou seek'st amazed;  
and a captive bound  
mid my darkness found;  
that some mighty power would rend  
ains and my harsh durance end!  
; a flight would then be mine,  
I this shackle-weight resign!  
that warm impulse of the skies  
ag against thine own would rise!  
hy heart yon crimson tryst  
set glory hath sufficed;  
irit glad and free of care  
o its golden lattice fare;  
who, knowing, love and pine  
m that is the Sphere Divine,  
fs my only wings can make,  
ghts alone on sighings take!  
immensity of light  
to annulling blight;  
vast clearness of His sphere  
ble senses disappear.  
lliance bids my wings expand  
id flight unto His hand,—

But, oh, my nature's heavy bond  
Denies me freedom for beyond!  
Do thou, fair bird, on tireless wing  
Beyond the heavenly archway spring,  
And breasting higher, higher, bear  
This message of my fond despair;  
Unto that Light and Sun to show  
How love doth wound me here below;  
Within the inaccessible sky  
To say how of my love I die,  
Since through my light of faith alone  
His radiant beauteousness is known;  
To say, the more His splendor shows  
The more my dismal blindness grows;  
And yet I glory in the dark  
His steps in passing by me mark;  
To say I wait the joyous hour  
When He shall break the mortal power  
That holds me prisoned here so long,  
And loose me for the wingéd throng,  
To say His rays through chink and bar  
But only added torments are;—  
That all the more His lights display  
The more my wounds and burns by day  
That all the noons are full of Him,  
Filling joy's goblets to the brim,—

all my soul is in decline,  
ding thus His glory shine!  
bird, if thou of love  
the sweet pain didst prove,  
ake upon my woes  
nourn o'er what my breasts disclose.  
to my sweet Lord on high,  
He may grant me liberty,  
ending thy fair wings the while  
I may seek His distant isle,  
from this prison dire be gone,  
this captivity whereon  
any a tear and groan I shed  
my dark and exiled bed;  
e gazing on thy happy flight  
ize my bitter plight,—  
ove the more impatient glows  
ighter its far object shows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA

(1748-1791)

## SONG

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA was a native of Salamanca who became a priest, and indulged in satires of local abuses, and purely lyrical compositions. His *Poems* were published in Paris in 1821.

Alexis calls me cruel;  
The rifted crags that hold  
The gathered ice of winter,  
He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms  
Around the fountain's brim,  
And forest-walks can witness  
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter  
My feelings without shame,

And tell him how I love him  
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment  
When heart inclines to heart,  
And press a suit with passion,  
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather  
The roses where they stand,  
They fade among their foliage;  
They cannot seek his hand.  
—*William Cullen Bryant.*



## TOMÁS DE IRIARTE

(1730-1791)

## THE ASS AND THE FLUTE

TOMAS DE IRIARTE was born at Orotava on the Island of Teneriffe. His death occurred at Madrid, where he had achieved great distinction with his *La música* in 1779 and his *Fábulas literarias* in 1782. See *Iriarte y su época* by E. Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1897)

This little fable heard,  
It good or ill may be,  
But it has just occurred  
Thus accidentally.

Passing my abode,  
Some fields adjoining me  
A big ass on his road  
Came accidentally.

And laid upon the spot,  
A Flute he chanced to see,  
Some shepherd had forgot  
There accidentally.

The animal in front  
To scan it nigh came he,  
And snuffing loud as wont,  
Blew accidentally.

The air it chanced around  
The pipe went passing free  
And thus the Flute a sound  
Gave accidentally.

“O then,” exclaimed the Ass,  
“I know to play it fine;  
And who for bad shall class  
This music asinine?”

Without the rules of art,  
Even asses, we agree,  
May once succeed in part,  
Thus accidentally,

—*James Kennedy.*

## JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ

(1754-1817)

## ODA

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ was born at B del Fresno, became a professor at Salama and was patronized by Jovellanos. He considered the leader of the Salama Gallic school; in the War of Independence sided with the French, fleeing later to B where he died in dishonor. His *Poesías* published at Madrid in 1785; and his written by Quintana, may be found with poems, in the edition of 1820. His are also to be found in the *Biblioteca autores españoles* (vol. xix).

When first a gentle kiss  
Upon Nisé I pressed,  
Paradise-grain and cassia  
Her lovely breath confessed.  
And on her smiling lips  
Such luscious sweets I found

As never knew the hills  
Or bees of Hybla's ground.  
To purify its balm  
With love's essential dew,  
A thousand and a thousand times  
Each day her lips I choose;  
Until the sum and total  
Of all our score amount  
To kisses more than Venus  
Did from Adonis count.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE  
MORATÍN

(1760-1826)

## ODE. THE DAY AT HOME

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN, a son of the poet Nicolas Fernández de Moratín, was born at Madrid. He became involved in the revolutionary movements of his time, and spent his later years at Bordeaux in the circle of Goya. His dramas won complete success for the French school inaugurated by Luzan. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1830, and poems by his father and himself may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xi).

Was there ever such a mess!  
Just when I stay at home,  
To find that such a press  
Of visitors must come!  
Boy,—go bar the door;  
My neighbor now prepares



*From the painting by Goya*

**Leandro Fernández de Moratín**



With all her tribe and more  
To climb my private stairs!  
What then?—You cannot close—  
The guests are now too near?  
Doña Tecla and all those  
Girls of hers I hear!  
A coach has stopped below,  
I hear it at the door.  
'Tis Don Venancio  
Who comes—that famous bore!  
Then too comes in Don Luke  
With stately twists and bows;  
Don Mauro with his hook  
Out for mitres for his brows;  
Don Génaro, Don Zoile  
And Doña Basilissas  
And all their nurseries vile  
Of masters and of misses!  
What stupid compliments,  
What speeches they are aping!  
Be Mount Torozos bent  
To shield me in escaping!  
And now they settle down  
(And seats are not enough!)  
To nibble cakes and drown  
Their thirst with sticky stuff.



The Devil!—I, who lead  
A solitary life,  
A bachelor, indeed,  
Without a child or wife;  
I who of wedded bliss  
Resigned the calm delight,—  
Must I give way to this  
Invading insect blight?  
And must I too submit  
To this uproar and gabble,  
And here in patience sit  
Amid this endless rabble!—  
But see, they all arise  
And leave me in a hurry!—  
Each fan, each bonnet flies;  
And hats and hoop skirts scurry!—  
Acknowledgments and thanks  
For this your cordial visit—  
Obliged—but should your ranks  
Return,—I'll dodge and miss it!—  
So they have peeped their measure,—  
And they have had a chance—  
Now if it be their pleasure  
Let them go out and dance!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA  
(1772-1856)

TO SPAIN—AFTER THE REVOLU-  
TION OF MARCH

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA was born at Madrid. He became in declared opposition to French domination in Spain. On the death of Ferdinand VII to power, he was imprisoned for six years, dying poor after holding many offices under the Liberal Government. He and his friend Gallego opposed, however, to all the French rules and impositions, and he produced odes of great power on patriotic subjects. His best edition of his works is that of Madrid, 1897. He is represented in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

Spain, tell me, in the older day  
aimed its destiny across the world,  
through all the climes extending its broad  
way

From east to west with golden pomp  
furled?

Where from the sunset the Atlantic swells  
Its glorious fortunes—there was might  
Spain!—

America and Asia's confines kept  
And Africa's upon its boundary main.  
The hardy sail upon its fickle course  
In vain would 'scape the reaches of  
power;

All earth for mineral riches was its store  
All ocean was its pearls' and corals' bow  
Nor where the tempests raged the most  
Met they on any but a Spanish coast.  
Now to the depths of shame reduced,  
Abandoned to the alien eye of scorn,  
Like some poor slave unto the market sold  
To the vile whip and shackle borne  
borne!—

What desolation, God! The plague  
spires

Its deadly breath of poison on the air  
And Hunger scarce with feeble arms asped  
For a poor morsel there!

Thrice did the temple gates of Janus open  
And on Mars' trumpet was a mighty blast

at oh see, where even without a  
e of hope  
ary gods have passed,  
ie sea and land have left us cast!  
ut thy spreading realms what hast  
seen,  
—but bitter mourning spread,  
ad misery between  
s of slavery full harvested?  
sail rends, the hulk is smashed,  
en goes the bark upon its way;  
y wave a torment it is lashed;  
no more their garlands old dis-

of hope nor of content appears;  
rd floats no more upon the air.  
ger's song is broken by his tears;  
ner's voice is hushed by weight  
e,  
l of death comes ever on his heart,  
f death in silence; there apart  
where the destroying shoals  
re.  
fell moment! Reaching forth  
and  
at threatening the west, exclaims:

"Behold, thou now art mine, O Western  
Land!"

His brow with barbarous lightning flames,  
As from the cloud the summer tempest  
brings

The horror spreading bolt's appalling wings.  
His warriors afar

Fill the great winds with pæans of their war;  
The anvils groan, the hammers fall,  
The forges blaze. O shame, and dost thou  
dream

To make their swords their toil, and that is  
all?

See'st thou not where within their fiery  
gleams

'Tis chains and bars and shackles they  
prepare

To bind the arms that lie so limp and bare?  
Yea, let Spain tremble at the sound,  
And let her outraged ire

From the volcano of her bosom bound,  
High justice for its fire,

And 'gainst her despots turn,  
Where in their dread they hide,  
And let the echoes learn  
And all the banks of Tagus wide

the great sound of rage outcried,—  
 "Revenge!"—Where, sacred river, where  
 Castilians who with pride and wrong  
 have led our weal so long?  
 Their glories are no more, while ours  
 we prepare;  
 Thou so fierce and proud  
 O Castile and thy Castilians there  
 Let thy ruddy waves in seaward pour,  
 And aloud:—"The tyrants are no  
 more!"  
 O triumph and glory! O celestial time!  
 Let that my tongue might speak our  
 country's name  
 O the very winds sublime!  
 I would I—but not on harp of gold—  
 might acclaim; not in the prison hold  
 O the inspired breast  
 O weak and cold,  
 O breathless lips opprest.  
 O tyrants' lyre untomb,  
 O bright sun and the uplifting wind  
 O beclad, rocky Fuenfría's bloom!  
 O be my flight consigned  
 O ble singing that shall rouse the plain  
 O wake Castilians to the sound again

Of glory and of war combined!  
War, awful name and now sublime!  
The refuge and the sacred shield in time  
To stay the savage Attila's advance  
With fiery steed and lance! -  
War! War! O Spaniards, on the shore  
Of Guadalquivir, see arise once more  
Thy Ferdinand the Third's impetuous  
brows!  
See great Gonzalo o'er Granada rear!  
Behold the Cid with sword in mad career  
And o'er the Pyrenees the form appear  
Of brave Bernardo, old Jimena's son!  
See how their stormy wraiths are interred  
How valor breathes from out their hallowed  
tombs  
Where "War" upon the mighty engines  
booms!  
And then! Canst thou with face serene  
Behold the fertile plains  
Where endless greed would glean  
Our heritage and gains,  
And to destruction cast? Awake,  
O hero-race, the moment is at hand  
When victory thou must take—  
Our glory owning thine more grand,

Thy name a higher place than ours to  
take!—

It was no little day they raised  
Nor vain—the altar of our fathers grand;  
Swear then to keep its praise;  
Swear,—“Rather death than tyrants in the  
land!”—

Yea, I do swear it, Venerable Shades,  
And with the vow mine arm is stronger  
grown.

Give me the lance, tie on my helm and  
blades,

And to my vengeance bid me swift be gone!  
Let him despairing bow his coward head  
To dust and shame! Perchance the  
mighty flood

Of devastation on its course shall spread  
And bear me on? What matter? One  
can shed

But once his mortal blood!

Shall I not go to meet

Our mighty ones upon the field of old?

“Hail, warrior forefathers!” there to greet  
Their mighty “Hail.” Where hero-Spain  
Amid the horror and the carnage cold  
Lifts up her bleeding head again,



And turns anew from her unhappy reign,  
A Victress, her reconquered lands to  
sign

With golden sceptre and device divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO  
(1775-1841)

NIGHT

MARÍA BLANCO was born of English  
s at Seville where he became Canon of  
athedral. Succumbing to religious  
, he resigned his ecclesiastical post  
tired to England where he joined nearly  
religious organization in search of  
of mind. Cardinal Newman bears  
ony to the excellence of his moral  
ter. He wrote both in Spanish and  
a, but he lives in literature chiefly  
h his beautiful sonnet in English  
d *Night*. See Menéndez y Pelayo's  
*la de los heterodoxos en España*, III,  
.; and *The Life of Rev. J. B. White*  
on, 1845).

rious Night! when our first parent  
knew

Thee, from report divine, and hear  
     name,  
 Did he not tremble for this I  
     frame,—  
 This glorious canopy of light and blue  
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew  
     Bathed in the rays of the great solar  
     flame,  
 Hesperus, with the host of heaven  
 And lo! creation widened in man's vision  
  
 Who could have thought such darkness  
     lay concealed  
 Within thy beams, O sun! or who  
     find,  
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stoop  
     vealed,  
 That to such countless orbs thou render  
     us blind!  
 Why do we then shun death with anxious  
     strife?  
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore  
     life?

—Anonymous

*Written in English by Blanco*

## ANDRÉS BELLO

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ANDRÉS BELLO  
(1781-1865)

## DIALOGUE

ANDRÉS BELLO, a Venezuelan poet and patriot was long considered the most important figure in South American letters. His *Obras completas* appeared at Santiago de Chile in 1881-1885; see also the work of M. L. Amunátegui (Santiago de Chile, 1882).

## TIRCIS

How I should love thee, Cloris, but—

## CLORIS

But why?—

## TIRCIS

And wouldst thou have me tell thee?—

## CLORIS

And why not?

## TIRCIS

It might annoy thee.—

## AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

CLORIS

What, annoyed! Not I!—

TIRCIS

Then I shall tell thee—

CLORIS

Quick—reveal the plot!—

TIRCIS

Fain would I love thee, Cloris, but I knew—

CLORIS

What knewst thou, Tircis?—

TIRCIS

That on Sunday last

Thou didst vow to love another lad that  
passed—

And never change—

CLORIS

My vows I will renew!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE AGRICULTURE OF THE TORRID ZONE

Hail to thee, fertile zone,—

Where the enamored sun in daily round  
Enfolds thee, where beneath thy kisses  
shows

t each various climate grows,  
 it forth from out thy ground!—  
 ng thou bindst her garlands of the  
 rs  
 est corn; thou giv'st the grape  
 the sopping cask; no form nor  
 aape  
 ple, red or yellow flower appears  
 wn to thy soft bowers;  
 lors of thy thousand flowers  
 nd's delight afford;  
 thy pasture sward  
 untless flocks go grazing from the  
 ain,  
 only boundary the horizon sets,  
 he surging mountains, where  
 the snows into the inaccessible air  
 old their parapets.  
 givest, too, the beauty of the cane  
 honey sweet is stored  
 eaves the beehive in disdain;  
 in thy coral urns bring'st forth the  
 an  
 soon in chocolate in the cup is  
 ured;  
 blaze of scarlet are thy nopals seen

Such as the Tyrian sea-shell never knew;  
Thy plant of indigo such hues afford  
As ne'er from out the sapphire's heart  
looked through.

Thine is the wine the piercéd agave stores  
To glad Anáhuac's joyous sons; and thine  
The fragrant leaf whose gentle steaming  
pours

With solace when their hearts aweary pine.  
Thy jasmines clothe the Arab brush,  
Whose perfumes rare the savage rage  
refine

And cool the Bacchic flush;  
And for the children of thy land  
The stately palm-tree's fronds are far  
displayed

And the ambrosial pineapple's shade.  
The yucca-tree holds forth its snowy  
breads;

And ruddy glow the broad potato beds;  
The cotton bush to greet the lightest airs  
Its rose of gold and snowy fleece prepares.

. . . . .

Within thy hands the passiflower blooms  
In branches of far-showing green;

nd thy sarmentum's twining fronds afford  
lectarean globes and striped flowers'  
perfumes.

'or thee the maize, the haughty lord  
Of all thy ripened harvests, high is seen;  
'or thee the rich banana's heavy tree  
Displays its sweetest store— —

The proud banana, richest treasury  
That Providence in bounteousness could  
pour

With gracious hand on Ecuador!  
It asks no human culture for its aid,  
Ere its first fruits are displayed,  
Nor with the pruning-knife nor plough it  
shares

The honorable harvest that it bears.  
Not even the slightest care it needs  
Of pious hands about it shed,  
And to its ripeness so it speeds  
That hardly is it harvested,  
Ere a new crop is ripened in its stead.

. . . . .

Oh, youngest of the nations, lift your brow  
Crowned with new laurels in the marveling  
West!



Give honor to the fields, the simple life  
endow,  
And hold the plains and modest farmer  
blest!

So that among you evermore shall reign  
Fair Liberty enshrined,  
Ambition modified, and Law composed,  
Thy people's paths immortal there to find  
Not fickle nor in vain!—  
So emulous Time shall see disclosed  
New generations and new names of might,  
Blazing in highest light  
Beside your heroes old!

"These are my sons! Behold!"—  
(You shall declare amain)—

"Sons of the fathers who did climb  
The Andes' peaks in years ago,—  
Of those who great Boyaca's sands upon,—  
In Maipu and in Junín sublime,—  
On Apurima's glorious plain,  
Did triumph o'er the lion of old Spain!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TÍNEZ DE LA ROSA	395
<p>ISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA (1787-1862)</p> <p>ANACREONTIC</p> <p>CO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA is princi- own as a dramatist and statesman. among the first to introduce romanti- Spanish literature. An edition of his <i>fricas</i> was published at Paris in 1847.</p> <p>thunder burst, our out and drink the wine! u never saw'st a thunderbolt trike the tender vine.</p> <p>uvius himself o Bacchus tribute pays, l spares the vineyard flourishing Where his lava sways.</p> <p>Italy in vain hero sought or sage;</p>	
ID MONOGRAPHS	IV

Mine eyes but dusty ruins found,  
Mouldering with age.

Of Rome the image scarce  
Remains to be portrayed;  
A tomb is Herculaneum,  
Pompeii is a shade.

But I found Falernum,  
His nectar rich remained,  
And in memory of Horace  
A bottleful I drained.

—*James Kennedy.*

## ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA

(1791-1865)

## THE LIGHTHOUSE ON MALTA

DE SAAVEDRA, Duke de Rivas, was a  
of Cordoba, whose work marks the  
h of romanticism in Spain. He spent  
ars in exile in France, England, and  
after his participation in the War of  
ndence. He returned to hold high  
of state in Spain and died at Madrid.  
principally known as a dramatist; his  
were published at Madrid in 1894-

night enswathes the mighty world;  
urricane and cloud confuse  
piling shadows measureless  
cy, the sea, the land;  
ou, invisible, lift'st up thy head,  
ng thy faithful crown of light,  
ome old king of Chaos in the glow  
shines for peace and life.

In vain the sea hurls up its peaks  
And shrinks to nought beneath thy feet  
Seeking amid its seething foam  
The refuge of the port.  
Thou with thy tongue of flame declare  
"Here, stand we!"—voiceless, to the  
    who  
With pious eyes upon thee hails thy light  
As his divinity.  
Or night is calm, against its royal robe  
The gentle zephyr rustling on its gold  
    stars  
Whereon the moon rolls forth!  
Then thou, in filmy vapor clothed,  
Showest thy mighty beauty forth,  
And lift'st thy diadem among the stars  
The sea lies tranquil, and the hiding  
And treacherous shoals beneath  
    shifting gleam  
Call to the passing ships;  
But thou, whose splendor overcomes  
All else, but thou upon thy star  
    throne,—  
Thou art the star to warn them of  
    snare.  
Thus Reason's torch amid the raging fire

n or of Flattery's soft whine,  
e straight gaze of the soul!  
m the airy refuge of thy reign  
O rescue me from angry Fate,  
t thy peaceful hospitality  
troubled soul!  
l often with my cares I've come  
or sweet oblivion in thine arms,  
efore thee, lifting up mine eyes  
splendent brows!  
n, ah! from off the raging seas  
ed again to thee! With all in  
ice long  
use and sons,—  
the fugitives, the poor, the  
ged,  
c asylum here afar where thou  
ak with light of welcoming!  
the guiding star to nightly sails  
: me from afar the news of wrongs  
writ of tears;  
st mine eyes beheld thee shine  
my breast upheaved with hopes  
y omens!  
ium's inhospitable shores  
coming tossed by sea and wind,

From out the shoals I first beheld  
That signaling divine;  
The mariners too beholding it on high  
Forgetting all their cares and frigid  
vows  
Amid the stormy darkness, must  
fond:  
"Malta! Malta! We are there!"  
Thou wast the aureole that enshrines  
A holy image that the pilgrim seeks  
Afar for healing comfort!  
Never shall I forget thee, nevermore  
Thy splendor now would I also  
change,—  
Thou unforgettable bright king of night  
Beneficent pure flame—  
For that fair light and those resplendent  
stars  
That shine reflected in the morning  
From off the gold Archangel on the  
Of Cordoba's sweet tower!—

—Thomas W.

UEL BRETÓN DE LOS  
HERREROS

(1796-1873)

SATIRICAL *LETRILLA*

BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS was a  
author of the romantic period of the  
stage. His *Poesías* appeared at  
1883. See also *Bretón de los Her-*  
the Marqués de Molins (Madrid,

Don Juan has a feast at home  
otten as if at Rome;  
ill for funerals me invite,  
e with the annoyance quite;  
it so!  
with a thousand coy excuses  
the song that set she chooses,  
bout her that environ,  
ike an owl, call her a siren;  
it so!  
d bees, without reposing,



Work their sweet combs, with skill composing;

Alas! for an idle drone they strive,  
Who soon will come to destroy the hive;  
Well, be it so!

Man to his like moves furious war,  
As if he were too numerous far;  
Alone the medical squadrons wait  
The world itself to depopulate,  
Well, be it so!

There are of usurers heaps in Spain,  
Of catchpoles, hucksterers, heaps again,  
And of vintners too, yet people still  
Talk about robbers in the hill;  
Well, be it so!

In vain may the poor, O Conde, try  
Thy door, for the dog makes sole reply,  
And yet to spend thou hast extollers,  
Over a ball two thousand dollars,  
Well, be it so!

Enough to-day, my pen, this preaching,  
A better time we wait for teaching;  
If vices in vain I try to brand,  
And find I only write on sand,  
Well, be it so!

*James Kennedy.*





José María de Heredia

MARÍA HEREDIA	405
<p>JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA (1803-1839)</p> <p>ODE TO NIAGARA</p> <p>MARÍA HEREDIA was born at Santiago whence he was exiled in 1823 for participation in political conspiracies. He went to the United States and, later, took up the practice of law in Mexico. He died in New York. There was an edition of his poems published at New York in 1875. A later edition of his poems is that of E. J. Aris, 1893).</p> <p>Give me my lyre! My bosom  of inspiration. Oh, how long  I have been left in darkness, since this  darkness has covered my brow! Niagara!  Oh thy rushing waters dost restore  the only gift that sorrow took away.</p>	
SPANIC NOTES	IV

Tremendous torrent! for an instant  
The terrors of thy voice, and cast as  
Those wide-involving shadows, th  
eyes

May see the fearful beauty of thy fa  
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,  
For from my very boyhood have I  
Shunning the meaner track of o  
minds,

To look on Nature in her loftier me  
At the fierce rushing of the hurrican  
At the near bursting of the thunder  
I have been touched with joy; and w  
sea

Lashed by the wind hath rocked m  
and showed

Its yawning caves beneath me, I have  
Its dangers and the wrath of element  
But never yet the madness of the sea  
Hath moved me as thy grandeur  
me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy wa  
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy  
then

Shoots onward like the irresistible co  
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage

The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My  
brain

Brows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze  
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight  
Fainly would follow, as toward the verge  
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumer-  
able

Meet there and madden,—waves innumer-  
able

Urge on and overtake the waves before,  
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach, they leap. the abyss  
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.

A thousand rainbows arch them, and the  
woods

Are deafened with the roar. The violent  
shock

Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.

A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and  
heaves

The mighty pyramid of circling mist  
To heaven. The solitary hunter near  
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

What seeks thy restless eye? Why are  
not here,

About the jaws of this abyss, the palms

Ah, the delicious palms—that on the  
plains

Of my own native Cuba spring and spread,  
Their thickly foliaged summits to the sun,  
And in the breathings of the ocean air,  
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted  
blue?

But no, Niagara, —thy forest pines  
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,  
The effeminate myrtle and frail rose may  
grow

In gardens, and give out their fragrance  
there,

Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine  
it is

To do a nobler office. Generous minds  
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to  
rise

Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they  
partake

Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy  
name.

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen  
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,  
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw  
Their fellows deep into impiety;

Therefore doth my spirit seek thy face  
Thy's majestic solitudes. Even here  
Thy heart doth open all itself to thee.

Thy immensity of loneliness  
Thy hand upon me. To my ear  
Thy eternal thunder of the cataract brings  
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.  
Thy torrent, that with wonder and with  
Thy

Thy overwhelm the soul of him that looks  
Thy thee, and dost bear it from itself.

Thy ce hast thou thy beginning? Who  
Thy applies,

Thy after age, thy unexhausted springs?  
Thy power hath ordered, that when all  
Thy thy weight

Thy nds into the deep, the swollen waves  
Thy ot and roll to overwhelm the earth?  
Thy ord has opened his omnipotent hand,  
Thy ed thy face with clouds, and given  
Thy voice

Thy f down-rushing waters; he hath girt  
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.  
Thy thy never-resting waters run  
Thy bethink me how the tide of Time  
Thy is by eternity. So pass, of man,—



Pass, like a noonday dream—the blossom-  
ing days,  
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!—  
Feel that my youth is withered, and my  
brow  
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and  
care.  
Never have I so deeply felt as now  
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,  
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!  
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen  
heart  
Be happy without love? I would that one  
Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined  
In love with me, now shared my lonely  
walk  
On this tremendous brink 'Twere sweet  
to see  
Her sweet face touched with paleness, and  
become  
More beautiful from fear, and overspread  
With a faint smile, while clinging to my  
side.  
Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for  
me  
There is no country and there is no love.

dread Niagara, my latest voice!  
 few years, and the cold earth shall  
 ose

he bones of him who sings thee now  
 eelingy. Would that this, my hum-  
 e verse,

be, like thee, immortal! I, mean-  
 hile,

ully passing to the appointed rest,  
 raise my radiant forehead in the  
 ouds

en to the echoes of my fame.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

### THE HURRICANE

of the winds! I feel thee nigh,  
 v thy breath in the burning sky!

wait, with a thrill in every vein,  
 e coming of the hurricane!

ol on the wind of the heavy gales  
 gh the boundless arch of the heaven  
 e sails;

and slow, and terribly strong,  
 ighty shadow is borne along,  
 he dark eternity to come;

While the world below, dismayed  
dumb,  
Through the calm of the thick hot  
phere,  
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear  
They darken fast; and the golden bla  
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid h  
And he sends through the shade a fa  
ray  
A glare that is neither night nor day,  
A beam that touches, with hues of de  
The clouds above and the earth bene  
To its covert glides the silent bird  
While the hurricane's distant voi  
heard  
Uplifted among the mountains round  
And the forests hear and answer  
sound.

He is come! He is come! Do ye not b  
His ample robes on the wind unrolled  
Giant of the air! we bid thee hail!—  
How his gray skirts toss in the wh  
gale;  
How his huge and writhing arms are b  
To clasp the zone of the firmament,

and fold at length in their dark embrace,  
 'rom mountain to mountain the visible  
 space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear  
 The dust of the plains to the middle air.

And hark to the crashing, long and loud,  
 Of the chariot of God in the thunder-  
 cloud!

You may trace its path by the flashes that  
 start

From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,  
 As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,  
 And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'Tis the rain that  
 breaks

In torrents away from the airy lakes,  
 Heavily poured on the shuddering ground  
 And shedding a nameless horror round.

Ah, well-known woods, and mountains, and  
 skies,

With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my  
 eyes.

I seek ye vainly, and see in your place  
 The shadowy tempest that sweeps through  
 space,

A whirling ocean that fills the wall  
Of the crystal heavens, and buries all  
And I, cut off from the world, remain  
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

—*William Cullen Bry*

FELIPE PARDO

(1806-1886)

OUR SOVEREIGN KING

Felipe Pardo was a Peruvian dramatist, all of whose work may be found in the *Poesias y escritos en prosa de Don Felipe Pardo* (Paris, 1869).

A bit of topsy-turvy artifice

Goes wandering like a monarch through  
our streets,

A whiskey-soaked, be-daggered king that  
meets

To riot for whatever cause there is;

A wayward autocrat, whose services

To earth seem but the deadly plagues he  
heats;

A potentate of such ignoble feats

As nailed the Saviour to that cross of His.

A sultan whom no bond of law restrains,

From whose injustice there is no appeal;

A king anoint with Satan's sulphur stains,  
A red and white and black-faced Czar,  
whose heel

America, our continent, profanes,—  
And called "The Sovereign People"—  
for his pains.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

OF EUGENIO HARTZENBUSCH  
(1806-1880)

TO CALDERÓN

Eugenio Hartzenbusch was a romantic  
poet known principally as the author of  
*romances de Teruel*. His *Poesías* may be  
found in the *Colección de escritores castellanos*,  
(Madrid, 1887).

Who, in accent of disdain profound,  
The littlest man in all his littleness,  
Said: "Life is a shade, a dream, no  
More than the fantasy in living found!"  
Thou shone thy luminous star o'er Spanish  
Landscape,  
Thou refulgent of our Stage, confess,  
Why doubt of genius e'er oppress  
The mind of its own inspiration's bound?  
From Tiber unto Manzanares, lo,  
From Rhine to Andes, universal shrines



And homage to your masterpieces, show  
Thy name to such eternity has grown,  
That it should teach thee to amend  
lines:

“All is a dream, *except my fame alone*  
—*Thomas Walsh*





José de Espronceda

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA

(1808-1842)

THE BEGGAR

ESPRONCEDA was born at Pajares  
ga, and educated at Madrid, whence,  
engaged in political conspiracies, he  
ged to flee, going to Lisbon and thence

He returned in 1833 as a journal-  
playwright and represented Almería  
Cortes. He died at Madrid. Many  
sidered him the leading Spanish poet  
nineteenth century, but it seems as  
he current of criticism had set against  
ater years. In his revolutionary and  
otestations he bore certain resem-  
o Lord Byron, but it is not altogether  
ll him an imitator of the British poet.  
s *poéticas* appeared at Madrid in 1884.

*Espronceda, su tiempo, su vida y sus*  
E. Rodríguez Solís (Madrid, 1883).

*'d is mine; I am free as air;  
hers work that I may eat;*

*All shall melt at my piteous prayer:—  
"An alms, for God's sake, I entreat."*

The cabin, the palace,  
Are my resort,  
If the threat of the thunder  
Shall break from the mountain,  
Or the torrent's quick fountain  
Shall drive me under,  
Within their shelter  
The shepherds make place,  
Lovingly asking me  
Food to grace;  
Or by the rich hearthstone  
I take my ease  
Fanned by the odors  
Of burning trees;  
With the luscious banquet  
And cushioned store,  
Upon the couch  
Of some proud *señor*

And I say to myself:—  
"Let the breezes blow  
And the tempest rage

DE ESPRONCEDA	423
<p>ld without:  anchors crack  high winds go,  er with nothing to trouble about.  <i>is mine; I am free as air! "</i></p> <p>patrons,  I ask  s I daily pray;  ant and noble  ay,  e their favors  ; and small.  &amp; them  be,  o task them  ks for fee.  sire  e alms,  eir duty  palms.  th is sinful  ; see;  r state  erty,  a miser</p>	
MONOGRAPHS	IV

Who would deny  
An alms, and a beggar  
Blest am I.

For I am poor and they grieve to note  
How I groan beneath my pain;  
They never see that their wealth is a mine  
Where I my treasures gain.  
*The world is mine; I am free as air!*

A rebel and a discontent  
Amid my rags am I;  
To satirise their ease I'm sent  
And with a sour-set eye  
I boldly stare at the potentate  
Who dares to pass me in his state.

The lovely maid  
Of a thousand scents  
In her joy arrayed  
With her love-locks lent —  
'Tis she I follow  
Till she turns around,  
And my evil smells  
Her sense astound.  
At the feasts and spreads  
My voice is heard

they bow their heads  
 y merest word.  
 · joy and revel  
 ne to stay,  
 e sight of my rags  
 my voice's brags  
 · music dies away.  
 ing how near  
 l pain and joy;  
 oy without tear  
 ain *sans* glad alloy.  
*world is mine; I am free as air!*

ne no morrow  
 yesterdai;  
 get the sorrow  
 the welladay.  
 e's nought to trouble  
 eary me here,—  
 . palace tomorrow  
 hospital's cheer.  
 a stranger  
 oughs of care;  
 thers seek glory  
 ches rare!  
 ne concern



Is to pass today;  
 Let the laws prevail  
 Where the monarchs sway'  
 For I am a beggar  
 And a poor man proud;  
 'Tis through fear of me  
 There are alms allowed.

A soft asylum  
 Where'er it be,  
 And a hospital bed  
 Will be ready for me;  
 And a cosy ditch  
 Where my bones shall lie  
 Will cover me over  
 When I die.

*The world is mine; I am free as air;  
 Let others work that I may eat!  
 All hearts must melt at my piteous prayer' —  
 "An alms, for God's sake, I entreat!"*  
 Thomas Walsh

#### CANCIÓN OF THE PIRATE

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,  
 Ten guns on each side mounted seen,

is not cut the sea, but fly,  
 iftly sailing brigantine;  
 e bark, the "Dreaded" named,  
 ' surpassing boldness famed,  
 y sea well-known and shore,  
 ide to side their boundaries o'er.  
 on in streaks the waves illumes  
 se groans the wind the rigging  
 through;  
 le motion raised assumes  
 sea a silvery shade with blue;  
 singing gaily on the poop  
 ate Captain, in a group,  
 rope here, there Asia lies,  
 amboul in the front arise.

n, my swift one! nothing fear;  
 calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force,  
 ake thee yield in thy career  
 urn thee from thy course.  
     the English cruisers fleet  
 ave full twenty prizes made,  
     their flags beneath my feet  
 ndred nations laid.  
*asure is my gallant bark,*  
*nly God is liberty;*

*My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.*

"There blindly kings fierce wars maintain,

For palms of land, when here I hold  
As mine, whose power no laws restrain  
Whate'er the seas infold.

Nor is there shore around whate'er,  
Or banner proud, but of my might  
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,  
And made to feel my right.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,*

*My only God is liberty;*

*My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.*

"Look when a ship our signals ring,  
Full sail to fly how quick she's veered  
For of the sea I am the king,

My fury's to be feared;  
But equally with all I share  
Whate'er the wealth we take supplied  
I only seek the matchless fair,  
My portion of the prize.

1894 translated as

"by la fuerza y el viento"

*asure is my gallant bark,  
nly God is liberty;  
is might, the wind my mark,  
ountry is the sea.*

condemned to die !—I laugh;  
if my fates are kindly sped,  
omer from his own ship's staff  
aps I'll hang instead.

I fall, why what is life?  
ost I gave it then as due,  
rom slavery's yoke in strife  
ver! I withdrew.

*asure is my gallant bark;  
nly God is liberty;  
is might, the wind my mark,  
ountry is the sea.*

usic is the Northwind's roar;  
noise when round the cable runs,  
llowings of the Black Sea's shore,  
rolling of my guns.

the thunders loudly sound,  
furious the tempests rave,  
y rest in sleep profound,  
cked upon the wave.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea."*  
—James Kenne

CEPCIÓN

0D

LDÉZ (*Plácido*)  
and a mulatto  
reared in the  
his name. He  
erty, and with  
ged to obtain,  
career until he  
a negro con-  
e recited the  
his execution.  
at Palma de

Lord supreme!  
I fly.  
alumny,  
fame redeem!

Thou King of Kings, my fathers' God  
mine,

Thou only art my sure and strong God  
The polar snows, the tropic fires into  
The shaded sea, the air, the life  
thine;

The life of leaves, the water's change  
tide,

All things are thine, and by thy will

Thou art all power; all life from thee  
forth,

And fails or flows obedient to thy behest  
Without thee all is nought; in endless  
All nature sinks forlorn and nothing  
Yet even the Void obeys thee; and  
nought

By thy dread word the living things  
wrought.

Merciful God! How should I thee dearest  
Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul  
Bowed down to earth by falsehood's  
control,

Her stainless wings not now the air  
cleave.

th thine hosts of truth and set her  
!

u, O Lord, the oppressor's victory!

it, Lord, by that most free out-  
ring

e own precious blood for every  
her

ost race, and by thy Holy Mother,

i grief, so loving, so adoring,

thed in sorrow followed thee afar,

thy death like a declining star.

his lot thy love ordains to me,

to foes most cruel and unjust,

nd leave my poor and senseless dust

f and sport of their weak enmity;

ou, and then thy purposes fulfill;

my life, work thou thy perfect will.

—Anonymous.



GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE  
AVELLANEDA  
(1814-1873)

TO HIM

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA was born at Camagüey, Cuba. Early in life she came to Spain, where in 1841 she published her first poems. She was twice married, dying in Madrid. She holds a high place among the novelists and dramatists of modern Spain. Her early influences were of the French, but in her later work she reveals strong Spanish influences. Her *Obras completas* appeared at Madrid in 1869.

No bonds withhold, for all that he  
    broken;

So heaven ordained, —and blessed  
    name!

The bitter chalice I have drained in  
And now is peace with nothing more  
    claim.

oved thee—but no more—not even in  
fancy;  
ever, if I have erred, the truth be said;  
r all the dreary years in necromancy  
throw forgetfulness,—my heart is fed.

ou hast made riot there with breast  
unsparing,  
truck down my pride beneath thy blows  
insane,  
; never turned my lips reproaches bear-  
ing  
'o bring a charge against thy tyrant  
reign.

weighty faults, a scourge in venging  
hour  
'hou fill'dst thy mission here—Ah, knowst  
it not?—  
; thine was all the irresistible power  
Which left my forces conquered and  
forgot.

as God I sought,—unto His name be  
glory!—  
or all is over; I regain my breath.

Angel of Vengeance! Man, it w  
story;

I see and fear thee not, nor se  
death!

Thy sceptre faller and thy swor  
rusted,

Alas!—is this the liberty I gain?—  
I made a world of thee, in thee I tru

Now life around me is an empty p  
Be happy thou! If thou should  
discover

This poor adieu that I address to  
Know that the breast wherein tho  
wert lover

Holds pardon for thee and sweet c

—*Thomas W*





*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*  
José Zorrilla

## JOSÉ ZORILLA

(1817-1893)

## THE SPRINGLET

ZORILLA was born at Valladolid. Early he achieved reputation as a poet of lyrical gifts. He emigrated to Mexico, returned after the execution of Maximilian, was granted a small pension, and died in comparative poverty at Madrid. He is one of the most popular dramatists of the Spanish stage. His *Obras dramáticas y completas* appeared at Madrid in 1895. An edition of his *Poesías escogidas* was published by the Academia de la Lengua (Madrid, 1904).

Hasting on, the springlet flows,  
Licking up its dark brown bed;  
More and more its crystal grows  
As its course is sped.  
It stirs the grasses, moistens the sand,  
Plays a thousand tricks a day;

Wave on wave its face is fanned  
With laughter light and gay.  
Couch of down it lends the vale;  
Cool its fan the birch trees find  
Reeds its quiet pathway trail  
To rest and shade resigned.  
Bursts it on the open sky!  
What was all its running for,  
If beneath the cliff it die  
Engulfed forevermore?

—*Thomas Wainwright*

#### THE BULL AND THE PICADOR

Pawing the earth, and snorting  
rage  
The Bull is tossing up the torrid sun  
The while the horseman's eye  
and bland  
Seeks out a point for his red lance to  
Steadied to take the charge, the fig  
wage,  
The picador holds his impatient steed  
His face, for all its blackness,  
fanned  
To anger as the bull obstructs the steed

JOSÉ ZORILLA	441
<p>             s; the Spaniard jeers at him;              s his hornéd front; he tears the              1,              eat breaths and straining every              ;              nter urges him to prove his              h;              charges, fails, and bellows grim,              lder bleeding, the great crowd in              h!           </p> <p> <i>—Thomas Walsh.</i> </p> <p>             TOLEDO           </p> <p>             ie jousts and tourneys,              ie Moorish songs,              ark battlements with throngs              Moslem blades;              iout their lattices,              ces and glades,              no fair sultana              the old <i>pavana</i>              's garden shades.           </p> <p>             ie golden chambers              ces of kings;           </p>	
) MONOGRAPHS	IV



Nor hidden halls of pleasurings  
Of Orient devise;  
Nor are there dark-eyed women  
On the velvet couches lain,  
Where the Faithful may obtain  
Their hint of Paradise.

No more the eastern songbirds  
In their cages made of gold  
Fill the air as once of old  
With the color of their songs,  
While within his bath reclining,  
Half-asleep, with odors shining,  
Dreams of love their lord enfold.

No more an age of pleasure  
Like the Moorish days gone by,  
Age no rival can supply,  
Two alike could hardly be;  
But beneath the Gothic spire  
Of the Christian temple hangs  
A great bell whose mighty clangs  
Speak of God in verity.

There's today a temple standing  
On its hundred Gothic piles;

Crosses, altars in its aisles,  
And a creed of holiness;  
There's a people bending low,  
Lifting unto God its prayer  
In the light that's burning there  
For the faith their hearts confess!

There's a God the winds have heard  
Mid the foldings of the blast;  
The earth trembles at His word,  
And the future mocks the past.  
The mere cipher of His name  
On the sinful hearts of men,  
Was adored of old the same  
Through the Arab darkness then.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR

(1817-1891)

## TWO MIRRORS

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR was born in Madrid. He prepared to join the clergy, but changed his mind, becoming a physician and devoting himself exclusively to political and literary politics. He died at Madrid, where his *Obras completas* were published in 1891.

Into my mirror's glass I gaze  
At forty years of age,  
And find myself so worn with days  
I break the glass in rage.

And then I turn my gaze and peer  
Across my mirrored soul;  
And see within my conscience clear  
My woes beyond control.

The loss of faith, of love, of youth  
I see my mortal curse!—



*From the painting by Saura in the Hispanic Society of America*

Ramón de Campoamor



ny mirror—evil truth;  
ny conscience—worse!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

I COULD ONLY WRITE

I

señor Cura, write a line for me—  
w for whom; and so you needn't  
ll.

w, because of that dark night when  
; encountered you together.—Well!

is but—I did not find it strange;  
the night,—a chance for everyone.  
e the pen and paper. Thanks.  
rrange  
elf while I begin—“*My dear  
amón*”—

?—You have it down in black and  
hite?—

ot if you object!—Yes, yes, I  
ow!—

*sad I am*”—Does that not put it  
ght?—

It does. "*How sad I am without  
now!*"

"*There is an anguish gnawing in  
heart*"—

How do you know the sorrow that  
feel?—

To an old man a maiden's secrets part  
And show as though a crystal did re-

"*What is this world without you? —V  
tears!*

*And at your side? —An earthly Paradise*

Be sure the writing there so clear app-

'Twill reach, good señor Cura, the  
eyes!

"*The kiss I gave you when you  
away*"—

But come, who then has told you all  
know?—

When one arrives, or leaves or makes  
stay,

'Together—no offence—'tis always

"*And if your love delays you from my  
You do not know the sorrow it will cost*

—no more?—No, Señor Cura,  
write,

*pain my very life will soon be lost!*

e—and know you not you mock at  
heaven?—

yes, alas, Señor,—this life of mine!—

not write it.—Man be unforgiven,—

ould only write, myself and sign!—

## 2

Cura, Señor Cura,—vainly  
all your efforts to oblige me prove,  
in writing you will not state plainly  
what I feel and all the power of love!

d's sake, write him that my very  
spirit

hardly in my mortal body keep,

every day new sorrows I inherit,

I can nothing do but sigh and  
weep!—

my poor lips, whereon his breath  
found roses

adays can hardly open more;



That they forget to smile, so pain opp  
The joy my heart was cherishing  
yore;

That my poor eyes, that once he found  
tender,  
Are clouded over with such weight  
pain,  
That as they find no other eyes to rend  
Their loving glance they always  
again;

That of the many griefs with which  
languish,  
His absence is the very worst of all  
That in my ears there sounds the cease  
anguish  
Of echoes that his voice in vain rec

And such my state because of him,  
blighting  
My soul is falling into grief's death  
My God!—the things my pen would  
inditing,  
If I could only write, myself,  
sign!

EPILOGUE

's fine!—Leave it to love!—Now the  
addressing,  
'o *Don Ramón*”—Ah, me, how such a  
call  
s me the uselessness of my professing  
know my Greek, and Latin, after all!  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

TRADITIONS

ked a cross upon a lonely spot  
e day when in the country I took air;  
ser told me—“A base robber shot  
d killed a soldier there.”  
  
se tradition!—once again I passed  
e site upon that lonely plain;  
her stranger told me, as the last—  
robber here was by a soldier slain.”  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO

(1817-1853)

ON THE LIPS OF THE LAST OF  
INCAS

JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO was a native of the Republic of New Granada, now Colombia, who, together with a fellow-poet José Joaquín Ortiz, founded the first literary journal in the country *La Estrella Nacional* in 1836. He was a man of lofty political ideals and of advanced thought and practice.

Today arriving on Pichincha's slope,  
The deadly cannon of the whites I flee  
Like the sun a wanderer, like the  
    afame,  
Like the sun free.

O Sun, my Father, hearken! My  
    throne  
Lies in the dust; Thy altar's sanctity

d; exalting thee alone I pray,  
ut free.

my Father, hearken! A slave  
ore  
ions of the world I'll not agree  
the mark. To slay myself I come,  
though free.

Thou wilt perceive me, when afar  
ost begin to sink into the sea,  
Thy hymns on the volcano's top,  
and free.

ow though, alas! when once again  
own throughout the east will shining

en splendor on my tomb will fall,  
ib though free.

ry tomb the condor will descend  
eaven, the condor, bird of liberty,  
ilding there its nest, will hatch its  
ing,  
vn and free

—*Alfred Coester.*

## PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGA

(1818-1848)

## CANCIÓN OF SPRING

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS was born in 1818 and died at Barcelona. He devoted a large part of his life to the cultivation of music and the appreciation among the Catalonians. He published a volume of *Poesías*.

Here the springtime comes again,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
Spreading o'er the hill and plain  
Her green mantle—Hope is found—  
There is sighing of the breeze,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
And the cloud that swiftly flees  
Shows the blue vault—Hope is found—  
From its blossom laughs the flower,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—

murmur of its power  
 the streamlet Hope is found!  
 the trill is on the air,—  
 the bagpipe—dance around  
 the swallow, there  
 the winging—Hope is found!  
 the little sweetheart mine,—  
 the bagpipe—dance around—  
 the wailing through the vine,  
 the promise—Hope is found!  
 the for all the land—  
 the bagpipe—dance around—  
 with our hearts expand,  
 the rises—Hope is found!  
 the field is budding green,—  
 the bagpipe—dance around—  
 the budding leaves between,  
 the growing—Hope is found!  
 the odor, color grow—  
 the bagpipe—dance around  
 the of love to show  
 the stirring—Hope is found!  
 the lightsome spring will die,—  
 the bagpipe—dance around  
 the the meadows nigh  
 the her mantle—Hope is found!

Dear old days of innocence—

Hush the bagpipe—dance no more—

Lost, they never re-commence,—

Lost are mine—and Hope is o'er!—

—*Roderick G*

## RAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE

(1821-1886)

## A VIRGIN'S SMILE

RAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE, a native of Cuba, published in 1847 a volume entitled *Pasión* which secured him a lasting hold upon the imagination at home and abroad. He traveled extensively, returned to Cuba, and founded a paper, *Revista de Habana* which did important service to letters. He was exiled from the island in 1868, taking refuge in New York, where he remained until the general amnesty granted him to return. He was greatly admired by the poet Longfellow.

Softer than the early breeze,  
 The faint perfume of flowers,  
 Oiden! through thine angel hours  
 Pass the thoughts of love;  
 Softer than the tender thought  
 The morning's gentle face,



On thy lips of maiden grace  
Plays thy virgin smile.

Like a bird's thy rapture is,  
Angel eyes thine eyes enlighten,  
On thy gracious forehead brighten  
Flashes from above;  
Flower like thy breathings are,  
Free thy dreams from sinful strife,  
And the sunlight of thy life  
Is thy virgin smile

Loose thou never, gentle child,  
Thy spring garland from thy brow.  
Through life's flowery fields, as now  
Wander careless still  
Sweetly sing and gaily run,  
Drinking in the morning air,  
Free and happy everywhere,  
With thy virgin smile!

Love and pleasure are but pains,  
Bitter grief and miseries,  
Withered leaves, which every breeze  
Tosses at its will,  
Live thou purely with thy joy,

With thy wonder and thy peace,  
Blessing life till life shall cease,  
With thy virgin smile.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

### THE BROOK

High of the mountain!—lyre of bird and  
tree!

Thump of the meadow! Mirror of the  
morn!

The soul of April, unto whom are born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!  
Though where'er thy devious current  
strays

The lap of earth with gold and silver  
teems,

To me thy clear proceeding brighter  
seems

In golden sands, that charm each  
shepherd's gaze.

Without guile thy bosom, all trans-  
parent

As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round  
pebbles count!

How, without malice murmuring,  
thy current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone b  
Thou shun'st the haunts of r  
dwell in limpid fount!

—*H. W. Longf*

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA

(1823-1889)

CANTABRIA

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA, a poet of the Basque  
 s, won popularity through his pic-  
 the life of his own people and his  
 s. His *Libro de los cantares* appeared  
 d in 1852.

at groves from hardy days,  
 eeping rivers, fountains clear,  
 s from high mountain ways,  
 le valleys green and dear;  
 s white and turrets black,  
 s that ever heave and tumble,  
 and joy in every track,  
 y dew on foreheads humble,—  
 s what inspires my song,  
 s is my Cantabria fair!—  
 lose me, seek me long  
 ict Higuer and Finisterre.

—Thomas Walsh.

## NIGHTFALL

The moon is soft arising  
Behind its lattice far,  
Serene the air surprising  
As where holy spirits are.  
Calm is the sea untroubled,  
And calm the azure skies.  
Lord,—when at peace of evening  
Our soul to seek Thee flies  
To tell to Thee our sorrows,—  
Oh, what despairing morrows,  
If nought to us replies!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO

(1824-1882)

THE EMPTY CRADLE

JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO was a native oforca who was prominent in Madrid as a journalist and editor. He enjoyed a great reputation during his lifetime. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1882-1894.

The angels bending  
To kiss her brow,  
Sang unending—  
“Come with us now.”

The child replying,  
The angels drew  
To her cradle lying:—  
“I’ll go with you.”

The angel faces  
’Mid wings of gold,

Took her embraces  
Within their hold.

And with the breaking  
Of pallid day,  
The crib forsaking,  
They flew away.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA  
(1827-1887)

SPAIN AND AMERICA

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA was born of an Andalusian family at Quibdó, Chocó, Colombia. He spent his life in life made his home at Bogotá, where he was closely identified with the development of Colombian culture.

Spain, her language, laws and creed  
Spain on America bestowed;  
And soon the younger country showed  
she was of a ripened breed.

Liberty her one desire,  
And soon the battle volleys roared,  
When great Bolívar drew the sword  
rose triumphant o'er the fire.

wherefore, valiant from the start,  
With Spain beheld her power decay?—



Because herself hath taught the way  
Of conquest to the victor's heart.

She gave her speech, she gave her blood,  
And all her old traditions gave;  
In her we glory with the brave;  
In her our needs are understood.

—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL DEL PALACIO

(1832-1906)

SECRET LOVE

MANUEL DEL PALACIO was born at Lérida in Spain and received his education at Granada. He became very prominent in the literary circles of Madrid where he published many poems in verse and prose.

My confession of my changeless love  
 Behind the close-drawn lattice in the night  
 Must hear:  
 At noon, befriending hearts bereft of cheer,  
 I tell my longing as she gleams above:  
 To me is cooed to me by that wild dove  
 The haunts I visit when the eve is near:  
 I burn my madrigals glad-voiced and clear  
 In their ecstasy the hill and grove.

To you alone my secret reaches never,  
Howe'er my heartbeat strives to tell  
tale

Unbidden, ardent in a dear endeavor.  
Perchance for all time shall its mess  
fail,

As falls unheard where Ocean throbs for  
The rill's faint call that tinkles down  
vale.

—*Joseph I. C. Clark*

RICARDO PALMA  
(1833-1920)

SUN AND DUST

DO PALMA is a native of Peru, who, bred from his country, produced in 1853 is a volume of poems entitled *Armonías: de un desterrado*. It was peculiarly successful on account of the number of *cans* which anticipated the author's best among the traditions and history of

This may be found in his *Papeletas ráficas*. His remarkable wit does not minimize the historical value of the material which he deals.

Swift whirlwind rises to the sky  
Heavy cloud of dust, confused and dun;  
Sweepers with its wings the glowing disc  
Of far-shining sun.

Laughs with mockery,—“Go upon your  
course!”

I have made dim your beams of topaz  
bright,  
King of the sphere, I have brought low  
your pride,  
I have obscured your light!

The sun makes answer: "Soon the wind  
will fall

You will become base mire, despised and  
dumb,

While I light up the heavens and the  
earth,—

Today,—and days to come!"

So stupid envy, insolent and false,

The laurel crown of genius fain would  
blight.

It is foul dust: intelligence, the sun—

Immortal is its light.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

RAFAEL POMBO	471
<div data-bbox="175 622 589 730" data-label="Section-Header"> <p>RAFAEL POMBO (1833-1912)</p> </div> <div data-bbox="95 787 725 833" data-label="Section-Header"> <p>OUR MADONNA AT HOME</p> </div> <div data-bbox="95 895 840 1418" data-label="Text"> <p>POMBO, son of a family of mixed Spanish blood, was born at Bogotá, Col. He took part in the political movements of 1854 and later came on diplomatic service to the United States. Here his fame as a poet of romantic love came to its height. He returned to Bogotá where he spent his final years in honor. <i>Our Madonna</i> was written originally in English and is much admired by William Cullen Bryant.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="95 1531 840 1871" data-label="Text"> <p>How thou portray that face whose  holy spell  sheds its peace o'er all the loved at  home?  Nine so long in other lands to roam  Thy smile only I remember well.</p> </div>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Hers at whose shrine, when sickness  
fell

In childhood, suppliant thou  
kneel, my mother,

And I saw both smile, weep, and  
each other,

And which the sweeter was I could  
tell.

When memory now in manhood  
recall

Her features who with thee doth  
my heart,

Her half-forgotten face seems like  
thine;

And both are still to me the source of

That's best in me of poesy and art,

Nor either mother could my  
resign.

#### AT NIAGARA

Again I see thee! —once again I know

Mine oldtime witchery as in years gone

Titan of grace, white, fascinating, vast

Sultan of torrents, calm in matchless po

nally the same, Niagara!  
 nal in thine ecstasy, awake  
 y tremendous sway,—unwearying  
 of thyself, as man untired  
 azing upon thee.—How couldst thou  
 tire?  
 ty, alive forever, acts and lives  
 irity and cannot fail!—O thou,  
 perfect daughter without human  
 touch  
 is high Fiat, that perpetuates  
 laws inviolable in their course,—  
 l sister of the skies, the light, the air!—  
 st unexpelled of Eden that we lost,  
 beauty is creation's constant work,  
 scending even its high Creator's  
 breath.  
 , something tells us, here is God!  
 ar of rapture, and of balm that sprang  
 mes of old; today beholding thee  
 e wake within our breast the seeds  
 divine;  
 ardent soul to Nature's wonder  
 swells;  
 warming love of family grips the heart  
 nal and indissoluble; thus



As to the sea the drop released  
earth,—

Thus for the mother's breast the  
inclines, —

Dumb in our intimate delight we turn  
To this communion with eternity.

Can God grow weary?—Ah, in things  
cloy

There is a deadly, fatal principle,  
Inertia, the germ of death at war  
With God, the gangrene of a soul apart  
From His restoring floods— But when  
mind,

Descendst thou?—O Niagara, recall,  
And in thy image let me see, the boat  
Of souls victorious, behold sublime  
The hero in his martyrdom, and gaze  
Upon the genius calm amid his power  
Delight me, soothe me, O museum vast  
Of cataracts, O foundry of the clouds  
O sea, without a depth despite thy wave  
White colonnade some great Alcides to  
From out Olympus, here between the  
Mediterranean oceans of the world!  
Live on, eccentric giant, to delight  
In solitary, immemorial mood

madness of the gods! Unchained fling  
forth

the ocean floods along the sloping gorge,  
lost in rapture, drunken with the joys  
thine own strength, mind not that man  
has marked

Titan play among the solitudes,  
more than where the ant lifts up its  
head

in itself with thee—What difference?  
earth cannot contain thee, in a burst  
thou surgest on unto thine ocean couch!

the globe's confines ultimate, men  
come

to sit thee, to raise themselves on high  
to contemplation of thy matchless  
charms.

Thousand tongues along thy banks  
reclaim

the grandeur of their God, the boast  
nature's purest triumph over all.

India came and paid his tribute here,  
Nag Niagara in his soul, in dread  
of himself than thee, for all thy  
floods!

The Anglo-Saxon cyclops quick to peer  
Unto the world that he is lord of thee  
Spans thy great gorges with his airy bridge  
Embracing thee as with an iron hand  
In sign that man (the insect of the hour  
The dizzying hour!) proclaims his  
abroad!

'Tis heaven herself laid down beneath  
feet

These angel pillows colored for the spot  
And for one bridge, hers are a thousand  
round,-

To art of man opposing that of heaven  
Hangs tremulous here, as though the  
of peace

Amid the heavy breathings about death  
Her tranquil bow amidst the wild about

Sufficing glory is thy ceaseless spring  
Of beauties, thou art shrine perpetual  
Of man's deep wonder. What can  
thee,

Save but to add my little name to this  
I am the trifling shadow at the gates;  
A day to hover silent, a light breath  
In silence moving through thine icy

the surge volcanic of thy breast  
earth, thy trembling cradle, hears the  
and  
through its stony hollows in reply,—  
not, for my heart is hushed, nor  
firs  
in my soul the ardent flame of song.  
That is this to thee, who, changelessly  
at thy majesty and pomp,—while I  
ars of exile stand and weariness  
alp Today I gaze on thee with eyes  
ness, Amphitheatre divine!—  
amid thy gusts and mists eternal  
trifes  
ags and whirlpools rage. In me there  
firs  
enbat; nay, thy presence, rather than  
etty beauty wakes my wonderment,  
as prostration,—yea, and chills my  
pul!  
silky lake asleep beneath my feet,  
murdling waves of emerald that cloak  
a mantle's fold thy rocky bed  
floods are gasping—all unknowing  
here  
destinies are urging; the dread pool

And maelstrom that awaits them where in  
power

As of an angry sea they writhe and lift  
Their heads, like some lethargic boa, rolled  
In his majestic, noiseless coils and poised  
Magnetic for his dart; and so it is  
With me; such is the mortuary sea  
Of my existence, where the hidden plan  
Sweeps in the whirlpool, gulping, drowning  
me.

Whence, O Heredia, thy dread? I look  
And find it not. Not so unhappy thou  
Hadst thou known real fear. Thy hopes  
Grew pale and trembled here unto their  
death.

Here over all rules desperation; here  
She lifts her craggy altars; from these deeps  
And Tartarous regions soars the mighty call  
Of demon voices to infernal bliss!  
No, Nature never overwhelms the soul  
With dread; her very worst is but a boon  
Her very tomb is but a couch of rest.  
She is a child, forever innocent  
And candorous; a gentle nurse whom  
heaven

ness gave to man.—

To man, the asp,  
 nster (O Heredia, how well  
 ewst!) whose contact is affright to

that poisons soul and body both;  
 ernal of our brothers' lives,  
 as of our own; disturber born  
 r Paradise that Nature yields,  
 y scene with ordered peace that  
 igs

d the memory of heaven,  
 ted destiny! Mankind, the link  
 the angel and the fiend, the foe  
 no would ascend the heavenly stair  
 the high model of Divinity!—  
 bortion!—Here is Nature, here!  
 the sight of this vast, thunderous  
 am,—

endid comet of the waterways—  
 not seek its arms, like that light  
 ,  
 embles o'er its radiant gates,—nor  
 d  
 ights nor feelings!—

Thou art so supreme,

Niagara, so irresistible  
 Thy witchery and majesty combined,  
 That hapless man, amid his little day,  
 Can but adore thee; God grant happy days  
 To him who vainly turns to thee to ease  
 His overpowering woes!—

O mother mine,

Sweet martyr soul, thy pardon!  
 today  
 At home, that once was happy, we may  
 feast  
 In honor of thy name. I now implore  
 On high thy pardon. 'Tis no fault  
 thine

That I should owe to thee my hapless fate  
 Today once more canst save me; once again  
 Through thy unfailing tenderness, thy love  
 Revived anew, makes offering anew  
 Of freshened vigor—

Here, through custom old

Come first the wedded from their nuptial  
 shrine;  
 Here is their second nave and altar-place  
 Of love; here are their seats beyond the  
 world  
 Within the Love-God's arms of clemency

by He bless them, casting on the surge  
pure white jasmine blossom of their  
teaths!—

rest! chaste visioning! Unto the  
und

a thy parent rocks thee, rest!

al shall be thy lullaby, O rest!

across thy garlands come the voice

great requiem he chants for thee.

y soul take my blessing upon thee,—

t as benediction in thy heart;

l because thou lov'st; more blessed

ll

thou no more art woman, when thou  
e'st,

sappear'st and fallest to repose---

soul grows weary o'er thy silent  
ave!—

ccomplished—all with perfectness,

l decrees; today the absent turns

y again to thee; again as one

nd together,—thou within thy tomb,

ead, they say!—And I perchance,

ore dead

thou—surviving mine own heart!—

ace! Peace!



Let not my woes disturb thee in thy rest  
 Yet easier would it be, Niagara,  
 To speak across the tumult of thy fall

Thy waters seem like the beginning  
 That leaps from out the hand of  
     Divine,  
 Inaugurating its eternal course  
 Throughout the ether deeps! Thou  
     like heaven

That bends upon the earth amid thy clouds  
 Half-veiling here the majesty of God.  
 Forever new and brilliant in thy sweep  
 Forever fertile, and magnificent,  
 The vital spring of mother Nature's  
     breasts

Shining with healthful savors, -thou  
     show

Thy grandeur in thy fall, and raisest high  
 From thine abyss the hymn of praise  
     life.

But oh! to me life is a sarcasm now;  
 My world has finished, and my soul  
     dead;

In my desire to sing speaks but the ring  
 Of hate, or *De profundis* of death.

o lighten weary days,  
 ara, my steps I hither press;  
 n indifferent shoulders to thy ways,  
 ows immersed amid thine icy sprays,  
 dering back to thee—forgetfulness.

*—Thomas Walsh.*

## GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

(1834-1903)

## THE DELUGE

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE was born at Valladolid. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he served in the Liberal cabinets. Retiring through ill health some years before his death, he devoted himself to poetic and dramatic literature, obtaining great success in Spain and Spanish America. His *Gritos del combate* appeared in 1875; *Un idilio* in 1879. There has been no complete collection published of his works.

## MISERERE

It is midnight; the great dwelling  
Reared at Philip Second's will  
The world's wonderment to fill—  
All his mighty story telling.  
Lies in haughty shadows, spelling



Gaspar Esteban Núñez de Arce

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are listed in alphabetical order, and the addresses are listed below each name. The list includes the names of the members of the committee, the names of the members of the sub-committee, and the names of the members of the advisory committee. The addresses are listed in the same order as the names.

istory painfully  
ished majesty,  
ce some giant writhing  
e mountain, the last tithing  
ruined glories see.

Guadarramas waking  
winds have left their caves.  
on the architraves  
rine and ceaseless breaking.  
ars above are shaking  
d and sullen flame,  
mes in sorrow's name  
e echo-starting bell  
ibrious would tell  
convent prays the same.  
e church morose and sombre  
in its vast repose,  
silence close  
b the ages cumber;  
resset lamps in umber  
ertain gleam afar  
figures now that are  
ancing, half retreating,  
like the ghoc-forms meeting  
l's or old man's slumber.  
rom the royal fosses

Stirs a rumor strange and clear,  
And an awesome form of fear  
Lifts above the dust and crosses.  
Charles the Fifth, the Cæsar, tosses  
Back the clamping funeral stone,  
And with face all fleshless grown,  
Rises horrid from the mosses.  
Striking hard his bony forehead,  
As from lethargy so deep  
He would shake his mind from sleep  
And disperse his nightmare horrid  
And he stared upon the florid  
Burial place so still and lone  
Where there towered his funeral stone  
Forth he from the tomb advanced  
And took his stand and never glanced  
Where his ragged shroud was shown.  
"Hark ye!" cried his warlike voice  
In the tone the whole world knew  
When the ancient ages threw  
At his feet its trembling choice;—  
"Throw back your sepulchre's dark  
Ye glories of Imperial days,  
Ye heroes of immortal rays,  
Ye flames of old time glory.  
And from your places mortuary.

forth 'tis Cæsar's voice that  
calls!" —

answering the haughty word  
every depths with rumor stirred,  
from their marbles surged  
res half unpurged;  
the graves opened wide;  
in a line dead kings began  
before him, each one wan  
hoiled with years, though every man  
wore his crown of pride.

He, solemn, and remote  
Philip Second, from his wars  
aged, yet unbeaten, by his scars;  
and beside him grim did float;  
then the King, the all devout,  
humbleness beyond a doubt,  
saw great Spain, the victim, torn  
from great granite mountain, scorn  
earthquakes, blotted out.

Came the monarch of the blight,  
his reign did shame employ  
his grandeur to destroy,  
shaking still with fever's might  
the dread conspiracy  
the eye might still remark



'Twixt that monarch of the dark  
And his wasted monarchy!—  
With a terrible confusion  
Silently they herd along,  
Kings now dead who once were strong'—  
Teeming with the grave's profusion.  
And the vanished embers start  
Gleaming in those brows' dead part  
Throwing uncertain lights upon  
Eyepits where the eyes are gone,  
And empty skulls that grieve the heart  
And following their monarchs after,  
In answer to the mighty call  
As though the very hours fall  
On Judgement Day, from floor to rafter  
Thronging come Spain's ancient glories.  
Through the cloistered corridors,  
Princes, Lords and Grand Señores,  
Prelates, friars, warriors,  
Favorites and counselors,  
Theologues and Inquisitors.  
Then with Charles's mandate shaking  
From the scepter that he bore,  
To the organ tottered o'er  
A poor skeleton all quaking;  
Bony hands the keyboard waking

. torrent of accord  
giant music poured  
and requiems making.  
voices all in one,  
a dead a holy chant,  
prime hierophant  
God and Maker ran.  
broken echoes, won  
a victims of the tomb,  
and stirred the startled gloom,  
such a fervor rose  
seemed the very close  
old whose days were done.  
re as the mighty stream  
or that is dry;  
a source can now espy;  
parched the channels gleam!  
God, our little power  
anguished in an hour—  
'  
curséd the device,  
over land and sea,  
reads the word of life so free  
as ideas wings of price,  
ted words that all suffice  
and to death our Sovereignty.—

*Miserere!*

Curséd be the wire that starts  
All lands and peoples into one,  
By which to prayers and hopes are set  
All the world's pulsating hearts.  
Nought in silence can be done;  
No injustice lurks or darts -

*Miserere!*

Now no more each people thrives  
In solitary state alone;  
To chains of iron they have grown  
The bonds where human nature strives  
No more are isolation's gyves  
On liberty's strong muscles thrown -

*Miserere!*

A bitter and a brutal blow  
Delivered with unsparing hand  
Upon the shoulders of our band  
Of priest and king, they did bestow.  
And nought there is that we can know  
To heal the wound their rage has fanned

*Miserere!*

And see, alas, how human pride  
Upon the heavens is placing hands!  
In arrogance the haughty lands  
Would even Thee, the Lord, deride!

their voice blaspheming guide  
e nor to contentment's strands—

2/

in hostile turmoil caught,  
their dismal pit of woe  
r world perish, ere it know  
itself its wrong was fraught.  
ng they ceaseless brought  
th to us—they die also!—

2/

thou great and mighty river  
urries onward to the main,  
our channels dust-heaps vain,  
once did rushing streams deliver!  
the impious rule forever—  
l have an endless reign—

2/”

ddenly the organ ceased  
ity rumble, and the light  
ftly off the throng of blight,  
to darkness was released.  
a vast and solemn feast  
d and tears the silence grew  
n the eyeless skulls poured through  
of weeping never ceased.  
ile the light was fading out

Mysterious and vague, and all  
The rumors died along the wall,  
And the great vision shrank to doubt  
With daylight breaking from without  
The white procession paled away  
And through the scattering mists of c  
Came a far locomotive's shout.

—*Thomas Wa*

## STAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER

(1836-1870)

## "THEY CLOSED HER EYES"

ADOLFO BÉCQUER was born at  
As a student of painting, he began  
y-stricken career at Madrid, where,  
unhappy marriage, he died.

*bras* (Madrid, 1871) reveal a writer,  
luenced greatly by Hoffmann and  
ossessed one of the most original tal-  
Spanish literature. He is sometimes  
ed the founder of the modern Spanish  
of poetry. His works have passed  
many editions.

They closed her eyes  
That were still open;  
They hid her face  
With a white linen,  
And, some sobbing  
Others in silence,

From the sad bedroom  
All came away.

The nightlight in a dish  
Burned on the floor;  
It threw on the wall  
The bed's shadow,  
And in that shadow  
One saw sometime  
Drawn in sharp line  
The body's shape.

The dawn appeared.  
At its first whiteness  
With its thousand noises  
The town awoke.  
Before that contrast  
Of light and darkness.  
Of life and strangeness  
I thought a moment.  
*My God, how lonely  
The dead are!*

On the shoulders of men  
To church they bore her,  
And in a chapel  
They left her bier.

There they surrounded  
Her pale body  
With yellow candles  
And black stuffs.

At the last stroke  
Of the ringing for the Souls,  
An old crone finished  
Her last prayers.  
She crossed the narrow nave,  
The doors moaned,  
And the holy place  
Remained deserted.

From a clock one heard  
The measured ticking,  
And from a candle  
The guttering.  
All things there  
Were so dark and mournful,  
So cold and rigid,  
That I thought a moment:  
*My God, how lonely*  
*The dead are!*

From the high belfry  
The tongue of iron



Clanged, giving out  
A last farewell.  
Crape on their clothes,  
Her friends and kindred  
Passed in a line  
In homage to her.

In the last vault  
Dark and narrow,  
The pickaxe opened  
A niche at one end,  
They laid her away there.  
Soon they bricked the place up,  
And with a gesture  
Bade grief farewell

Pickaxe on shoulder  
The gravedigger,  
Singing between his teeth,  
Passed out of sight.  
The night came down,  
It was all silent.  
Alone in the darkness  
I thought a moment, -  
*My God, how lonely*  
*The dead ore!*

In the dark nights  
Of bitter winter,  
When the wind makes  
The rafter creak,  
When the violent rain  
Lashes the windows,  
Lonely I remember  
That poor girl.

There falls the rain  
With its noise eternal,  
There the northwind  
Fights with the rain.  
Stretched in the hollow  
Of the damp bricks,  
Perhaps her bones  
Freeze with the cold.

Does the dust return to dust?  
Does the soul fly to heaven?  
Or is all vile matter,  
Rottenness, filthiness?  
I know not, but  
There is something—something—  
Something which gives me  
Loathing, terror,—

To leave the dead  
So alone, so wretched.

—*John Mass*

#### THE WAITING HARP

There in the dusky alcove of the room  
Perchance forgotten by its owner now  
Silent beneath its covering of dust,

The harp was seen.

How many a song was slumbering  
On its strings,

As in some bird breast sleeping on  
The boughs,

Waiting the snowy hand whose master  
Shall waken it!

Alas, methought—how often genius  
And drowzes thus within the brain  
In the depth,

Hoping to hear a voice, like Lazarus  
To say its message,—“Soul, arise and walk!”

—*Thomas W*

#### SONG

“I am a passion; I am a flame;  
I am a symbol of loves that go,

at desire which transcends shame—  
you seek?"

"Not you: no!"

ow is pale, my hair is gold;  
make your dreams come true.  
es of tenderness I hold—  
I you call?"

"No: not you!"

I mystery; I am a dream;  
ting phantom of light and gloom;  
a shadow; not what I seem,—  
not love you!"

"Oh, come, come!"

—*Muna Lee.*

RIMAS

y atoms of the air  
armed and stirring everywhere;  
t with golden light suffused:  
th grown bright with dawn unused,  
n waves of carolings  
nd of kisses, sweep of wings;  
mine eyes, what happens there?—  
passing-by of Love the fair!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

## ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

(1837-1883)

## THE CARILLON

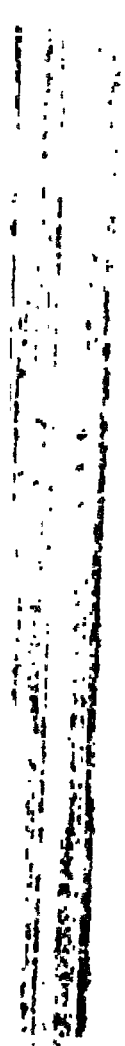
ROSALÍA DE CASTRO was born at Santiago de Compostela. She is one of the greatest protagonists of regionalism in Spanish literature, and her intimate studies of the Galician province early brought her into literary prominence. Her *Cantares gallegos* appeared in 1863; her *En las orillas del Sar*, in 1884.

I love them—and I hearken  
As the winds their notes prolong,  
Like the murmur of a fountain,  
Like a lambkin's distant song.

Like the birds serenely winging  
On their way across the skies,  
At the break of daylight soaring  
To salute it with their cries.



Rosalía de Castro



r voices saying ever  
the plain and mountain peak  
ning that is frank and candid,  
; a soothing charm would speak.

their voices cease forever,  
t a sorrow for the air!  
a silence in the belfries!  
the dead—how strangely bare!  
—*Garrett Strange.*



## OLEGARIO VICTOR ANDRADE

(1838-1883)

*ATLÁNTIDA*

Olegario Victor Andrade, who is generally considered the greatest poet of Argentina, after some experience in politics, became editor of *La Tribuna*, the government organ of President Roca. His poems, mostly written within a period of about five years, display unusual patriotic fire and inspiration. His *Atlántida* won the national prize of Argentina in 1881.

The passing centuries the secret kept.  
But Plato saw it dimly when beside  
The Ægean Sea, he gazed upon the shadows  
Falling softly on Hymettus' peak,  
And spake mysterious words with restless  
waves  
That groaned beneath his feet. He knew  
the name  
Of this last child of Time, destined to be

uture's bride, where dwells eternal  
ring;  
alled it fair Atlantis.  
od thought best to give the mighty  
sk  
atin men, the race that tamed the  
orld,  
ought its greatest battles.

when the hour was struck, Columbus  
came  
a ship that bore the fate of Man,  
estward made his way.  
ild tumultuous Ocean hurled against  
iny Latin ship the black north  
wind,  
whirlwinds roaring fiercely rode  
astride  
ghtning's blood-red steed.  
rd the vessel moved, and broke the  
seal  
stery; and fair Atlantis woke  
, to find her in a dreamer's arms!

n the victor over thrones and  
crowns,

The restless spirit of the ancient race  
Had found fulfilment of its noblest dream, —  
Abundant space and light in distant  
zones!

With armor newly forged, nor dragging  
now

The blood-stained winding sheet of a dead  
past,

Nor weighted down by blackest memories,  
Once more it ventured forth in eager quest  
Of liberty and glory.

Before it lay a vast, unconquered world.  
Here, resting on the sea, 'neath tropic  
skies,

And bathed in the white light of rising  
dawn,

The Antilles lift their heads, like scattered  
birds

That utter plaintive cries,

And dry their snowy wings that they may  
fly

To other, distant shores.

Here rises Mexico above two seas,  
A granite tower that even yet would seem

the Spanish fleet as it draws near  
 the Aztec gulf;  
 or there Colombia, lulled to sleep  
 deep roar of Tequendama's fall,  
 its bosom hides unfailing wealth.

happy zone! Oh fair, enchanted  
 land,  
 child of the creative sun  
 cradle home of animated life,  
 birthplace of the great Bolívar,—hail!  
 Venezuela, all is great:  
 shining stars that light thee from above;  
 valor and thy noble heroism,  
 with volcanic force and deafening  
 crash  
 birth on San Mateo's lofty peak!

retched below the Andes' mighty  
 chain,  
 he who weeps above an open grave,  
 as Rome doth lie.  
 and was broken in the bloody strife,  
 obscurity its face was sunk.  
 Peru doth live!  
 virile race

Defeat doth spell a new, a nobler life.  
And when propitious toil, which heals all  
wounds,  
Shall come to thee at last,  
And when the sun of justice shines again  
After long days of weeping and of shame,  
The ripening grain shall paint with flowers  
of gold  
The crimson cloak that o'er thy shoulder  
floats.

Bolivia, namesake of the giant born  
At Mount Avila's foot,  
Hath kept his lively wit and valiant  
heart,  
With which to face the storm and stress of  
life.  
It dreams of war today; but also dreams  
Of greater things, when 'stead of useless  
guns,  
The engines made of steel  
Shall boldly bridge the vales and scale the  
hills.

And Chile, strong in war and strong in  
toil,

avenging arms upon the wall,  
 that victory by brutal strength  
 id empty if it be not right.  
 guay, although too fond of strife,  
 t caress of progress ever seeks;  
 hich feels the Atlantic's noisy  
 s,  
 ater freedom were a greater state;  
 the blessed land,  
 of glory, which the Plata bathes  
 ch the Andean range alone doth  
 und!

arise, for 'tis our native land,  
 our native land, which ever sought  
 ideals. Our youthful race was  
 led  
 ie cradle by immortal hymns,  
 it calls, to share its opulence,  
 who worship sacred liberty,  
 handmaid of science, progress,  
 . . . .  
 try turns its back on savage war,  
 s away the fratricidal sword,  
 nay bind upon its haughty brow  
 of yellow wheat,

Lighter to wear than any golden crown. . .  
The sun of ultimate redemption shines  
On our beloved land, which strides ahead  
To meet the future, and with noble mien  
Offers the Plata's overflowing cup  
To all the hungry nations. . . .

—*Elijah Clarence Hills.*

## JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO

(1838-1883)

## THE SPIDER'S WEB

ROSAS MORENO was born and died in

He was known for his dramas, as  
for his lyrical poetry of a simple  
kind. His fables have been much  
read.

ous spider chose

icate blossom of a garden rose  
n to plant and bind

he framed to take the insect kind.  
en his task was done

f the cunning lines his art had spun,

, "I take my stand

y my work, and watch what I have  
nned.

x, if heaven should bless

ors with but moderate success,

shall pass this way,



Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy prey."  
He spoke, when from the sky  
A strong wind swooped, and whirling,  
hurried by,  
And far before the blast  
Rose, leaf and web and plans and hopes  
were cast.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

#### THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT

A serpent watched an eagle gain  
On soaring winds, a mountain height  
And envied him, and crawled with pain  
To where he saw the bird alight.  
So fickle fortune oftentimes  
Befriends the cunning and the base,  
And many a groveling reptile climbs  
Up to the eagle's lofty place.

*—William Cullen Bryant.*

#### THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY

"Good-morrow, friend," so spoke, upon a  
day  
A caterpillar to a butterfly.

The wingéd creature looked another way,  
 And made this proud reply:  
 "No friend of worms am I."  
 The insulted caterpillar heard  
 And answered thus the taunting word.  
 "And what wert thou, I pray,  
 Ere God bestowed on thee that brave  
 array?  
 Why treat the caterpillar tribe with scorn?  
 Art thou then nobly born?  
 What art thou, madam, at the best?  
 A caterpillar elegantly dressed."  
 —*William Cullen Bryant.*

## JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA

(1839- ? )

## IN THE NIGHT

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA, Bishop of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was a poet of the classic school. Many of his Castilian sonnets are much admired, although he is chiefly remembered as the translator into Spanish of the famous Latin poem *Rusticatio mexicana* by the Jesuit Rafael Landivar (1731-1793), a work sharing, with Balbuena's *Grandeza mexicana*, the merit of fixing the classical style of letters in Hispanic America.

It seems like noon, so bright the lustre  
shed

On the damp forest by the moon's white  
glow

The breeze scarce moves yon oak tree to  
and fro,

That mid a thousand others rears its head

Zempoala, on an azure bed,  
 evening star rests just above the snow,  
 dimly in the fields the brooklet's flow  
 is like a silver ribbon far outspread.

heavens shine; the hoopoe's note of  
 pain  
 is on the mountain, and the echoes  
 end  
 ail across the broad plains plaintively.  
 is, come follow me, for I would fain  
 y this night; shut up the cot, my  
 riend;  
 the hillside I will wait for thee.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

### TWILIGHT

y the sun descends at fall of night,  
 rests on clouds of amber, rose and red;  
 nist upon the distant mountains shed  
 s to a rain of gold and silver light.

evening star shines tremulous and  
 right

Through wreaths of vapor, and the  
o'erhead  
Are mirrored in the lake, where soft  
spread,  
And break the blue of heaven's  
height.

Bright grows the whole horizon in the  
Like a devouring fire; a golden hue  
Spreads o'er the sky, the trees, the  
that shine.

The bird is singing near its hidden nest  
Its latest song, amid the falling dew,  
Enraptured by the sunset's charm die

—*Alice Stone Black*

ANTONIO SELLÉN

(1840-1888)

THE BROKEN BRANCH

ANTONIO SELLÉN, younger brother of the  
patriot and poet Francisco Sellén,  
born at Santiago de Cuba. He became  
prominent in the periodical literature of the  
revolutionary period, publishing with  
brother, *Estudios poéticos* (1882), and  
gave his residence in New York *Cuatro  
versos de Lord Byron* (New York, 1877).

branch that broken from the tree  
at the mercy of the wave—  
swift your flight, how rapidly,  
sweeps you to your grave!—

element in the angry pool  
your struggle with its might in vain—  
but the fury of its rule  
how useless to complain!—

What matters it to me should tide  
Arise and gulp me down below—  
A withered branch and lone, beside  
A world of which I nothing know?

When sharp winds blow in hurricane  
The branches leafless sad and bare,  
And lorn they strive against the strain  
What poor dried bough proves there?

The branch that severs from the tree  
From which it took its parent birth  
Is a soul that in its misery  
Is lost to love and life on earth.

—Garret Strauss

## DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA

(1848-1903)

## JULIET

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA was born and died in  
He passed some years in the United  
endeavoring to organize a socialist  
to figure in the Revolution of 1895.  
*Amo de violetas* appeared in 1878.

ther kiss, then, Juliette, farewell!—  
other, nay, another thousand more!—"'  
olds him back with her adoring spell;  
eless of all, her ardent kisses pour.  
ret transports what mere words can  
tell!—  
hour of love with all its promised  
store!—  
igh the still chamber how the quick  
sighs spell  
e ecstasies their hearts have thirsted  
for!



Delight! — forgetfulness! — The dawning  
breaks

Across the casement panes. The lover  
flies

Before the coming of the ancient day,  
Down the high balcony where lightly  
shakes

His ladder,—where the swallows' punctual  
cries,

And swift and polished wings begin to  
play.—

*Thomas Walsh*

#### TO THEE

And art thou dead? No, Death oblivion  
brings,

And still I dream of thee!

Death, gentle Mother, a dark ruin flings,

Yet still thy face I see!

But if thou haply hast not died as yet—

To-morrow—shalt thou live?

Oh, if to-day—there is no morrow set

When Death the end can give.

Never! Though destiny untimely wrought,

Shalt thou his rigor know;

Thou wert my all of glory, now my  
thought

Shall be my love to show!

Throughout the lonely world by night and  
day

Shalt thou with me remain;

Nor any hour I breathe, O Mother, may  
Death unto thee attain!

And longer still with me shalt live until  
In God I seek thee far;

Until thy rays of heavenly bliss fulfil  
And light our double star.

Despite the moans my broken accents  
raise—

“Where art thou, Mother, now?—”

Despite the tear that ceaseless comes and  
stays,—

O Mother, dead art thou?—

To adoration of my inmost breast

Thy memoried form shall glow.

The world may lay the mothers to Death's  
rest,

But not their children, no!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTEN-  
STRAUCH

(1851- )

## OUR POET'S BREED

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTENSTRAUCH was born at Seville, where he has always been prominently identified with all civic activities. His works embody the brilliant life of the Andalusian capital. His publications include *Noches de luna*, *Sevilla*, *La sevillana*, and most popular of all *Toros en Sevilla*, *Toros*. He is a member of the Spanish Academy.

"Now whither go ye?"—Would that we  
did know—

But who can trace the leaves at midnight  
torn

From off the storm-swept branches as they  
go

Upon the mighty tempest's path of scorn?

where abide ye?"—In the refuse  
 reap,  
 walls and rafters rotting in the  
 dust,—  
 attered only by the tears we weep—  
 s bitter with our need and broken  
 trust.

ye no father?"—Yea, he dreamt of  
 fame  
 scorned the thrifty hoardings of the  
 heart,—  
 om the midnight fever overcame  
 it, his brows with laurel crowned,  
 apart.

seek ye now?"—His legacy de-  
 creed,  
 dreamer's treasure buried in the sod;  
 the children of the poet's breed—  
 se us not an alms, for love of God!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DAY'S ACCOUNT

closes fast my gloomy door,  
 hour when I must make account

Of how the world has paid me for  
My toilsome day, and what amount

Ingratitudes, and mean disdain,  
And friendship's smirking likelihood  
And promises no deeds sustain,  
And many ills, and scanty good,

And all the bitter pangs that start,  
And tears that are so prone to come  
But O what blessing in my heart!  
I carry home no grim remorse!

—*Roderick*

#### THE INGRATE

The traveller on his torrid way  
Will quench his thirst at any spring  
Whose cooling waters chance to stray  
Beside his road of wandering

Then on upon his way he goes  
Without another thought or glance  
Upon the fountain that bestows  
Its all of joy and sustenance.

with the ingrate's heart;  
ce he can his need obtain  
s journey lightly start  
er turn his cheek again.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## E BULLS IN SEVILLE

## I

eville! Bulls in Seville!  
shouts and flutter white  
grammes they are selling  
berts of the fight.  
eville! Bulls in Seville!  
touching glass to glass,  
trons of the cafés  
weekly journals pass.  
eville! is the whisper  
nsel in her best;  
eville! Bulls in Seville!  
*rando dame* with the rest.  
eville! is the rumor  
ace and the slum;  
man and woman murmur  
noisy feasts have come.  
rilliant sun of Maytime  
entle airs of spring,

The aroma of the flowers  
And the orange breaths that fling,  
O'er the gracious Guadalquivir  
Where the crystal waters shine  
And the shadows from the Tower  
On the surface rest benign.  
Then the joyous festivation  
Of the lofty bells is heard,  
And Giralda, the most lovely,  
Speaks the loudest, highest word  
And it seems as if the message  
"Bulls in Seville" is refrain  
Of the very winds ablowing  
Through the length and breadth of Spain

2

Dandy dons his little jacket,  
Ties his double sash around,  
Whispering "Now for the Bull-ring!"  
Breathless hurries to the ground.  
With her light shawl of Manilla  
Mariquita makes her fair;  
Puts a spray or two of flowers  
To give scent and deck her hair,  
And she murmurs, -"To the Bull-ring!"

urries from her door,  
e crowded streets and plazas,  
adness brimming o'er.  
ty's throng is hasting  
the quarter on its way;  
east a bursting brasier  
gladness of the day.  
Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"  
ar is brushed and dried.  
Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"—  
orrows put aside!

## 3

ining blue of heaven  
lightest cloud is seen;  
th every dower is filling  
orld with joys serene.  
reat arena glitters  
crowds awaiting there,  
ighty bee-hive buzzing  
port that would prepare.  
omen in the boxes  
ir shining shawls of white;  
raven hair agleaming  
nations red and bright.



Here are all Triana's neighbors,  
And from Macarena too;  
Many from San Roqué's parish,  
And Calzada's not a few.  
Here within the shade, awaiting  
As in faculty of state,  
All the bachelors and doctors  
Of the bull-ring up-to-date.  
All the bachelors and doctors  
Who hold professorial seat  
On the street where the Sierpes  
And the proud Campaña meet.  
Friends are they to the bull fighters;  
They the fates to-day can spell;  
When the others shout, they're hissing,  
When the others hiss, they yell.  
And the peddlars hurry calling,  
"Water of Tomares, buy!"—  
"Almond cakes of cinnamon!"—  
"Hazel-nuts and seeds, who'll try!"  
The President gives salutation;  
The gates of entry fling ajar;  
See, the cavaliers are coming,  
With their coats that shine afar!  
Lightly spur the *alguaciles*,  
Formal license to obtain,

turn where their companions  
start with all their train.  
Air with noise is ringing,  
Entrance march is heard,  
Bull-fighters are sighted  
At the gateway at the word.  
"Be thy mother, brave one!"—  
"Giralda hail!" "Giralda hail!"—  
"See thee, Manuelo!"—  
"Long may you prevail!"  
All the gallant cohort  
Matadors behold,  
With their silken mantles  
Or garments wrought in gold.  
Two, their distance keeping,  
Leros then advance  
Little capes distinguished  
People at a glance  
On their Baviocas  
The picadors along,  
Air monkey-like retainers  
At badges in a throng.  
Mules are driven after,  
At all their fringe and bells;  
Yellow in their ribbons,—  
Their sorry duty tells.

Then the sounding of the trumpets,  
Warns that the great bull arrives;  
Bellowing the mighty monster  
Down the sandy circle drives.  
Lighter than the snake or lizard  
Through the ranks of lads he goes,  
While the crowd is growing frantic,  
"Let them catch him!" shouts around  
"Good for that *verónica*, bully!"—  
"Bravo, that *navarra*'s fine!"  
"Hurra for the Rondeña method.—  
Sturdy foot and fearless sign!—"   
Picadorès! Picadorès!  
To your work, the bull is hot!  
Good defence! But hold you steady  
He has not discharged his shot!  
"On the sand a fighter's lying!"—  
"Is he injured?"—"Not at all!"  
Picadorès! Picadorès!  
"There's another!—God, we call!"—  
"Señor President, I offer  
Toasts for you and all the band!  
Toasts for all the strangers present!  
Toasts for all from Seville grand!  
Toasts for those who die in Cuba,  
Fighting there the war for Spain!

all the lovely ladies!  
 gentlemen again!"—  
 matador arises,  
 bull at last grown still;  
 at the horns and forehead  
 oint designed to kill.  
 e, two *naturals*  
 who that's for grace,  
 g—"Here's to your worships!"  
 blade unto its place.  
 bull in anguish rocking,  
 victor shouts around,  
 with the burst of music  
 clapping hands that sound.  
 public in its frenzy  
 Oh hat and parasol,  
 stick and cloak and jacket,  
 atador's control.—  
 ther bull, another,  
 ces, other cries!  
 ads a fresher blood-stain,  
 inches other sighs!  
 ternoon is closing  
 ollow night is near,  
 y of day is over,  
 plaza dark and drear

Whither goest? To the Bull-ring!—  
Gaily Hope doth make reply.  
Whence art coming?—From the Bull-ring!  
Sad reality doth sigh.  
To the Bull-ring! From the Bull-ring!—  
Thus it is we live and die!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ELVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN  
(1853- )

TO PITY

DÍAZ MIRÓN is a Mexican poet of  
; showing force and originality in  
and expression. Rubén Darío paid  
his greatness in his *Azul*. His  
owledged work is entitled *Lascas*  
(1906).

e to me in pride of gentle beauty.  
various forms hath pride! It  
ows to view  
ong lion, rough mane and mighty  
ring,  
the dove, soft note and changeful  
e.

ly power comes with you to my  
w;  
ns upon the cavern's darksome  
,

And enters in and spreads there like a  
music,  
Like a sweet fragrance, like a shining  
light.

You give to sadness, like a good magician,  
A happy truce; moved sweetly by your  
graces,  
I bless the wound because of its pure  
balsam;  
I love the desert for its green oasis!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

#### SNOW-FLAKE

To soothe my pain because thou canst not  
love me,  
Gazing upon me with an angel's air,  
Thou dost immerse thy fingers, cool and  
pallid,  
In the dark mane of my tempestuous hair.  
'Tis vain, O woman! Thou dost not con-  
sole me.  
We are a world apart, in naught the same  
If thou art snow, then why dost thou not  
freeze me?

melt thee not, if I am flame?  
ed, so spiritual and transparent,  
resses my submissive head,  
snow-cap crowning the volcano,  
urning lava-depths beneath it  
fl

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*



## ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍVARES

(1854-1914)

## THE FAIREST ONE

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍVARES was a Cuban poet who contributed extensively to the *Revista Cubana* and whose sonnet, *La hermosa*, has been greatly admired.

Keep on, O knight! with lance uplift  
ride,

To punish every wrong by righteous deeds  
For constancy at last shall gain its meed  
And justice ever with the law abide.

Mambrino's broken helmet don with pride  
Advance undaunted on thy glorious steed  
To Sancho Panza's cautions pay no heed  
In destiny and thy right arm confide!

At Fortune's coy reserve display no fear  
For should the Cavalier of the Wax  
Moon

1 arms 'gainst thine in combat dare  
appear,  
ough by adverse fate thou art o'er-  
thrown,—  
Dulcinea even in death's hour swear  
t she will always be the only fair!  
—*Alfred Coester.*

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN

(1853- )

TO AN ANDALUSIAN FAN

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN was born at Seville where for many years he has acted as editor of the journal *El Baluarte*. Under the name of "Carrasquilla" he has achieved success in poetry, criticism, and in the theatre. His works include *El puñado*, and *Cuentos y trozos literarios*.

I wish I were the little man  
So deftly painted on your fan,  
That when you smile, you'd press its folds  
To school the laughter of your lips;  
And I the secret kiss might hear  
And mock at them who think it queer  
That you with pictured rivals try us  
And give the fan what you deny us.

—Thomas Walsh

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA

(1856-1911)

A SONG OF HANDS

E. VALENZUELA was born at Guanacevi State of Durango, Mexico. He passed of his life in Mexico City where he d the *Revista Moderna*, in the pages of most of his poems made their first ance.

—like soft blossoming buds—  
hildren that search for the breast,  
calm sea of love's gaze  
lled and sweetly caressed!  
ands of Jesus the Christ,  
ory ineffably bright;  
like soft blossoming buds,  
is bathed in milk and in light.

ands, nimble and fair,  
the piano that stray  
vague dream of life, or the void—

A dream from some realm far away'  
The winged expression are ye  
Of a sigh, or some cry on the air,  
Floating in infinite space,  
Fairy hands, nimble and fair.

Hands of an ivory white,  
In the shade of the mantle obscure  
Brightening prayer with their gleams  
Gentle and starlike and pure!  
Through their whiteness have passed all the  
woes  
That ever humanity knew,  
With the rosary's beads, one by one—  
O hands of the ivory's hue!

Hands full of charity's grace,  
Which to the hungry by night  
Carry forth comfort and food,  
Bread of hope's joy, of truth's light!  
Noble, mysterious hands,  
Of kindness unending, sincere'  
Brothers are we, one and all,  
Hands full of charity dear!

O pale, perished hands of the dead  
For love or as martyrs who died!

One lily are ye,  
that were clasped or spread wide;  
All of questions, desires,  
visions and yearnings unsaid—  
the heavens outstretched,  
perished hands of the dead!

With the sword in their grasp,  
By warfare a sceptre have won,  
The whole world with the flood  
Of blood that o'errun!  
The common folk, armed  
Quarrels or battles have birth—  
With the sword in their grasp,  
Hands of the great of the earth! . . .

That are bleeding and hard,  
Tough up the stern, arid soil,  
We feel the flight of the hours,  
Sweaty and cruel the toil;  
The workshop that sweat,  
Set up the type in all lands,  
That meet death in the mines—  
Tough, and blood-spotted hands!

That are wonted to toil,  
Hands of the brave and the free!

When on the heights, in the depths,  
Vibrates o'er land and o'er sea,  
Stirring the world from its roots,  
The anger of justice on fire—  
Hands that are wonted to toil,  
You shall that day hold the lyre!  
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*







*From the painting by Sorolla in the Hispanic Society  
of America*

Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo

LINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1856-1912)

ROME

O MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO was the  
ary scholar of modern Spain. Much  
se work may be considered pure  
well as history and philosophy. His  
manistic bent comes out clearly in  
al work, which may be found in  
*lolas y tragedias* (Madrid, 1883).

h devouring fingers spareth  
ught,—  
opulous realm, nor consecrated  
vs;  
w an alien flock to pasture draws  
ie shade where once the Tribunes  
ight;  
e, behind triumphant chariots  
ight,

Go kings in chains to swell the victor's  
cause;  
Nor the Clitumnian oxen—'mid the  
pause  
Move toward the altar pompously en-  
wrought.

Like cloud or shadow or swift-fleeting bark,  
Laws, armies, glories, all, are swept away;  
Alone a cross above the ruins, see!  
Tell me, O cross, what destiny you mark?—  
Of old Rome's greatness shall the future  
say,  
'Twas human glory, or God's majesty?  
—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN

(1858-1906)

THE RIVER

José OTHÓN was a Mexican poet for his studies of nature in poems for the most part in sonnets. The best known of these is the *stica de Walpurgis*.

iceful waves, ye waters, frolic free;  
 your liquid songs, ye eddies bright;  
 ou, loquacious bubblings, day and  
 ight,  
 nverse with the wind and leaves  
 1 glee!  
 deep cut, ye jets, gush sportively.  
 end yourselves to foamy tatters  
 hite,  
 lash on boulders curved and rocks  
 pright,  
 a's pearls and diamonds rich to see!

I am your sire, the River. Lo, my hair  
Is moonbeams pale: of yon cerulean  
Mine eyes are mirrors, as I sweep a  
Of molten spray is my forehead fair;  
Transparent mosses for my beard hang  
The laughter of the Naiads' is my song  
—*Alice Stone Blackwell*

<p> <b>GUERRERZ NÁJERA</b> </p>	<p> <b>551</b> </p>
<p> <b>GUERRERZ NÁJERA</b>            (1859-1895)         </p> <p> <b>OUT OF DOORS</b> </p> <p> <b>GUERRERZ NÁJERA</b>, the Mexican of the modernist movement in poetry, endeavored to amalgamate Latin and Spanish form and so produce poetry with the qualities of intellectual. He was one of the founders of <i>Azul</i> and is generally considered greatest of Mexican poets.         </p> <p>           enia pleaded—"See how white            —         </p> <p>           it not so white as She!"—Was            only.         </p> <p>           is of the heavens!"—said Sirius         </p> <p>           so Paradisiac as hers!"—I told            r.         </p>	
<p> <b>MONOGRAPHS</b> </p>	<p> <b>IV</b> </p>

The swallow twittered in the boughs,  
To nightingale amid the flowers,  
Singing in a glad carouse  
As I listened through the hours.  
"What a pair of tuneless voices  
When compared to notes of hers'  
Nor is there a star rejoices  
With the glow her soft glance stirs,  
Simply telling me—I love thee.  
Take away, O God, the light,  
The scents, the birds, the stars above me  
Take away all beauty bright,  
But leave her to my sight!"

*Thomas Walsh*

#### WHITE

What thing than the lily unstained is more  
white?  
More pure than the mystic wax tapers  
bright?  
More chaste than the orange-flowers  
tender and fair?  
Than the light mist more virginal—how  
too

in the stone where the eucharist stands,  
    ever new,  
in the Lord's House of Prayer?

the flight of white doves all the air now  
    is cloven;  
white robe, from strands of the morning  
    mist woven,  
enwraps in the distance the feudal  
    round tower.  
the trembling acacia, most graceful of  
    trees,  
rises up in the orchard and waves in the  
    breeze  
like a soft, snowy flower.

do you not on the mountain the white of  
    the snow?  
the white tower stands high o'er the village  
    below;  
the gentle sheep gambol and play, pass-  
    ing by.  
lilies pure and unspotted now cover the  
    lake;  
the straight lily sways as the breezes  
    awake;



The volcano's huge vase is uplifted  
high.

Let us enter the church : shines the eucharist  
there;

And of snow seems to be the old paragon  
white hair;

In an alb of fine linen his trail for  
clad.

A hundred fair maidens there sit robes  
white;

They offer bouquets of spring flowers, fresh  
and bright,

The blossoms of April, pure, fragrant  
and glad.

Let us go to the choir, to the novena  
prayer

Propitiously listens the Virgin so fair;

The white marble Christ on the crucifix  
dies;

And there without stain the wax tapers  
rise white;

And of lace is the curtain so thin and  
light,

Which the day-dawn already shines  
through from the skies.

Let us go down to the field. Foaming  
white,  
the stream seems a tumult of feathers in  
flight,  
as its waters run, foaming and singing in  
glee.

Its airy mantilla of mist cool and pale  
the mountain is wrapped; the swift bark's  
lateen sail,  
slides out and is lost to our sight on the  
sea.

A lovely young woman now springs from  
her bed,  
her goddess-like shoulders fresh water  
to shed,  
on her fair, polished arms and her  
beautiful neck.  
Now, singing and smiling, she girds on her  
gown;  
Bright, tremulous drops, from her hair  
shaken down,  
her comb of Arabian ivory deck.

O marble! O snows! O vast, world  
whiteness!

Your chaste beauty everywhere sheds  
pure brightness,

O shy, timid vestal to chastity vowed  
In the statue of beauty eternal are you  
From your soft robe is purity born,  
new;

You give angels wings, and give mortals  
shroud.

You cover the child to whom life is  
new,

Crown the brows of the maiden  
promise is true,

Clothe the page in rich raiment  
shines like a star.

How white are your mantles of ermine  
queens!

The cradle how white, where the  
mother leans!

How white, my beloved, how, so  
you are!

In proud dreams of love, I behold  
delight

owers of a church rising white in my  
sight,  
a home, hid in lilies, that opens to  
me;  
bridal veil hung on your forehead so  
fair,  
a filmy cloud, floating down slow  
through the air,  
it rests on your shoulders, a marvel to  
see!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

#### IN THE DEPTHS OF NIGHT

ed! O Lord!—how are the seas of  
thought  
ight with waves of direst tempest  
torn!—  
pirit is in darkness terror-caught  
e Peter's, on Tiberiades borne!

aves are cleaving so my little bark  
t to its last destruction it seems nigh;  
who didst shed Thy light on blindness  
dark,  
let it now unto my faith reply!

Rise, rise, O Star of Jesus, on the world  
That lightly mocks the weakness of r  
arms!

My soul is chilled; our earthly hopes :  
furled;

Our eyes are closing 'mid the dre  
alarms!

Appear across the blackness of the night!  
Our spirits call Thee!—here alone  
wait!—

And coming swiftly let Thy garment wh  
Appease the waves where there w  
tumult late!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RÍGUEZ DE TÍO	559
<p>RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO</p> <p>(1859- )</p> <p>MIST</p> <p>RÍGUEZ DE Tío is a distinguished  the history and literature of the  he was born in Puerto Rico, but  many years of her life in Ha-  several volumes of poems have  at appreciation.</p> <p>membrances of vanished days  le away on such a velvet wing  s and groves, o'er plains and  ntain ways,  ief and sorrow to my heart you  g!</p> <p>without the shadow of your  ,  ack in silence and without a  n,</p>	
MONOGRAPHS	IV

As the birds cross the unregarding air  
Till none may tell the whence or whither  
flown.

Come back amid the pallor of the moon  
That silvers all the azure rifts at sea,  
Or in the deadly mist that in a swoon  
Engulfs afar the green palm's royal  
tree.

Bring back the murmur of the doves that  
made  
Their little nests so neighborly to mine;  
The vibrant airs—the fragrances that  
played  
Around the peaks that saw my cradle  
shine.

Sing in my ear the melodies of old,  
So sweet and joyous to my inmost  
heart;  
O faint remembrances two breasts should  
hold,  
Two breasts that Destiny was loath to  
part!

matter if a sigh steals through the  
 ream  
 shows the withered vine in flower  
 gain?—  
 remembrances in singing seem,  
 mulous lyre, to speak my endless  
 ain!

—*Rodcrick Gill.*



## ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1861- )

## THE CYPRESS

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO, the brother of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, was born in Santander. He wrote many successful novels and comedies. For his poems, see *Desdicha* (1890) and *Cancionero de la vida inquieta* (1915).

There is a cypress in the neighborly  
grove

As black as is the image of my pain;  
Whose topmost branches in the moonlight  
attain

Such aspect as some ghostly world would  
prove.

Then vagrant fancy ceaselessly would  
move,

Transforming all the woodland scene  
again;

e yesterday a lawn, now sand-  
wastes reign;  
was a wood, today a road would  
ove.

stands, resisting every change!—  
, in agony from life's dire wound,  
on its heights and all my moan is  
ushed;  
g that,—memory or hope!—there  
ange  
ow within my life's own garden  
round  
things that man nor wind hath ever  
rushed!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JULIÁN DEL CASAL

(1863-1893)

## TO MY MOTHER

JULIÁN DEL CASAL was born in Habana, Cuba. He early became imbued with the ideas of the French decadent poets. He loved Goya as well as Paris, but never visited either. His early death closed a career marred by ill-health and pessimism. His works are *Hojas al viento* (1890), *Nieta* (1891), and *Bustos y sombras* (1893).

More than a mother as a saint to me  
 You were in truth. You gave me life  
 and died,  
 But Oh! my mother when you left my side  
 God kissed an angel in eternity.  
 Today when in my dreams methinks I see  
 Your smiling face, I gaze on you with pride  
 And sigh, sweet mother, as I oft have  
 sighed,  
 While tears I shed when I remember thee



Julián del Casal



三

6

d we never, never meet again  
'twould be, but I shall always

ge in my heart, and not complain;  
hing tells me that you lie asleep  
ny suff'ring would have caused  
n—

ny weeping would have made  
ep.

—*Jorge Godoy.*

ES—SONNET A LA POMPA-  
DOUR

are bronzes, crystals, porcelains,  
rs aglow like jewelled treasures,  
gs of florid, golden argosies,  
rs brilliant with Venetian stains.  
are damosels of ancient reigns,  
d world's troubadour sweet  
monies,

ed that bounds to Arabic caprice,  
an ballad with its tear refrains,

-carved piano-keys aflood,  
unding horn within the forest  
de,

The soft aroma from the censer  
The couch of ivory, gold, and sandal  
Where virgin loveliness at last is laid  
A broken flower of innocence  
tombéd.

—*Roderick*

#### CONFIDENCES

Why weepest thou, my sweetheart  
Why bendest down thy lovely head  
A dread idea doth assail  
My mind and turn my heart to lead

Tell me: have they not loved thee  
Never!—Come, tell the truth to me  
Ah, then, one lover only I can tell  
Was faithful.—Who?—My misery.

—*Thomas W*

#### THE PEARL

Hovering o'er a lovely pearl  
That the depths of earth were guarded  
As an offering divine

the hands of the Eternal,  
two birds of rapine set  
their eyes upon its gleaming,  
with plumage all of gold,  
with plumage black as jet.

that the pearl was bursting  
shell within the slime,  
made ready with their beaks  
to dissect its broken pieces,—  
two birds of rapine set  
their eyes upon its gleaming,  
with plumage all of gold,  
with plumage black as jet.

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS

(1863 )

## THE AEOLIAN HARP

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS is a native of Havana but settled at Barcelona, where he has revealed his fine sense of critical values in *Musgo* (Barcelona, 1903). He has also written many poems.

Deep in my dreamland garden sways  
A harp aeolian none remembers more,—  
Who cares, or listens what it says  
In music that is o'er?

No fingers wake it; 'tis by chance  
Alone its notes unechoed wake;  
Think you the flower of beauty's glance  
Through its dim tones could break?

---

# MÓN DOMINGO PERÉS

---

571

h none to hearken, all alone  
s breathings fugitive it keeps;  
en the wind strikes a listless tone  
either sings—or weeps.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

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AND MONOGRAPHS

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IV

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## OLAVO BILAC

(1865 1919)

FROM *CAÇADOR DE ESMERALDAS*

OLAVO BILAC was born at Rio de Janeiro. He devoted his entire life to the practice of letters in his native country, his earliest writings appearing in the *Gaceta de Noticias*. He also became famous as an orator. Among his works are *Cronicas e Novelas*, *Criticas*, *Conferencias literarias*, *Poesias infantiles*, *Cuentos patrios*, *A Patria Brasileira*. His greatest poem is entitled *Caçador de Esmeraldas*.

Over his dying head the shadowed veil of  
heaven

Pales and grows thin, its nocturn darkness  
riven

By the argent lance of the moon a sail on  
high.

His eyes, renewed with radiance, seek in  
the lighted space,

he wraith of a smile hovers and passes  
 over his face;  
 ernan Dias opens his arms to earth and  
 sky.

1 a green heaven the stars break into  
 flames of green;  
 1 the green forest glade green flowers  
 dance between  
 emerald trunks, as oreads dancing on  
 grassy floors;  
 ightning flashing green all the still heaven  
 fills,  
 he sullen flood of the river breaks into  
 emerald rills;  
 reen from out green skies a rain of  
 emeralds pours.

ow as a man from death raised by the  
 hands of a lover,  
 esurrected, herises; his dying eyes recover  
 ight for the vision that tells again of his  
 seven-year seeking;  
 ife in his veins flows new; his eager senses  
 rejoice,

And to his hearing comes the sound of a  
clarion Voice,  
Clear in the hush of the night, from that  
bright glory speaking:

"Die! As in thine hands the stones that  
thou hast sought

Dissolve as a dream fades, in dust returned  
to nought;

What matter? Sleep in peace! Sleep,  
for thy toil is ended!

Link after link, over plain and on rugged  
mountain slope

As a belt of emeralds strewn, as a shining  
pledge of hope,

Green in the desert sands, the towns of thy  
heart are extended.

"Their hands in Fortune's hands, linked to  
what whim of hers,

Marched from the camp each dawn thy  
band of wanderers;

North and south sought they, through  
plain and forest maze,

Shelter and surcease of care. Now on  
each wild hillside,

The walls of a homestead stand erect with a  
victor's pride,  
and the beacon light of a hearth on the  
desert sheds its rays.

In all thy wandering, adventure compass-  
less,  
Thou, like the sun, wert a very fount of  
fruitfulness;  
behind each weary step lay a highway for  
man's tread;  
Victory hailed thy name by every charted  
stream;  
and as thou wanderedst on, dreaming  
thy selfish dream,  
as stirred by the step of a god, the desert  
blossomèd.

Die! From each drop of sweat, from the  
fount of each burning tear,  
fertile, a newer life shall spring in a newer  
year;  
fruitful shall be thy thirst, thy vigil and  
thy fast.  
Under the kiss of the sun, harvests shall  
ripening lie,

Under the kiss of love thy race  
multiply,  
And the land whereon thou liest  
burgeon. Then at last

"In the voice of the plough thou  
sing, in the bell's daily song  
In the tumult of crowded streets, in  
midst of the laughing throng,  
In hymns of blessed peace, in the clasp  
of man's endeavour;  
Through veiling mists of time shall rise  
bright renown,  
Thou ravisher of the desert, thou pluck  
of many a town!  
In the heart of thy fatherland thy name  
shall live forever."

The fateful voice is stilled. All the earth  
hushes:  
The fair high sailing moon her silver fire  
pushes  
Through the sleeping leaves of the forest  
majesties;  
In the maternal arms of Earth, content  
enwrapped,

ie eternal peace of the starry spaces  
apped,  
ver free from questing, Fernan Dias  
lies.

—*Lilian E. Elliott.*



## MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

1865

## DOMESTIC SCENES

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO is a native of Galizia, who for many years has been attached to the University of Salamanca, where for some time he acted as Rector. His works on literature and philosophy are numerous, and he has published several books of travel.

## I

When shades of night have come  
And all my house is sleeping,  
The silent peace of home  
Its arms about them keeping,  
And the only sound I hear  
Is my children's measured breathing,—  
Then my dream sees life appear  
Toward a larger meaning wreathing;

ir breathing seems a prayer  
 their voice of dream repeating,  
 air consciousness is bare  
 God the Father meeting.  
 ) Dream, thou art the sign  
 e that knows no ending,  
 tainless life divine  
 resent life attending!

## 2

upon me with such eyes, my son;  
 ot have thee read my secret clear,  
 d I so deceive my little one  
 ison through thy fragile veins  
 ld sear.

never, may thy father's gloom  
 thee from the joy and glow of

—  
 of joy does voice presume?—  
 wish thee joy,  
 his earth  
 a mirth  
 t be saint or fool;—  
 —God save thee, boy!—  
 t—I know not of the school.

## 3

Go, stir the brazier coals, my child;  
The fire is growing cold.  
How brief today the sun has smiled!  
To think the orb that you behold  
One day shall cinder turn,  
And God's great brow, the heavens,  
Its ashes like an urn.

—*Thomas We*

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA

(1865-1896)

A POEM

ASUNCIÓN SILVA, one of the founders of the modernist school of Spanish poetry, was born at Bogotá, Colombia. He modeled his reforms on the practice of Edgar Poe, and displayed unusual genius throughout his short and unhappy life, which was ended by his own hand. His works were translated in Paris by Baldomero Sanín Cano.

...ed one time to perpetrate a song,  
...f the new kind, pulsing, free and  
...ong.

...ced subjects tragic and grotesque,  
...ing all the rhythms unto my desk;

And then the skittish metres gathered  
round

Joining in shadowy swing and leap and  
bound

Metres sonorous, metres potent, grave,  
Some with the shock of arms, some, bird  
songs brave;

From East and West, from South as well  
North,  
Metres and stanzas bowing hurried forth

Chafing their golden bridles, loose of rein,  
Approach the Tercets, as if coursers vain

And opening up amid the gallant ring,  
Purple and gold, arrived the Sonnet king

And all began to sing - Among the rabble  
There rose the spirit of a charming gabb

One pointed strophe awakened my desire  
With the clear tinkling of a little spire;

So above all, I chose it for the bride  
Adding my crystal, silver rhymes beside.

And thus I told a tale, with subtle grace,  
A tragical, fantastic, never base,—

Though sad enough, a story straight and  
terse—  
Of a fair lady loved and in her hearse;

And to sustain the mournful note I added  
Soft lisps with *ex professo* kisses padded:

I decked the phrase with gold, and music  
rare  
Of lute and mandolin was sounded there.

I drew the light of distances profound  
With solemn mists and melancholies bound;

And 'mid the dim obscure, as in a feast  
Of mortals, dancers to the dance released;

Clothed them in words that cloud like  
heavy veils,  
With midnight masks of satin, velvet  
trails;—

And in the background intertwining,  
wound  
The mystical and fleshly, as if bound.

Then in my author's pride, I added there  
Heliotrope scent and light of jacinth  
rare—

And brought the poem to a critic grand,  
Who sent it back—"I fail to understand."  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## NOCTURNE

One night,  
One night all full of murmurs, of perfumes  
and the brush of wings,  
Within whose mellow nuptial glooms there  
shone fantastic fireflies,  
Meekly at my side, slender, hushed and  
pale,  
As though with infinite presentiment of  
woe  
Your very depths of being were troubled,—  
By the path of flowers that led across the  
plain,

ne treading,  
rounded moon  
the heaven's blue and infinite pro-  
and was shedding whiteness.

ir shadow  
, delicate;  
shadow,  
d by the white moonlight's ray  
e solemn sands  
ath, were joined together,  
together,  
together,  
together in a great single shadow,  
together in a great single shadow,  
together in a great single shadow.—

night  
all my soul  
with infinite woes and agonies of  
th,  
from you, by time, by the tomb  
estrangement,  
nfinite gloom  
which our voices fail to pierce,



Silent and lonely,  
Along that road I journeyed—

And the dogs were heard barking at the  
moon,  
At the pale-faced moon,  
And the croaking  
Of the frogs—

I was pierced with cold, such cold as on  
your bed  
Came over your cheeks, your breasts, your  
adorable hands,  
Between the snowy whiteness  
Of your mortuary sheets;  
It was the cold of the sepulchre, the chill of  
death,  
The frost of nothingness.—  
And my shadow  
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray,  
Went on alone,  
Went on alone,  
Went on alone over the solitary wastes,  
And your shadow, slender and light,  
Languid, delicate,

that soft night of your springtime  
 ath,  
 hat night filled with murmurs, with  
 rfumes and the brush of wings,  
 near and walked with me,  
 near and walked with me,  
 near and walked with me—Oh,  
 adows interlaced!—  
 dows of the bodies joining in shadow  
 the souls!—  
 adows running each to each in the  
 ghts of woes and tears!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

### THE SERENADE

reet is deserted, the night is cold,  
 on glides veiled amid cloud-banks  
 n;  
 tice above is tightly closed,  
 e notes ring clearly one by one  
 his fingers light and strong,  
 the voice that sings tells tender  
 ngs,  
 player strikes on his sweet guitar  
 gile strings.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,  
A cloud has covered the moon from sight  
The lattice above is tightly closed,  
And the notes are growing more soft as  
light.

Perhaps the sound of the serenade  
Seeks the soul of the girl who loves and  
waits,  
As the swallows seek eaves to build the  
nests  
When they come in spring with the  
gentle mates.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,  
The moon shines out from the clouds above  
The lattice above is opened now  
And the notes are growing more low, more  
soft.

The singer with fingers light and strong  
Clings to the ancient window's bar,  
And a moan is breathed from the fra-  
strings  
Of the sweet guitar.

—Alice Stone Blackwell

LUIS MUÑOZ RIVERA

(1865-1916)

TO HER

UÑOS RIVERA was a native of Puerto  
ho became prominent at the time that  
ecame part of the United States. He  
tor of *La Democracia* and served as  
sioner of Puerto Rico to the United  
Government. His poems, under the  
*Tropicales*, were published in New  
1902.

n my lyre I touch the strings apart  
arch of melody serene and rare,  
mory comes stealing o'er my heart  
gentle thoughts in thousands gather  
here.

ge floats before me in a glance  
lden wonder hovering at my eyes;  
osphere delirious would entrance  
oul with perfumes out of Paradise.

The sparkle of her glances sets aflame  
The hearth-place of the inmost of my  
soul;  
It glows with inspiration; strings acclaim;  
The chant begins and swells beyond  
control.

Then as the radiant vision dies away,  
As melts afar some white cloud full of  
dew,  
My verses through my mind begin to play,  
And on the page my pen would catch a  
few.

—*Roderick Gill.*

FABIO FIALLO

(1865- )

NOSTALGIA .

FIALLO is a native of San Domingo,  
 leaders of the *modernista* move-  
 known widely for his writings in  
 verse.

vere and the good St. Peter  
 ne to God on high—  
 is fellow of a crusader,  
 r maid, and I.

r prayed that he might ever  
 : on earth he fought:  
 ichael gave his own picked legion  
 xoon he sought.

sobbed out a stammering prayer  
 n to her lover's sight,  
 ecame the kiss of dawn by day,  
 the moon by night.

My turn next; and God said blandly,  
"Already I know your will;  
You desire the harp of My singer David  
—My pride leapt up—but still—

"Oh, no, Lord; another thing!  
To be a tree on the tropic shore  
Watered by my own Ozama,  
And there, deep-rooted, to live o  
more!"

—*Muna Lea*







Rubén Darío

## RUBÉN DARÍO

(1867-1916)

## TO ROOSEVELT

RUBÉN DARÍO, the leading modernist poet in Spanish, was born at León, Nicaragua. He devoted his early life to journalism in various parts of South America. Later he took up residence at Madrid where he greatly influenced the writers of his generation. His principal publications are *Azul* (1888), *Los profanos*, and *Cantos de vida y esperanza* (1905), *El canto errante* (1907). Darío returned to León shortly before his death.

## I

Only with the Bible or with Walt Whitman's verse,  
you, the mighty hunter, are reached  
by other men.

You're primitive and modern, you're simple  
and complex,—

A veritable Nimrod with aught of Wash-  
ington.

You are the United States;

You are the future foe

Of free America that keeps its Indian blood,  
That prays to Jesus Christ, and speaks in  
Spanish still

You are a fine example of a strong and  
haughty race;

You're learned and you're clever; to Tol-  
stoy you're opposed;

And whether taming horses or slaying  
savage beasts,

You seem an Alexander and Nebuchadnezzar too.

(As madmen today are wont to say,  
You're a great professor of energy.)

You seem to be persuaded

That life is but combustion,

That progress is eruption,

And where you send the bullet

You bring the future

## 2

he United States are rich, they're power-  
ful and great  
They join the cult of Mammon to that of  
Hercules),  
and when they stir and roar, the very  
Andes shake. . . .

ut our America, which since the ancient  
times . . .  
as had its native poets; which lives on  
fire and light,  
n perfumes and on love; our vast America,  
he land of Montezuma, the Inca's mighty  
realm,  
f Christopher Columbus the fair America,  
merica the Spanish, the Roman Catho-  
lic, . . .  
men of Saxon eyes and fierce, barbaric  
soul,  
his land still lives and dreams, and loves  
and stirs!  
Take care!  
he daughter of the Sun, the Spanish land,  
doth live!

And from the Spanish lion a thousand  
whelps have sprung!

'Tis need, O Roosevelt, that you be God  
himself . . .

Before you hold us fast in your grasping,  
iron claws.

And though you count on all, one thing is  
lacking: God!

*Elijah Clarence Hills.*

#### SONATINA

The Princess mourns—Why is the Princess  
sighing?

Why from her lips are song and laughter  
dying?

Why does she droop upon her chair of  
gold?

Hushed is the music of her royal bower;

Beside her in a vase; a single flower

Swoons and forgets its petals to unfold.

The fool in scarlet pirouettes and flatters,

Within the hall the silly dueña chatters;

Without, the peacock's regal plumage  
gleams.  
The Princess heeds them not; her thoughts  
are veering  
Out through the gates of Dawn, past sight  
and hearing,  
Where she pursues the phantoms of her  
dreams.

Is it a dream of China that allures her,  
Or far Golconda's ruler who conjures her  
But to unveil the laughter of her eyes?—  
He of the island realms of fragrant roses,  
Whose treasure flashing diamond hoards  
discloses,  
And pearls of Ormuz, rich beyond sur-  
mise?

Alas! The Princess longs to be a swallow,  
To be a butterfly, to soar, to follow  
The ray of light that climbs into the sun;  
To greet the lilies, lost in Springtime  
wonder,  
To ride upon the wind, to hear the thunder  
Of ocean waves where monstrous billows  
run.

Her silver distaff fallen in disfavor,  
Her magic globe shorn of its magic savor,  
The swans that drift like snow across the  
lake,

The lotus in the garden pool —are mourning;  
The dahlias and the jasmin flowers adorning  
The palace gardens, sorrow for her sake.

Poor little captive of the blue-eyed glances!  
A hundred negroes with a hundred lances,  
A hound, a sleepless dragon, guard her  
gates.

There in the marble of her palace prison  
The little Princess of the roving vision,  
Caught in her gold and gauzes, dreams  
and waits

"Oh" (sighs the Princess), "Oh, to leave  
behind me

My marble cage, the golden chains that  
bind me,

The empty chrysalis the moth forsakes!  
To fly to where a fairy Prince is dwelling —  
O radiant vision past all mortal telling,  
Brighter than April, or the day that  
breaks!"

little Princess," whispers the good  
 fairy,  
 sword and goshawk; on his charger  
 airy,  
 Prince draws near—the lover without  
 blame.

his wingéd steed the Prince is  
 fleeting,  
 conqueror of Death, to bring you  
 greeting,  
 with his kiss to touch your lips to  
 flame!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

## WHTFALL IN THE TROPICS

as twilight grey and gloomy  
 are the sea its velvet trails;  
 across the heavens roomy  
 and the veils.

and sonorous rises  
 complaint from out the deeps,  
 as wave the wind surprises  
 us.



Viols there amid the gloaming  
Hail the sun that dies,  
And the white spray in its foaming  
"Miserere" sighs.

Harmony the heavens embraces,  
And the breeze is lifting free  
To the chanting of the races  
Of the sea.

Clarions of horizons calling  
Strike a symphony most rare,  
As if mountain voices calling  
Vibrate there.

As though dread, unseen, were waking,  
As though awesome echoes bore  
On the distant breeze's quaking  
The lion's roar.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CANCIÓN OF AUTUMN IN SPRING-  
TIME

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,  
Unreturning ye pass by!—

[ weep?—no tears I measure;—  
y tears—I know not why!—

r heart hath been divided  
days celestial here;  
as a gentle maid, unguided  
gh this world's affliction drear;

e white dawn was her vision;  
the flower her gentle smile;  
: dusky locks elysian  
ed of night and grief the style.

ut a lad unknowing,—  
as natural, would play  
h my love's fond ermine, showing  
lias and Salomé.

youth, my sacred treasure,  
ning ye pass by!—  
I weep?—no tears I measure;—  
y tears,—I know not why!—

as another then, more tender,  
sensitive, more subtly kind,  
othing, more delight to render  
ever I had thought to find;

But 'neath her gentleness unceasing  
A violent passion was concealed  
And through her filmy robe releasing,  
A wild Bacchante was revealed

To breast she took my young ideal,  
And nursed it softly as a child;  
Then slew it, left it sad, unreal,  
Of all its light and trust defiled

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,  
Unreturning ye pass by!—  
Would I weep? no tears I measure;—  
Then my tears—I know not why!—

There was another took my kisses  
To be the casket of her flame;  
She laughed amid our wildest blisses,  
Her teeth against my heart-strings came!

Amid the maddest of her passion  
She looked across with wilful eyes,—  
As though our fond embrace could fashion  
The essence of eternal skies;

our fragile flesh were tying  
 gh of endless Edens here;  
 . that with Springtime dying  
 s of body disappear.

outh, my sacred treasure,  
 ing ye pass by!—  
 eep?—no tears I measure;—  
 ears—I know not why!—

e others! In how many  
 nd climes,—they ever were'  
 or a rhyme,—or any  
 n my heart astir!—

earch for that high lady  
 m I have awaited long.  
 hard and grim and shady,—  
 as no princess, save in song!

Time's unyielding measure,  
 st for love has never died,—  
 ead bends to scent with pleasure  
 s of the garden-side—

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,  
Unreturning ye pass by!—  
Would I weep—no tears I measure;—  
Then my tears—I know not why!—

Mine is still the Dawn of golden treasure!—  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## PORTICO

I am the singer who of late put by  
The verse azulean and the chant profane  
Across whose nights a rossignol would cry  
And prove himself a lark at morn again

Lord was I of my garden-place of dreams,  
The heaping roses and swan-haunted  
brakes;  
Lord of the doves; lord of the silver streams,  
Of gondolas and lyres upon the lakes.

And very eighteenth century; both old  
And very modern; bold, cosmopolite;  
Like Hugo daring, like Verlaine half-told,  
And thirsting for illusions infinite.

nfancy, 'twas sorrow that I knew;  
youth—was ever youth my own  
indeed?—

as still their perfume round me strew,  
r perfume of a melancholy seed—

ess colt, my instinct galloped free,  
youth bestrode a colt without a rein;  
n I went, a belted blade with me;  
ell not—'twas God who did sustain—

. my garden stood a statue fair,  
arble seeming yet of flesh and bone,  
le spirit was incarnate there  
ensitive and sentimental tone.

id of the world, it fain would hide  
from its walls of silence issue not,  
hen the spring released upon its tide  
hour of melody it had begot—

our of sunset and the hidden kiss;  
hour of gloaming twilight and  
retreat;  
our of madrigal, the hour of bliss,  
I adore thee” and “Alas” too sweet.

And 'mid the gamut of the flute,  
chance,

Would come a ripple of crystal myst  
Recalling Pan and his old Grecian dance  
With the intoning of old Latin keys.

With such a sweep and ardor so intense  
That on the statue suddenly were born  
The muscled goat-thighs shaggy  
immense  
And on the brows the satyr's pair  
horn.

As Gongora's Galatea, so in fine  
The fair marquise of Verlaine capti-  
me;  
And so unto the passion half divine  
Was joined a human sensuality,

All longing, and all ardor, the mere sense  
And natural vigor, and without  
sign  
Of stage effect or literature's pretence—  
If there was ever soul sincere—  
mine.

y tower awakened my desire;  
ed to enclose myself in selfish bliss,  
igered after space, my thirst on  
re  
eaven, from out the shades of my  
byss.

the sponge the salt sea saturates  
the oozing wave, so was my heart  
and soft, bedrenched with bitter  
ates  
world and flesh and devil here  
npart.

ough the grace of God, my con-  
science  
ed unto good its better part;  
were hardness left in any sense,  
ltd soft beneath the touch of Art.

llect was freed from baser thought,  
oul was bathed in the Castalian  
ood,  
t a pilgrim went, and so I caught  
armony from out the sacred wood.



O sacred wood! O rumor, that profound  
Stirs from the sacred woodland  
divine!

O plenteous fountain in whose pool  
wound  
And overcome our destiny malign

Grove of ideals, where the real halts,  
Where flesh is flame alive, and  
floats;

The while the satyr makes his old ass  
Let Philomel loose her azure-  
throats.

Fantastic pearl and music amorous  
A-down the green and flowering  
tops,

Hypsipyle stealthily the rose doth bring  
And the faun's mouth the  
stalkings crops.

There, where the god pursues the  
maid,  
Where springs the reed of Pan from  
the mire,

Life Eternal hath its furrows laid  
and wakens the All-Father's mystic  
choir.

soul that enters there, disrobed should  
go  
tremble with desire and longing pure,  
or the wounding spine and thorn  
below,—  
o should it dream, be stirred, and sing  
secure.

, Light, and Truth, as in a triple  
flame  
roduce the inner radiance infinite;  
, pure as Christ, is heartened to exclaim:  
*I am indeed the Life, the Truth, the  
Light!"*

Life is mystery; the Light is blind;  
The Truth beyond our reach both daunts  
and fades;  
sheer perfection nowhere do we  
find;  
The ideal sleeps a secret in the shades.

Therefore to be sincere is to be strong.

Bare as it is what glitter hath the star;  
The water tells the fountain's soul in song  
And voice of crystal flowing out afar.

Such my intent was,—of my spirit pure  
To make a star, a fountain music-drawn,  
With horror of the thing called literature—  
And mad with madness of the gloam and  
dawn.

From the blue twilight such as gives the  
word

Which the celestial ecstasies inspire,  
The haze and minor chord,—let flutes be  
heard!

Aurora, daughter of the Sun, —sound,  
lyres!

Let pass the stone if any use the sling;  
Let pass, should hands of violence point  
the dart.

The stone from out the sling is for the  
waves a thing,  
Hate's arrow of the idle wind is part.

Virtue is with the tranquil and the brave;  
The fire interior burneth well and high;  
The triumph is o'er rancor and the grave;  
Toward Bethlehem—the caravan goes  
by!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

· LUIS G. URBINA

(1867       )

THE MOONBEAM

LUIS G. URBINA is a Mexican poet of the modernist school, much of whose work has been inspired by the natural beauties of Cuba. His principal works are *Poema del lago* and *Poema del Mariel*.

Moonbeam, come in!   Thou art a welcome  
                                  guest

'Tis long since I have seen thy silver  
                                  flame.

Although I left the casement open wide,  
Shadows alone into my chamber came.

Ungrateful comrade, thou art still the  
                                  same -

The beam transparent, gliding through the  
                                  night,

The beauteous gleam of splendor from on  
high,  
Diaphanous with amber's yellow light.

Come in! She is not here; naught canst  
thou spy.  
Moonbeam, thou canst not now be indis-  
creet,  
Even if thou upon the nuptial couch  
Shouldst cast thy pearly radiance, clear  
and sweet.

O'erflow the carpet like a glittering rain,  
Flood all the silent room from wall to wall,  
And, clinging to the darksome drapery,  
Give it the semblance of a silver shawl!

See'st thou, all things are dusty and un-  
kempt;  
The heart is chilled to view their mournful  
air.  
Upon the blackened nail the bird cage  
hangs  
Empty and hushed; the songbirds are not  
there.

See'st thou, around the railing rough the  
vine

Its faded blossoms wreathes; no flower we  
spy

Upon the rose-tree; all the lilies now  
Are withered, the sweet basil plants are  
dry.

Thou brightness indiscreet, from heaven  
above!

She loved thee in the past: I love thee now.  
How often have I seen thy glimmering  
light

Reflected from her pure and pensive brow!

The girl with golden hair is here no more,—  
The dreamer, pale and white as ocean foam,  
Who said, as on thy shifting light she gazed,  
"It is the smile of God within our home!"

Ungrateful comrade, only thou and I  
Are in this chamber, now a place of dole.  
Yet welcome, heavenly brightness indis-  
creet!

If thou would'st see her, come into my soul!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

## RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA

(1868- )

## AT PARTING

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA is a Venezuelan poet whose political fortunes were bound up with those of President Cipriano Castro, who appointed him governor of the wild Territory of Amazonas. He was imprisoned by President Gómez, and in later years has resided in Paris, associated with the *Revista de América*. His poems appeared in *Pequeña ópera lírica* (Paris, 1904) and *Cantos de la prisión y del destierro* in 1911. He has also published an annotated edition of the correspondence of Bolívar the Liberator.

My love had known fifteen springs—  
I kissed, and I pressed to me  
Her lips like a flower, her chestnut hair,  
Beside a lyric sea.



"Think of me; never forget,  
No matter where I may be!"  
—And I saw a shooting star  
Fall suddenly into the sea.

—*Muna Lee.*

## ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO

(1869- )

## EYES

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO is a native Colombian, prominent in the life and national affairs of Bogotá. Besides his own admirable work in poetry, he has edited for the Colombian Government the writings of *Rafael Ángel* (Bogotá, 1917-18) and the work of *San Antonio Caro* (Bogotá, 1918).

Here are eyes so full of dreams  
That they show us scenes of yore,  
Eyes whose pensive glances pour  
Light of other skies and streams;  
Eyes of grief that nourish themes  
Dimly seen, as from the shore  
Halcyon wings that wander o'er  
Broken waves and clouded gleams.

Eyes there be whose sorrows fair  
Teach oblivion from the skies  
To the hearts whose cross is there;  
Eyes that sweet old gladness prize  
Whose ethereal cloudings bear  
Stars from a lost Paradise.

—*Thomas W*

TOLEDO

Perched on its yellow peak beneath  
Inclement as of Africa, there lifts  
Toledo, with its brows of wrinkles  
Crowned with the belfries of the long  
by.

The sacred city shuts its midday eye  
To take siesta 'mid the Orient's  
Only from out the forge the rumour  
Where on the sword-blade still the an-  
ply.

Deep in the choir's ancient glooms,  
The Gothic lattices, there be  
prayer  
A pallid monk upon his ritual.

And on the balcony outside there wind  
 The garlanded carnations burning there  
 Fresh as the lips love's earliest sighs  
 enthrall.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

### THE GENERALIFE

Alone it stands, an idle heap of dust,  
 The dreamland Arab palace on its hill;  
 And should Boabdil, its old lord, come  
 still,  
 His grief would find an equal in its rust.  
 The sweet Granada spring herself doth  
 trust  
 Ungrudging here, and her green charms  
 fulfil;  
 The fountains play, and dream would  
 have its will  
 Over the perfumes spilled on every gust.

Who in this gracious tower-retreat, remote,  
 Could muse an hour upon the languid  
 charm  
 Of beauty and the smiling thought of  
 love,

And find not through his drowsy  
float

Another voice that sounds the soft  
Of tears, as in the nightingale's  
throat?

—*Thomas W.*

## MARIA GABRIEL Y GALÁN

(1870-1908)

## TO A RICH MAN

MARIA GABRIEL Y GALÁN was born at La Sierra, Salamanca, Spain. He went to school-teaching and farming. His popularity among the people was due to his sincere and powerful expression of the things of life. His works (1891-Sevilla, 1909) have

estate?

ired,

red,

your

;

ate?

I once beheld a wolf that from his  
 Unto a starving cur the bones releas  
 When he himself was gorged and  
     through;  
 So thou, rich glutton, drop the  
     there,  
 And let the pauper have the me  
     share,  
 Unless the wolf be kinder sti  
     you—?

*Thomas W*

#### THE LORD

In the name of God - who shall ope  
 I close the doors of my ancestr  
     ing —  
 closing my life out from the horiz  
 closing my God as in a temple!

Oh, there is need of a heart of stone,  
 blood of hyenas, and a breast of s  
 to speak the farewells that in my  
 are struggling from my brooding,

Oh, there is need of a martyr's lips  
 to meet today

the icy chalice trembling in my hold  
beneath my clouded eyes of hope.—

Is the house deserted;  
the elders silently have stolen forth;  
none it is for me to seek the loving  
Christ,  
here with His arms stretched wide—

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## AMADO NERVO

(1870-1919)

## TRANSLUCENCY

AMADO NERVO was a prolific poet of whom much of whose life was passed in Spain and other parts of Europe. His *Perlas* and *Místicas* reveal the hidden character of the man, whose later poems took on a pessimistic tone not so artistically effective.

I am a pensive soul. Do you know  
What a pensive soul is?—Sad,  
But with that cool  
Melancholy  
Of all soft  
Translucencies.—All that exists,  
Turning diaphanous, is serene and sad.

A Sabine pilgrim  
Beholds in the quick  
Transparencies of the voicy water



Amado Nervo



he fugitive  
ages of his hair—  
bine pilgrim!

oud, making a twin of its image, a  
cloud  
ts on the fountains, rises on high.

, in deep silences, God  
Himself in the mirror of Himself—

knocks at the door  
a wild woman who wastes her  
ghts:  
Open to me! It is time!  
singers, listen  
he external noises!"  
en and listen  
he external voices! . . ."

soul does not hear her, my senses are  
asleep,  
soul and my senses are slumbering  
deep.

The river's sin is in its flowing,  
Quietness, my soul,  
Is the wisdom  
Of the fountain.  
The stars fear  
To be shipwrecked in the perennial te  
Of water curling in spirals:  
When the wave is in ecstasy, the  
people its crystals

Conscience,  
Be clear;  
But with that rare  
Inconsistency  
Of all projections on a mirror.  
To importunate Life, return  
Only a reflection  
Of its furtive passage in the moonlight

Soul, become deep;  
That flower and foliage  
May print on you their fugitive trace  
That star and hirsute cloud  
May mistake their route  
And in your clear stretches find  
A divine prolonging of their own aby

So, by the virtue of a singular fortune,  
The infinite and you will be the same.

—*Ernest F. Lucas.*

### THE CORTÉGE

I march in a cortége perpetual—

I, part of the cortége;—my footsteps fall  
Behind the Sacrament that leads ahead  
Into the temple. Are our minds at  
one—?

Or individual—; Does the same sun  
Light all?—O Lord!—what trifling prayers  
we said!—

I march in a cortége perpetual,—

Not knowing if my death shall end it all.

Or if through other cycles I am led;

Where with an exile's footsteps I shall go

Through dusty roads forever,—or shall  
know,

O humble pilgrim, at the end, instead,

Thy grateful shoulder bending low

Where my last rest is spread.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MYSTICAL POETS

Bards of brow funereal  
With your profiles angular  
As in ancient medals grand,

Ye with air seignorial,  
Ye whose glances lie afar,  
Ye with voices of command;

Theologians grave and tried,  
Vessels of love's meted grace,  
Vessels full of sorrows found.

Ye who gaze with vision wide,  
Ye whose Christ is in your face,  
Ye in tangled locks enwound, -

My Muse—a maid marmoreal  
Who seeks oblivion as her star,  
Can find alone her raptures fanned

Amid your air seignorial,  
Amid your glance that lies afar,  
Amid your voices of command.

My soul that doth your spirits trace  
Behind the incense's rising tide,  
Within the nave's calm shadow ground.

Hath loved the Christ upon your face,  
Hath loved your sweep of vision wide,  
Hath loved your tangled locks en-  
wound.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

*ALLEGRO VIVACE*

Listen, O child of woe,  
What is the band below  
Starting to play?  
Where the great halls aglow  
Gladness betray?

Let us begin the dance,  
Waltz in a dizzy trance;—  
Madame, the pleasure?—  
In the mad whirl to prance  
To the wild measure!

Waltzing and spinning,  
In lovely beginning  
To twirl to the brink;



With a kiss at the inning  
Ere deathward we sink!

Paolo, thy memory,—  
Thine too, Francesca, be  
Clear in my mind;  
Wild be our dance and free,  
Dizzy and blind!—

Waltzing and spinning,  
In lovely beginning  
To twirl to the brink;  
With a kiss for our sinning  
Ere deathward we sink!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALBINO DÁVALOS

(1870- )

MY GLORY

BALBINO DÁVALOS was born in the city of Mexico, Mexico. He was one of the favorite contributors to the *Revista Azul* and entered diplomatic career, serving as secretary of Mexican embassy at Washington, London, Lisbon. He has translated much of the poetry of the Greeks, and English, German, Italian poets.

azure of thine eyes, the crimson glow  
on thy lips, thine ambrous locks, thy  
cheek  
wondrous texture of white lilies,—  
show  
here for his honey my soul's bee may  
seek.

smile with all the fulness of its grace,  
witchery benign and generous,—

The silvery fall thy laughter's courses  
trace,  
In sweeping pearl and crystal tremu-  
lous,—

Thy full surrender to my arms and kiss,  
Thine humbleness before my passion's  
claim,—

What glory can life give me more than this,  
My treasure, my ambition's utmost aim!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SERAFÍN AND JOAQUÍN ÁLVAREZ  
QUINTERO

(1871- )

(1873- )

*PATRIA CHICA* OR OLD ANDALUSIA

THE brothers Serafín and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, were born at Utrera, near Seville, and have earned a commanding position in Spanish letters through their success in a long series of plays. Their poems are marked by great finish and dash. They are much admired as poets.

Of all Spain I'm the Don!  
I hail from the opulent region  
Of wine and of sun!  
To build me a castle of fancy  
I but need a cigar;  
To take for a day to my pillow,  
A touch of catarrh.

I'm a general—I that can conquer  
Without cannon or frays;  
I plan every winning maneuver  
While I sit in *cafés*.  
I'm a Turk with my wine without water—  
But Inquisitor too;  
I am off to the bulls in the *plaza*  
When the sermons are through.  
“*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*”—  
As I thump at my breast;  
“*Señor presidente*,—a word to your honor,  
'Gainst this bull I protest!”—  
There's no time for repining,  
For of Spain I'm the Don!  
I hail from the opulent region  
Where they barter and barter forever,  
for seats in the shade and the sun!  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## AT THE WINDOW

Within the little street the shadows hide,  
And there a lattice wears a garden smile;  
There is a rose behind its grate, the while  
A faithful gallant makes his court outside.

The happy pair lets not a thought divide  
The love that holds them in its honeyed  
wile;

She at the grating joys without a guile;  
He at his post with ne'er a woe is tried.

Night spreads her veil o'er both; with  
chatter bright

And laughter free they pass the hours  
away,

Breathing in love their mutual delight;

If to that lover you, perchance, would  
say:

"I give you heaven for your place tonight,"  
He'd answer, "Heaven is here and here I  
stay!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

### ABANICO

Thy fan is as a butterfly

Upon thy fingers lighted

Since nowhere else it could espy

A rose to take its loving eye

Until thy hand it sighted.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ

(1871- )

## THROTTLE THE SWAN

ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ was born at Guadalajara, Mexico. He became a professor of physiology and a politician. His poetry represents the full revolt against European affectations among American poets, and he urges "that the swan's neck be wrenched," intending an attack on the merely decorative writers. He is greatly admired throughout Spanish America.

Wring the neck of the lying-feathered  
swan

That gives a white note to the fountain's  
blue:

Its prettiness is well enough, but on  
The soul of things it can't say much to  
you.

away with every speech and every  
fashion

which deep life's latent rhythm does  
not live;

Life itself adore with passion,  
make Life feel the homage that you  
give.

serve the sober owl that takes his flight  
in the Olympian refuge Pallas made,  
gets himself in silence to that tree.

though he has no swan's grace, you can  
see

restless profile sharp against the shade,  
preting the mystery of night.

—*Muna Lcc.*

#### PRAYER OF THE BARREN ROCK

, round my brow the winds of heaven  
are hurled,

under the burning sun I bend my head;  
the cloud that passes, like a bird is  
sped

to another world.



I know the Winter blasts that freeze and  
sting,  
The long monotony of Summer rain;  
My eyes upturned to heaven implore in  
vain  
The miracle of Spring

No forests crowd upon my barren crest,  
No singing streams of water, running  
bright  
Through beds of moss and drowsy  
flowers, invite  
The traveller to rest.

But even as spectres in their tombs awake,  
Haunted by dreams of paradise denied,  
My dull heart stirs, and in my soul I hide  
A thirst I may not slake.

My feet are buried in the mountain height,  
My feet are chained; my hope soars to  
the sky.  
Men know me not, like strangers they  
pass by  
My prison bars of light.

And since I am denied the friendly flowers,  
The fragrant beds of moss, the singing  
stream,  
Lord, let the nesting eagles mate and  
scream

Above my mountain towers.

Yet by my loneliness would I express,  
As in a symbol, that exalted mood  
Which in impassioned, godlike solitude  
Finds everlastingness.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

## JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA

(1871 )

## PRE-RAPHAELITISM

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA was born in Mexico City. He has given his whole life to politics and letters. He has also contributed widely to the reviews and has published *El Florilegio* (Mexico, 1899) *Florilegio* (Paris, 1904), *El sol y bajo la luna* (1917).

You have the grace that through a book of  
hours

Some patient monk enscrolls on vellum  
fair;

Or in the imaged dawn and sunset bowers

Your figure shines in holy windows rare.

Your parted locks are radiance round your  
brow;

White hosts and lilies are upon your  
cheek;

our forehead bears the starlight's crown-  
ing glow;  
Behind you, peacock wings of splendor  
speak.

our hands two lilies fold upon your  
breast  
Veiled as two lovely and half-hidden  
flowers;  
Serubs with timbrels round your feet are  
pressed,  
And angels lost amid their viol's powers.  
us as in some mysterious triptych  
framed,  
Your face adown from other ages shines;  
us 'mid the gleam of some mosaic,  
flamed  
With gold and purples, rise your beauty's  
shrines.

aring aloft to heaven in Gothic spires  
Beyond the shadowed cypress groves on  
high,  
erge from my dream the old Chartreuse's  
choirs  
Where you were virgin, and the abbot, I.

Putting aside my beads of olive worn;  
My hands grew anxious for the brush  
and paint;  
Light from my ogive windowed cell was  
borne;  
The halls with laurel shadows were  
acquaint.

There from the stroke of dawn, the sacred  
hour  
Of Eucharistic joy, until the bell  
Of Angelus enswathed the cloister bower  
With the vague sadness of its evening  
spell,

I painted in a fever mystical  
Thy breast's enchantment all in aureole;  
Decking your robe with gems purpureal,  
Forming your face of hosts and roses  
whole.

And as I worked upon your gentle smile  
And taught your forehead fairer, whiter  
words,

From out a cornice spoke to me the  
while  
The singing voices of Saint Francis'  
birds

Alas, my habit white! My Gothic spire!  
My heavenly blues, my lilies all in  
flower!—

This loneliness for that old Chartreuse  
choir

Where you were virgin, mine the Abbot's  
power!—

Today is dead, the Umbrian lily, dead!  
From off the friar's palette light hath  
fled,

Nor doth the slightest gleam of joy  
remain;

The bitter etching of his grief hath fed  
Upon the red blood of his heart's last  
vein.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL

(1872-1909)

## JESUS

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL was born in Caracas, Venezuela, being at the time of his death, Venezuelan Consul at Hamburg, Germany. His poetry, which is well known in his native country, has never been collected.

Dear Sons of God,—of Him whom Sinai  
saw

Mid rolling thunders trace the road of  
Right,

Clear carven on the tables of the Law, —  
A road, rough cast or smooth, for day and  
night.

I come not from My Father to enslave,  
But with the lamp of knowledge that ye  
crave,

To hear the prayers of those who grace  
implore,  
Drying wet eyes and soothing bosoms sore;  
Yea, dying on the Cross the world to  
save.

Behold the King of whom the Prophet  
told!

The Son of God—Messiah—see in Me.  
I quench the flame and quiet down the  
sea,  
I guide the child and help the weak and  
old!

If to a stiffened corpse my cry “Arise  
And live again” be spoken,  
Look where the cere-cloth fallen lies,  
And death’s cold seal upon the tomb is  
broken.

No kingly robe I wear; no golden sceptre  
bear;  
No haughty frontlet can My brows endure;  
Love and the lowly heart My treasures  
rare;  
My law, the law of all the good and pure.—



Mine is the army of the worn and sad,  
Beaten by sun and wind,  
No spearmen have I in brave armor clad,  
Yet thus I come to rule mankind!

The works that smile to God as things of  
worth  
Can lend no glow to the satanic fires:  
Strike down the things of evil at their  
birth,  
And stifle in your robe-folds base desires.

Let little children gather at My knees,  
Their snow-white innocence shall be  
The garb of those who mount to Heaven  
with Me.  
Verily I say, be ye as one of these!

Drive from your soul the vengeful thought;  
Vengeance is His who rules the realms  
above,  
Give good for evil that your foe has  
wrought;  
I am the Lord of Hope, the Lord of  
Love!

Do good, do good, but free of vaunt or boast,  
Without vainglorious show,  
So that of which your right hand knows the  
cost,  
Your left hand shall not know.

No golden key of wealth may ope the door  
Of God's great temple in the heavenly  
mead;  
Yea, I who give you precepts, go before,  
To give example of the deed,

Behold Me humbled and a-hungered, poor;  
The fishes have their homes beneath the  
waves,  
The birdling holds his downy nest secure,  
The wild things of the forest have their  
caves,  
The insect has its place of lure. . . .

Jesus alone  
Who comes from sin to bring release  
And free man's life from dread,  
Preaching the faith of poverty and peace,  
Yea, Jesus, Son of God, has not a stone  
Whereon to lay His head'

*-Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

## GUILLERMO VALENCIA

(1872- )

*SURSUM*

GUILLERMO VALENCIA is a native of Popayán, Cauca, Colombia, and stands high in the estimation of South American critics as a poet. A short experience in politics was followed by his withdrawal to a literary career in his native city. His *Ritos* were published in London in 1914. See also the article by Baldomero Sanín Caro in *La Revista de America* (1913, vol. i, pp. 126-36)

A pallid taper its long prayer recites  
Before the altar, where the censers  
spread  
Their lifting clouds, and bells toll out  
their dread,  
In grief's delirious sanctuary rites.  
There—like the poor Assisian—invites

A cloistered form the peace All-Hal-  
lowéd;

Against the dismal portals of the dead  
Resting his wearied brows for heavenly  
flights.

Grant me the honey-taste of the Divine;  
Grant me the ancient parchments' ruddy  
sign

Of holy psalmody to read and prize!  
For I would mount the heights immortal  
crowned,

Where the dark night is 'mid the glories  
drowned,

And gaze on God, into His azure eyes!

— Thomas Walsh.

# THE TWO BEHEADINGS

*Omnis plaga tristitia cordis est et omnis  
malitia nequitia mulieris. Ecclesiastes*

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES

(THESIS)

White and round were the breasts that  
subtly stirred

And shone in rhythm with the Hebrew's  
tread,  
Waking the murmurous harmonies of the  
red  
Of rubies and the cincture's starlight gird.  
Her lip's two jacinths made of every word  
A vase of lurking essence harvested;  
Her flesh a treasury with honey fed;  
Her cheeks by tear or pallor yet unblurred.

Stretched on his sandal couch the Assyrian  
Lay prone, the while the uncertain shadows  
ran  
Lugubrious patterns from the torch's  
glow;  
And she, as in his sloth he slumbered there,  
Lone and inscrutable, the sword laid bare,  
Made ready in the darkness for her blow.

As the sleek tigress crouches in the vine,  
So Israel's daughter for the deed pre-  
pared;  
Then, the sheer blade in silent fury  
bared,  
She clave the head from the great form  
supine.

ids, as from some broken jar of wine,  
sudden stream broke round her, as  
she dared,  
murderess amid the crimson snared,  
he on high her haggard countersign.

blank eyes, the bloodless cheek,  
beard  
angled in the blackened moist that  
lung  
baleful knots of shadow where the  
white  
bit the ripened pomegranate as it  
seared, -  
trunkless head amid the darkness  
lung,  
unhallowed in the bowers of night.

SALOMÉ AND JAOKANANN

(ANTITHESIS)

man and a serpent formed in one,  
dancer Salomé swung round and  
round  
viciously unto the crotals' sound,  
edy bared in perfumed unison.

All of the Orient through her dance  
    spun,  
    Pacings that fire the sleeping blood  
    bound,  
Or bow to earth the human dea  
    crowned,  
And leave life flowerless and the  
    undone.

His eyes inflamed within his parched  
    face,  
The ghastly Tetrarch leans him from  
    place  
    Upon the fair one, murmuring in  
    greed:  
"For thy lips' honey, my Tiberiades!"  
And she: "Keep thy dead cities; on  
    knees  
    Grant me the Esenian's head mine e  
    to feed!"

As the swift wind amid an ancient wo  
    So passion through the aged Ty  
    played;  
His eyes gave signal; the great st  
    obeyed

Whose gleaming sword against his muscles  
stood.

Vast was the silence as the Just Man's  
blood

Burst in a scarlet stream beneath the  
blade;

Then Antipas signed to have the salver  
laid

Before the siren in her bestial mood.

A light immortal gleaming from afar

Lit with the radiance of a dying star

The martyr's pallid lips and marble  
brows,

And like the foam of some death-brooding  
deep,

The holy head all bloodless seemed to keep

The breath of myrrh as from the censer  
blows.

#### THE WORD OF GOD

(SYNTHESIS)

When Jonathan the Rabbin (incarnate

The soul and body of all Bible lore)



My poem heard,—his lips were smiling for  
The thought he from the Inspired Text  
would state.

"To womankind," he said. "trust not your  
fate;

She breedeth madness; she is mandra-  
gore,

Drink of her cup, your conscience lives  
no more,

Your songs are done, your roads are deso-  
late!"

And more he added, "Yet withhold your  
fear;

Woman, man's ancient enemy, is here

Among us flaming like a comet dread;

She cleanses earth from love that is but vice,

And makes—to ease her burning thirst  
suffice

The very dew's the wounds of martyrs  
shed."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MANUEL MACHADO

(1874- )

## THE HIDALGO

MANUEL MACHADO was born at Seville. He is noted for very fine technical qualities, as shown in his volumes, *Alma*, *Museo*, and *Cantares* (1907).

In Flanders, Italy and Franche-Compté  
And Portugal he made his twelve  
campaigns;

Now he is forty, and in all the Spains  
He is the oldest soldier, so they say.  
Retired with honors, now he passes through  
The arches of the plaza, solemnly,  
The sunlight shedding native glory due  
Unto his medals stately champion he! —

Claiming the battlefield of Nancy still  
As lost but at the Duke of Alba's will;—  
His daughter's hand refusing haughtily

To rich Don Bela's scant nobility; —  
Telling his deeds of prowess on a scroll  
To Olivares for the pension roll.

—*Thomas Wals*

#### ADELFO

I am like all who from my country hail  
Of Moorish blood, close ancients of  
sun, —  
Who have gained all and losing all I  
failed  
Firm is the soul we Arab-Spanish  
won.

My longings died one night beneath  
moon  
Wherein I learned neither to dream  
love;  
My one ideal, disillusioned swoon; —  
And now and then a woman's kiss  
prove.

Within my soul, a sister of the night,  
There are no labyrinths; my passion  
rose

Is but a simple flower, exotic, quite  
Without a perfume, form, nor colored  
shows.

Kisses,—why not give them? Glory?—  
What belongs.

Their atmosphere be my full breath  
awake!

Let the waves drive or draw me in their  
thongs,—

But never force me any path to take!

Ambition!—None of that! Love I know  
not.

I burn not e'er for faith or gratitude.

Mine was a vague desire for art—now half-  
forgot.

No vice controls me, though I seek not  
good.

My aristocracy no man can doubt;  
One gains not, one inherits blazon-  
ment;

But the devise ancestral is rubbed out  
To a poor blur; the sun eclipse hath  
sent.

I ask you nought, nor love you, nor we  
hate;

Letting you pass, pray do for me  
same.

Let life itself arrange my mortal fate;  
As for myself, I shall not take  
blame.

My longings died one night beneath  
moon

Wherein I learned neither to dream  
love.

From time to time a kiss—a simple boon  
Of generous lips—that seek no more  
prove!

*Thomas Walsby*

## ANTONIO MACHADO

(1879- )

## COUNSELS

ANTONIO MACHADO is a younger brother of the poet Manuel Machado. He was born at Seville and is distinguished in his *Soledades* (1903) and *Campos de Castilla* (1912) for great simplicity and force.

Learn how to hope, to wait the proper tide—

As on the coast a bark—then part without a care;

He who knows how to wait wins victory for bride;

For life is long and art a plaything there.  
But should your life prove short

And never come a tide,

Wait still, unsailing, hope is on your side  
Art may be long or, else, of no import.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## LEOPOLDO LUGONES

(1874 )

## HOW THE MOUNTAINS TALK

(From *Gesta magna*)

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, recently editor of *Revue Sud-Amerique*, was born at Cordoba, Argentina. His earlier poems appeared in *Montañas del oro* and *Crepúsculos del jaral*. Later he published *Lunario sentimental*.

One day to Tupungato came a sound from  
far away,

Of waves or of battalions, rolling  
wards to the height.

It rose from out the forests deep upon  
swelling slopes

To mighty Tupungato, mountain,  
craters white.

Who from his veins pours waterfalls, whose  
peak is like a lance,

Submerged in dawnlight when the sun,  
with eye of blazing gold,  
Looks from that giant balcony of heaven  
to explore

The moveless host of granite rocks, far  
stretching, manifold.

And Tupungato, turret of the winds, the  
home of storms,

White like a pillow vast whereon the  
age-long dreams repose

Of countless generations—he lifted up his  
voice,

And all the world around him heard; the  
sea, which darkly flows,

The forests where on stormy nights the  
wind wakes deep laments,

The green plains, wrinkled over with  
cattle where they spread.

In his great voice, unwonted for a thousand  
years to speak,

He called to Chimborazo: "Be on the  
watch!" he said.

Asleep was Chimborazo. Dead pride of  
conquered faiths,



The vanquished, lost religions, that  
hoary grandsire now  
Was but a corpse, mute, motionless, a pillar  
of the sky,  
Above a waste of ruin lifting a silent  
brow.

He let a hundred winters make white his  
shoulders broad,  
And in his beard the condors nest, and  
rear their fledgings there.  
In vain the stormy hurricane plucked with  
its wild, fierce hand  
At the enormous cataract of his white-  
flowing hair.

The roots of oak trees pierced his sides;  
the sunsets and the dawns  
Spread o'er his grim and savage pride  
their colors delicate.  
That summit in the distance was terrible  
to see!  
When a cloud nimbus veiled his rest, he  
seemed to meditate.

Perhaps the clouds that floated around  
him were his thoughts.

The tempests talked to him, the winds  
hurled at him insults deep,  
And in her blooming purity the Dawn upon  
him smiled

The giant kept the silence of disdain.  
He was asleep.

But when he heard the cry that stirred the  
mountains far and near,

He lifted from his eyes their veil of  
hoary lashes white;

He looked and saw the glaciers of the  
mighty mountain chain

All flushed and shining, gilded with an  
ecstasy of light;

The ocean calm, the cloudless day, just  
breaking, diamond clear;

The caravans of trees far off, outlined  
o'er vale and hill;

And yonder, almost at his feet, the great  
fire of the sun.

All things were swimming in its light,  
and all was hushed and still.

The frosty summits mingled the outlines  
of their backs

Like sheep that journey in a flock, upon  
a long march led.

The sky its cup inverted above the picture  
fair—

And to the stern, steep mountain the  
lofty mountain said:

"I hear a sudden tempest approaching  
through the vales;

It sweeps on, roaring. It would seem  
the sea is drawing nigh!

The trees are bending, dust-clouds vast  
rise from the troubled plains;

Black, shapeless masses surge along, a  
torrent wild and high."

The other mountain answered and said,  
"It is the wind."

Heavy with sleep, his brow he veiled  
among the clouds once more.

But Tupungato reared his head far up-  
wards to behold

The cause of that broad galloping the  
mountain echoes bore.

Higher it came, all streaked with flame,  
that sparkled in the sun.

The mountain on his shoulder huge  
 lifted the arching sky;  
 saw, and spake: "'Tis not the wind.  
 He fancies that in vain!"  
 He said to Chimborazo, "'Tis God who  
 passes by!

O, it is Freedom! Bronze and steel  
 have crowned her brow with stars.  
 He flashes glitter keen and bright, far  
 shining in the sun!"  
 In Chimborazo raised his voice above  
 the deep abyss,  
 and, with a crash of breaking rocks,  
 replied, "The two are one!"  
 —*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

#### THE GIFT OF DAY

And the glory of the sun, the world  
 -tremble lifts in tossing clouds and blue  
 odious architraves, with towers un-  
 furled  
 like festal banners to the daylight's  
 view.

Afar prophetic, sounds the cock's loud  
Hierophant before the gates of light;  
Amid his radiant canticle stirs all  
His emerald plumage in its joyous m

And every little pebble shines with go  
The harvest fields exhale their frag  
heat;  
Swept are the woods with waves  
shadows old;—  
Day is like bread, a blessing clean  
sweet.

—*Garret Strang*

## JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO

(1875- )

## THE MAGNOLIA

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO, the greatest exponent of Americanism in Spanish poetry, is a native of Peru. His literary career began in prison on account of the revolutionary activities celebrated in his volume *Iras santas* of 1894. He has spread the gospel of Americanism throughout the south, influencing not only the later poems of Darío, but most of the younger writers of Spanish America.

Deep in the wood, of scent and song the  
daughter,

Perfect and bright is the magnolia born;  
White as a flake of foam upon still  
water,

White as soft fleece upon rough brambles  
torn.

Hers is a cup a workman might have  
fashioned

Of Grecian marble in an age remote.

Hers is a beauty perfect and impassioned,  
As when a woman bares her rounded  
throat.

There is a tale of how the moon, her lover,  
Holds her enchanted by some magic  
spell,

Something about a dove that broods above  
her,

Or dies within her breast— I cannot tell.

I cannot say where I have heard the story,  
Upon what poet's lips; but this I know:  
Her heart is like a pearl's, or like the glory  
Of moonbeams frozen on the spotless  
snow.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

#### ODA SELVAJE

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,  
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,

and and greet you from the trembling  
sea

like some white-haired slave before a  
queen,

in all its shining foam, fawns at your feet.  
greet you from the sea above whose  
combers

heavy perfumes break upon the  
wind;

and them tower your mutilated trunks  
beckon me to the Americas

greet you from the sea that woos you  
still,

some wild chieftain with disheveled  
locks,

saying that from your undeciphered  
heart

born the hollow ship that scars its face  
mocks its depths with straining keel  
and sail,

gods of my fathers, sovereign deity,  
whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,  
and and greet you from the shining sea.

turn to you and feel my soul set free:  
cotton is the stress of modern ways.



I have become for very sight of you,  
Like one of your wise tribal patriarchs,  
Who slept of old upon your tender grass,  
And drank the milk of goats and ate their  
bread

Sweetened with honey of the forest bee.

I look on you and I am comforted,  
For the thick ranks of all your tufted trees  
Recall to me how centuries ago  
With twice ten thousand archers at my  
heels,

I led the way to where the mountains  
smoke

And lift their craters from the shores of  
lakes:

And how, at length, I wandered to the  
realm

Of the great Inca, Yupanqui, and went,  
Following him upon the mountain tops,  
Down to Arauco and its peaceful slopes,  
And rested in a tent of condors' wings.

I look on you and I am comforted,  
Because the centuries have marked me out  
To be your poet, and to raise the hymns  
Of joy and grief, that in heroic dawns  
The Cuzco smote upon his lyre of stone—

ends of Aztec Emperors and songs  
old Palènkes and Tahuantisúyos,  
shed like Babylon from off this earth.

ere in your presence, with your savage  
spell

ing in all my veins, the centuries  
like a vision from the abyss of time  
pass before me in unfading youth  
I evoke the ages still unformed  
saw your first tree burst its bonds of  
stone,

all the others headlong on its track,  
the ordained disorder of the stars.

I evoke the endless chain of time,  
creeping growth and slow monotony,  
passed before your roots were fired  
with sap,

all your trunks took form beneath  
their bark;

all the knots of every branch were  
loosed,

in the hymn of your primeval Spring.  
ed now your flowering branches are a  
cage

singing birds—fantastic orchestra—,

Above whose din the fickle mocking-bird  
Pours its strange song; and only  
mute:

The solemn *quetzal*, that in silence flaunts  
His rainbow plumage with heraldic  
Above the tombs of a departed race

Your countless blue and rosy butterflies  
Flutter and fan themselves coquettishly  
Your buzzing insects glitter in the sun  
Glimmer and glow like gems and talk  
Encrusted in the hilts of ancient swords  
Your crickets scold, and when the day  
is spent,

And fire-flies light your depths,  
beasts of prey

Stalk in the gloom, as through a night  
gleam

The sulphurous pupils of satanic eyes

Yours is the tapir, that in mountain  
pools

Mirrors the shape of his deformity,  
And rends the jungle with his monstrous  
head,

Yours the lithe jaguar, nimble across

That from the branches darts upon his  
prey,  
And yours the tiger-cat, sly strategist,  
With gums of plush and alabaster fang.  
The crocodile is yours, that venerable  
Amphibious guardian of crops and streams,  
Whose emerald eyes peer from the oozy  
caves,  
And yours the boa, that seems a mighty  
arm  
Hewn from the shadow by a giant axe.

But like a sponge, into your labyrinth,  
Of tropic growth, you suck each living  
thing—  
The strength of muscles and the blood of  
veins—  
There to beget in your exuberance  
The warlike plumes of your imperial palms,  
Whose milky fruits refreshed in by-gone  
day,  
The tribes grown weary with long pilgrim-  
age.  
And there the patriarchal *ceiba* tree  
Offered its canopy to pondering chiefs  
Counseling war or peace beneath its boughs.

And there is Pindar's oak, and there the  
tree  
Of Lebanon, and the mahogany,  
Whose fragrant wood in European courts  
The cunning craftsman polishes and  
shapes  
To thrones of kings and marriage-beds of  
queens.

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,  
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs  
bowed,  
I greet you from the sea, and breathe this  
prayer:  
That with the night, the close approaching  
night,  
You may entomb me in your sacred  
dusk  
Like some dim spectre of forgotten cults,  
And that, to fire my eyes with savage  
light  
And wild reflection of your revelry,  
To burn upon the tip of every tree  
That points into the night, you set a  
star.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

SUN AND MOON

Between my agéd mother's hands gleam  
bright

Her grandson's locks; they seem a handful  
fair

Of wheat, a golden sheaf beyond compare—  
The sun's gold, stolen from the dawn's  
clear light.

Meanwhile her own white tresses in my  
sight

Shed brightness all around her in the air—  
Foam of Time's wave, a sacred glory rare,  
Like spotless eucharistic wafers white.

O flood of gold and silver, full and free!  
You make my heart with gladness overrun.  
If hatred barks at me, what need I care?

To light my days and nights, where'er I  
be,

In my child's curls I always have the  
sun,

The moon in my dear mother's silver hair!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

## A SONG OF THE ROAD

The way was black,  
The night was mad with lightning; I be  
strode  
My wild young colt, upon a mountain road.  
And, crunching onward, like a monster's  
jaws,  
His ringing hoof-beats their glad rhythm  
kept,  
Breaking the glassy surface of the pools,  
Where hidden waters slept.  
A million buzzing insects in the air  
On droning wing made sullen discord there

But suddenly, afar, beyond the wood,  
Beyond the dark pall of my brooding  
thought,  
I saw lights cluster like a swarm of wasps  
Among the branches caught.  
"The inn!" I cried, and on his living flesh  
My broncho felt the lash and neighed with  
eagerness

And all this time the cool and quiet wood  
Uttered no sound, as though it understood.

Until there came to me, upon the night,  
 A voice so clear, so clear, so ringing sweet —  
 A voice as of a woman singing, and her  
     song  
 Dropped like soft music winging, at my  
     feet,  
 And seemed a sigh that, with my spirit  
     blending,  
 Lengthened and lengthened out, and had  
     no ending

And through the empty silence of the night,  
 And through the quiet of the hills, I  
     heard  
 That music, and the sounds the night wind  
     bore me,  
 Like spirit voices from an unseen world  
 Came drifting o'er me.

I curbed my horse, to catch what she might  
     say:  
 "At night they come, and they are gone by  
     day—"  
 And then another voice, with low refrain,  
 And untold tenderness, took up the strain  
 "Oh love is but an inn upon life's way";



"At night they come, and they are gone by  
day—"

Their voices mingled in that wistful lay.

Then I dismounted and stretched out my  
length

Beside a pool, and while my mind was bent  
Upon that mystery within the wood,  
My eyes grew heavy, and my strength  
was spent.

And so I slept there, huddled in my cloak,  
And now, when by untrodden paths I go,  
Through the dim forest, no repose I know  
At any inn at nightfall, but apart  
I sleep beneath the stars, for through my  
heart

Echoes the burden of that wistful lay:

"At night they come, and they are gone by  
day,

And love is but an inn upon life's way."

*John Pierrepont Rice.*

## JULIO HERRERA REISSIG

(1875-1909)

## THE CURA

HERRERA REISSIG was born at Montevideo, Uruguay, of a family of distinction, but fate did not preserve him from an early end. His really remarkable work was not collected until after his death, and the first collection, *Los peregrinos de la Tierra*, has yet made its appearance.

the Cura —Long the silent peaks  
 watched him breast his hardships  
 on his knees,—  
 through the passes when the winters  
 freeze,—  
 along the lonely routes the midnight  
 seeks.—  
 though by magic, 'neath his blessing  
 hand  
 the stony harvest its responses speaks;

His very mule indulgenced graces leaks  
That lift the parish to a heavenly land.

From his asperges to his clogs and hook  
He turns in readiness to drain his brook  
Of mountain gold to deck his altar  
rude;

His preaching through a breath of basil  
sounds, -

A nephew is his only turpitude—  
His piety with cowlike airs abounds.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE PARISH CHURCH

In blessed silence vegetates the place;  
The wax-faced Virgins sleep in their  
attire

Of livid velvets and discolored wire,  
And Gabriel's trumpet wearies on his face.  
A marble yawn the dried-up font would  
trace;

There sneezes an old woman in the  
choir,

And in the sun-shaft dust the flies aspire,

As though 'twere Jacob's ladder for their  
grace.

The good old soul is starting at her chores;  
She shakes the poor-box, and in reverence  
pores

To find how the Saint Vincent alms are  
going;

Then here and there her feather-duster  
hies;

While through the vestry doorway, come  
the cries

From out the barnyard and the gallant  
crowing.

*—Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE CARTS

Long ere the noisy barnyard sounds, or ere  
The dusky smithy strikes its morning  
lay,—

Ere chemist wakes, or barber starts his  
day,

A single lamp burns,—lightless on the  
square.

Athwart the melancholy dawning fare

The oxen, throwing up their furrow way;  
Beneath the gloom of the unsettled gray  
The ploughman mutters rustic curses  
there.

Meantime the lordly manor dreams.—The  
jet  
Through its old marble speaks the foun-  
tain's soul;  
And where the tranquil shepherd's-star is  
set,  
Waking the lone path's yearning for its  
goal  
Of old, slow breathing airs in echo roll  
From tinkling carts the daybreaks  
ne'er forget.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JULIO FLORES

(1875- )

## GOLD-DUST

JULIO FLORES is a native of Colombia, whose poems have gained him great popularity, and whose literary touch is characterized by an unusual lightness.

## HYMN TO AURORA

Thou heavenly butterfly  
Whose great and tenuous wings  
Their gold and rose spread high;  
Thou that in ample heaven's sight  
Over the Andes' mighty summits flings  
In bland and radiant flight!—

From what far garden-place,  
O butterfly divine, dost race?—  
What heavenly branch or vine

Gives thee sustaining wine?—  
Perchance the gardens of the night  
Strengthened thy wings of light?—

What gleaming flower shall ease  
Thine infinite thirst?  
Perchance the golden leas  
Where heaven's star-blooms burst?  
Perchance the bright horizons filled  
With glorious rays  
Where gold-dust of thy wings is spilled  
O'er seas and mountain ways?

Thou heavenly butterfly,  
Come on my breast to lie;  
From thy transcendant sphere  
Seek out our poor world here,  
Ere thee in winging turn  
To ashes day shall burn!

*Thomas Walsh.*

## MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE

(1875- )

## MY MOTHER

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE, is a native of Chile, who in his volume *Matices* sings of her brilliant countryside.

I feel like a small child, lost  
In a scene of gaiety.  
Where are you, mother mine?  
Not there—that is not she—

Nor this one. . . . Mother mine,  
How can I search? I do not know  
Which you are! Vainly seeking,  
My tears fast flow.

Just like a little child  
I weep in misery.  
Is your cheek dark, O Mother?  
Or fair to see?



This is not you, nor that. . . .  
Where are you, Mother mine?  
To lighten my dark soul  
Your eyes must brightly shine

Your hands must be soft,  
Gentle with tenderness;  
Your lips must drip honey  
To sweeten my bitterness.

Your kind breast must be  
Oblivion of grief;  
You must be, O Mother,  
Love beyond belief.

Your love must be  
A vivifying breath,  
And your caresses  
Sweet as sweet death.

Are you my mother?  
To each woman I pray  
Some sigh, some laugh, not knowing  
The thing that I say.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

## THE RENDEZVOUS

She will come? She will not come?

The passing cloud declares she will;  
The quiet tree, no longer dumb,  
Beckons,—She comes not; wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?

The sunlit paths with promise thrill  
And file away; but waters drum  
Across the lake—No, wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?

My heart is resolute she will;  
But, hush, these murmurs troublesome—  
She will not come—Await her still.  
—*Garret Strange.*

## FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA

(1877 - )

## THE HESPERIDES

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA was born in Spain at Almería. He is considered a disciple of Rubén Darfo in his many fine sonnets and other poems to be found, in part, in *Tristitia rerum* (1907).

Garden of Hesperides, divine  
And golden garden shining in mine eyes,  
Dream or reality? -what paths shall twine  
Unto thy shores, O Paradise of mine?  
So to his dream the pilgrim makes repine  
Falling in mire and blood amid his sighs.  
To seek this garden —destiny is thine,  
But never shalt behold it anywise.

Never to see it, for it lives alone  
Within the bosoms that have sorrow known,  
The treasure-house of all their fantasy—

ain thine arid eye its gates would find,  
prose of life is all too near the mind,—  
and far—too far away—is Poesy!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AFTER *LAS ÁNIMAS*

aged castellan beside the fire  
do'er his parchment leaves, in his desire  
earn the wise old proverbs of the past  
speak of gerfalcons' and hawks' wild  
east;

chatelaine her rosary unwinds  
leppy fingers; and the buffoon binds  
bells in imitation, for a laugh,  
ding his ruddy hood and tinkling staff.

Hence the fair damsel draws the threads  
ilk and gold; beneath her lashes sheds  
glances on the ruddy page who stands  
her dais smiling half in glee,  
while he plucks the hound's ear  
aimlessly,  
a hollow growl sounds 'neath his  
hands.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## SOME MODERN BRAZILIAN POETS

## I

ANONYMOUS

THE CANDLE

That I might read my page, I lit thee.  
Sought thy light  
To bring to my dark room, and to my  
inner sight,  
Radiance of knowledge. In vain. Im-  
mersed in dreaming  
I saw naught but thy glow, perceived no  
other gleaming.  
Then I regarded thee. Thy flame, to the  
still night given,  
Rose like a sentient soul, rose like a passion,  
driven  
Upwards in strength and might, seeking  
heaven with its fire,  
Crying aloud to me: "Here rises thine  
own desire!

s the page immortal knowledge  
lding,  
ok of books all ancient lore enfold-  
;  
a of Thales, Plato, Paul and Christ  
ointed,—  
t true light is my small flaming  
nted.”

—*Lilian E. Elliott.*

II

FAQUNDES VARELLA

LIFE IN THE INTERIOR

ocking of a hammock, a cosey  
;  
a humble roof of thatch,  
a song, a tune on the guitar;  
ette, a tale, a cup of coffee.

st horse, pacing more lightly  
he wind blowing from the plains,  
black mane and eyes of fire;

His feet scarcely touching the ground  
gallops.

And at the end a smile from a  
country girl  
Of gentle gestures, kindly words;  
A girl with bare neck and bare arms  
curls free—  
A girl at the age of blossoming.

Kisses, frankly given under the  
sky;  
Gay laughter, light gossip,  
A thousand jests in the evening when  
sun sinks  
And a thousand songs at dawn when  
sun rises.

This is the life of our vast plateaus!  
Of the great uplands of the Land of  
Cross,  
Upon a soil that yields only flower  
glory;  
Under a sky that sheds only mag  
light.

—L. E. EL

## III

## BULHAO PATO

## THE TWO MOTHERS

Two mothers met one day at the door of a church.

One entered, full of radiant joy,  
Proud and triumphant, carrying in her arms  
Her little child for baptism.

The other, the unhappy one, leaving the threshold,  
Also carried a child, but this poor mother  
Brought it, dead, for burial.

A few more steps and the two met—  
She who bore in her happy arms  
The child of her love;  
The other, bathed in tears,  
Who followed her dead baby.

Their eyes met. And at that moment  
It was the happy mother from whose eyes



Tears broke, while the stricken woman  
Who had lost her child—  
Oh, miracle of love, smiled, forgetting her  
grief,  
At the rosy baby.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

## SAMUEL A. LILLO

## TO VASCO NÚÑEZ DE BALBOA

SAMUEL A. LILLO, is a Chilean poet, whose  
poems, *Canciones de Arauca* and *Chile  
Antico*, are vivid pictures of nature and primi-  
tive life in his country

At the night a herd of savage buffaloes  
Suddenly plunge into a quiet backwater  
Ringing there into ripples the sleeping  
Water  
In their great bodies,  
It blot out all the shining reflection  
The great moon, trembling and luminous,  
It lies like a silver flower upon the  
Water,  
In the once peaceful pool turns ferocious  
Frenzied and troubled, leaping and tossing;  
When the herd has passed on its way  
No more the heavens gently send  
The moon's shimmering image,

Unstable as the faint hue announcing  
A pallid dawn,  
But at last it shines with the radiant clarity  
Of a diamond glowing from its dark bed.

So in this world it may be, that ignorant or  
perverse

Men may pass, troubling the even current  
Reflecting the glory and fame of some hero  
Of Mars or Minerva; and then, when no  
longer

The sounds of the caravan are heard in the  
distance,

Then in the calm waters of history,  
Like the silver flower from the feet of the  
herd

There rises, pellucid and bright,  
The illustrious memory once lost  
In the stir of the crowd.

Thus, across the long years,  
In this fair land of Columbus  
Now, free from mistakes and illusions,  
Thou unfortunate Captain of Spain!  
There glory shines, lighting thy valiant  
face,

to thy grave by envy, because thou  
 gavest  
 ndor and kingdoms to Spain,  
 because, conqueror in terrible con-  
 flicts,  
 sovereign courage drew from the  
 depths  
 he mysteries of earth a great ocean,  
 t doubled the size of the world.

was a spirit audacious, adventurous,  
 en the wings of the condor, the eyes of  
 the kite,  
 ixture of bully and knight  
 n a trace of the Spanish hidalgo. . .

—*L. E. Elliott.*

## CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ

(1879-1903)

## AGE

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ was a native of Santiago de Chile. He devoted his short life to periodical literature. His works, collected after his death, were published by his friends under the title *Cárlos Pezoa Véliz, Poesías líricas* (Santiago, Valparaiso, 1912).

Few my years, when hopes were many,  
Dreams were gay, and I sang any—  
Now my hopes are few, and older  
Griefs pile up, and sighs grow bolder

I have seen but few hopes tarry  
On the road where the far years carry;  
Mine, it seems, by age were frightened, —  
For Hopes are maids that scorn the white-  
head!

—Thomas Walsh.

## THE HOSPITAL, ONE AFTERNOON

Athwart the fields the drops are falling,  
Softly, gently, on the plains;  
And through the drops a grief is calling,—  
It rains.

Alone amid my sick-ward spacious  
Where I my bed of weakness keep,  
There's naught to fight my grief voracious,  
But sleep.

But mists are gathering around me  
With choking hold upon my veins;  
I wake from out the sleep that bound me—  
It rains.

Then, as if in my final anguish,  
Before the landscape's mighty brink,  
Amid the mists that fall and languish,  
I think.

*Thomas Walsh.*

## VIRGILIO DÁVILA

(1880- )

## HOLY WEEK

VIRGILIO DÁVILA is a native of Puerto Rico. He has gained great popular esteem by his book of sonnets dealing with the actual life of his people, entitled *Pueblito de antes—Versos criollos* (San Juan, 1917).

## I

Here's Holy Week!—How very different  
We spent it in our native town at home!  
Where everybody still and pious went  
And hushed as though beneath some  
convent dome.

The merry tinkle of the belfries stilled,  
The rattles had begun their hollow roll;  
The entrance to the village church was  
filled  
With pious folk grown anxious for their  
soul

The women had put off their colored  
dress

And gaudy flowers and ribbons, to confess  
In mourning garb their Jesus' death and  
loss;

The men suspending labor now attend,  
Dressed in their best, awaiting to the end  
"The Seven Last Words" and "Stations  
of the Cross."

## 2

Then the procession from the crowded  
nave -

Moves solemnly, a mighty multitude,  
With sacred hymns and attitudes most  
grave

As though with mystic powers it were  
imbued.

Saint Antony's Sodality is there -

Old women who have made the church  
their home;

Each "Child of Mary" and each urchin  
bare—

How many in God's honor thither come!



The Cura forth 'mid chants and incense  
files

Beneath the canopy borne down the aisles

By parish notables with airs that brag;  
But haughtiest of all, the village-mayor,  
In brodered coat pre-eminently there,  
Goes first to bear the patriotic flag.

## 3

'Tis Holy Saturday; the sunbeams smile  
As though some sweetheart saw her love  
appear;

Crowds in the church are waiting hopeful  
while

The Lord prepares to rise—for ten is  
near!—

The linen sheet across the chantry parts—  
“*Gloria in excelsis*”—scarce the priest has  
prayed,

When the high belfry's jubilation starts,  
The organ roars—the “Royal March”  
is played

At once the rattle of old musketry,  
The sounds of children shouting in their glee

To chase old Judas down the crowded  
way!—

Life seethes in alleys that before were bare,  
Anew the shopkeepers display their ware,  
And each heart patters—"Resurrection  
Day!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO

(1880

## HOME OF PEACE AND PURITY

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO is a native of Chile, and a priest whose education was completed in Rome. He is author of *Cantos del camino* (Santiago de Chile, 1918).

In the little room where the day was  
dying,  
Children bend above their books, their  
mother at her toil;  
And on the little table within the lamplight  
lying  
There was set a spray of lilies snowy  
from the soil.

Like a peaceful vase of purity, the dwelling,—

“Here there is no touch of life upon its  
troubled way!”—

snowy lilies, fresh and pure are  
ling,  
s what their subtle perfume to  
ung hearts would say.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE CALLING

hou dost know with what implaca-  
e hand  
ut its wound across my inmost  
east:  
as lost amid the worldly band—  
have suffered where its blade was  
essed!  
ou dost know how from all healing  
nned,  
e I found in all the world possest;  
gloom would walk, and trembling  
and  
Thy mystery with doubt confest!

ds came then unto mine ear—so  
reet,—  
weeter far than mother's lullaby.

Unto the path, O Lord, Thou drew'st my  
feet;

My wounded wing against Thy breast  
did fly,

And there, as in predestined grief's retreat,  
Within Thy heart, as in its nest did lie.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS C. LÓPEZ

(1880- )

RIVER-FOLK

LUIS C. LÓPEZ was born at Cartagena, in Colombia, where he has been intimately identified with the culture of his native land. His poems are very popular.

I

THE VILLAGE BARBER

The village barber, in his old straw hat,  
And dancing pumps and waistcoat of  
piqué,  
Plays sharp at cards, and on his knee-bones  
squat  
Hears mass, and rails at old Voltaire all  
day.

An "old subscriber" to *El Liberal*  
 He works and sparkles like a  
 glass  
 Of muscatel, his razor's rise and fall  
 Timing his gossip of what comes to  
 With mayor and veterinary, pious for  
 Who say the rosary, he speaks no joll  
 Of miracles by Peter Claver wrought  
 A tavern champion, and a cock pit m  
 Amid the scissors' clip, his ward  
 wage,  
 Sparkling like muscatel the light  
 caught.

## 2

## THE VILLAGE MAYOR

The village mayor, in a soiled panama  
 With a tricolor ribbon at its crown  
 Stout as Hugh Capet, in his loose ecarron  
 Glitters with bull-dog face across  
 town.  
 A doughty neighbor, ruddy as the to  
 His dagger's point his only signatur

When at the night the garlic soup will  
flow,  
He makes his girdle strap the less secure.

His wife, a nervous, pretty, little thing,  
Holds him as in an iron fastening,  
Cheering herself the while with Paul de  
Kock;  
Decked in glass-beads, her eyebrows  
painted clear,—  
The while her spouse through the back-  
town will steer  
With stomach jewels and a face of rock.  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

VERSES TO THE MOON

O Moon, who now look over the roof  
Of the church, in the tropical calm  
To be saluted by him who has been out all  
night,  
To be barked at by the dogs of the suburbs,  
  
O moon, who in your silence have laughed  
at  
All things! In your sidereal silence



When, keeping carefully in the shadow, the  
Municipal judge steals from some den—

But you offer, saturnine traveler,  
With what eloquence in mute space  
Consolation to him whose life is broken,

While there sing to you from a drunken  
brawl

Long-haired, neurasthenic bards,  
And lousy creatures who play dominos.

—*William G. Williams.*

## EMILIO CARRÉRE

(1881- )

## THE MANTILLA

EMILIO CARRÉRE was born in Madrid. He received his education at the University of Madrid, later publishing many books. Among them are *El caballero de la muerte*, *Románticas*, *El divino amor humano*, and *Dietario sentimental*.

*Black*

As though it were a very breath that  
blows

From Madrilenian shadows, in its play  
And nightly flutter, the mantilla shows

The street-girl duchesses of Goya's day.  
In the light carts by Manzanares' tide

The black mantilla held its gallant reign;  
In Holy Week Sevilla caught its pride  
Amid her patios and her orange train.

To the blue-shadowed eyes of m  
tressed

As their own heart-songs, its s  
brought rest

In the infuriate passion of their l  
Under its midnight was a lurid gl  
Upon the breast—a ruddy brooch  
Like a red rose, a gloomy heart

*White*

Silken mantilla, in whose snowy w  
Lurk the dark lashes, with their  
spell,

Of eyes whose midnight gives a dee  
When the bull's bloodstains on t  
tell.

Tangle of pearl and moonlight, blo  
Of snow and swan and silver s  
shine,—

White flowers of Holy Thursday in  
About the Seven-Dolored Virgin

Blossom of gallantry, snow tipped  
With graceful ripples of the segui  
Blason of Goya's festivals of old

---

EMILIO CARRÉRE

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717

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, clear and joyous as the vanished  
strains  
shower from silver orange groves like  
rains  
on our beauties with the flesh of gold!  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

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AND MONOGRAPHS

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IV

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## JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

(1881- )

## ONE NIGHT

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNES was born at Moguer in Huelva, Spain. He has gained recognition through several collections of poetry revealing a very melancholy nature. He has recently admitted free-verse as a vehicle for his poetry. His publications include *Arias tristes* (1903), *Melancolía* (1912), *Diario de un poeta recién casado* (1917), and *Poesías escogidas* (Hispanic Society of America, 1917).

The ancient spiders with a flutter spread  
Their misty marvels through the with-  
ered flowers,  
The windows, by the moonlight pierced,  
would shed  
Their trembling garlands pale across the  
bowers.

The balconies looked over to the South;  
The night was one immortal and serene;  
From fields afar the newborn springtime's  
mouth  
Wafted a breath of sweetness o'er the  
scene.

How silent! Grief had hushed its spectral  
moan  
Among the shadowy roses of the sward;  
Love was a fable—shadows overthrown  
Trooped back in myriads from oblivion's  
ward.

The garden's voice was all—empires had  
died—  
The azure stars in languor having known  
The sorrows all the centuries provide,  
With silver crowned me there, remote  
and lone.

—*Thomas Walsh*

#### GRIEF-WEARINESS

In the dark my grief increaseth;  
A grimmer phantom grows my old re-  
morse;

The shadowy finger never ceaseth  
To trace its "Mene, Tekel's" bloody  
course.

My bosom, shaken by its weeping,  
Is as a mountain sad and drear,  
Where clouds are black illusions heaping;  
Where dream is chill, and glory, fear.

What hand is there to undo the portal  
To blunt each thorn-point on a rose;  
With peace at twilight, and the mortal  
Bosom melted to a star that glows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### FROM *ETERNIDADES*

Let me draw rein,  
Let me put a curb upon  
The steed of dawn;  
And let me enter—white—upon life.

Oh, how they stare at me,  
The mad  
Flowers of all my dreamings,  
Lifting their heads unto the moon!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NOCTURNE: FROM *PIEDRA Y CIELO*

My weeping and the starlight  
Together met, and joining swift,  
Became as though one tear,  
Became as though one star.

And I grew blind,—and heaven  
Grew blind of love—And all the world  
Was nothing more than sorrow  
Of a star, and glitter of a tear,  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## THE PARK

The ancient spiderwebs of all the halls  
Reflect the twilight fires of amethyst;  
Each balcony 'mid rains and trees recalls  
In faded hues some story time has missed.

It seems as though a dance of long ago  
Would waken in this twilight lone and  
fair;  
The soil is wet; from the chill branch  
below  
There sounds the muffled sob of love's  
despair.



A hush—the scent of trampled roses—  
night,  
Wherein the golden lustres gleaming  
throng;  
Down the long avenue there fades from  
sight  
An old coach bearing off—alas!—what  
song!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA

(ca. 1883- )

## BALLAD OF THE VIOLIN

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA was born at Tongoy, Chile. He has published *Hacia allá* (1906), *El derrotero* (1908), *Selva florida* (1911).

This youth, suffering, weak,  
Plays the violin in the sun  
For a drink of rum  
And a handful of tobacco.

And listen! While he ripples  
A Spanish roundelay  
Or some Slavic song.  
This youth, suffering, weak,

Goes out to seek the sun  
To fill his shabby sack  
To get a drink of rum  
And a handful of tobacco.

Goes out to kill despair  
When he plays the violin,  
Comes out to seek the sun  
As a snail creeps from its shell.

This weak and suffering boy  
Died playing the violin.  
What of it? He came to his end  
With a drink of rum  
And a handful of tobacco.

They found him in the sun  
Clasping his violin.

— *L. R. Elliott.*

#### THE RETURN

I have come back to the old home  
                  therein  
To weep my childhood gone, my father  
                  in death;  
Days, months and years have  
                  upon their way,  
And all the house in ruin lies, from  
To cellar, oh, what bitter change o'er  
How everything I knew has met

I come again in weeping for the hours  
(Bright-shining mornings, evenings filled  
with dreams

And slumberous afternoons!) I once have  
known,

Where "he who has returned to us so  
changed

With rounded shoulders and his hair like  
snow"—

Seems now so different from his young  
days flown.

Awaiting ever, ever his return,

We are not quite surprised; we feel his kiss

Upon our foreheads as in days of old;

My mother sighs; the grave domestics gaze

With reverent mien, and the old dog  
begins

His barking as if back the years had  
rolled.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh how  
long!—

And in my years away, how many drouths,

How many mountain glooms and fogs  
of dread!—

A silence falls; it seems each other reads  
Sorrows in each, and weariness in some,  
And worlds of dream and grief o'er every  
head.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh, how  
long!—

Here by the frigid hearthstone of my home,  
With all surrounding me, I bid them  
tell,

If I look older?—They reply to me;

“Yes, father dear, we find you very  
changed.”

And I:—“Poor children, you are changed  
as well.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET

(1883- )

## MY PEGASUS

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He is equally well-known in the United States and the Antilles as a poet of distinction and charm.

My mount is Arab-English, firm and strong,

With slender, agile legs, and lengthened throat;

The nerves upon his flanks in network throng,

His beauty has a strange and curious note.

The blooded stock to which his sires belong  
Shines on his forehead with its tangled coat;

He paws and curvets 'neath my bridle's thong,

And sniffs eternities in breaths that  
gloat.

In pastures calm he grazes,—but on high  
His crest of light goes singing toward the  
sky,

His mouth athirst for azure depths afar,  
As though to gulp the starry spaces down;  
When sudden, with a brutal hand, I drown  
His frenzy, and the reins a-trembling are.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

(1884- )

FROM *LAS IMPOSIBLES**(To the Students of Honduras and Nicaragua.)*

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ is a native of Honduras, whose work in metre and in prose shows extraordinary imaginative and dramatic qualities. His poems possess a beautiful clarity and great depth.

I am the first love. I am the enchantment.  
I am the pain of that white form  
the time you wrapped yourself in your  
cloak  
and studied here or in Salamanca.

Woman is pain. But of all,  
I am she who worst wounds and blinds and  
maims,



I am the first night of the nuptials  
of the soul, to which none ever came

I launch my glances like falcons  
to all those virgin souls  
that give easy prey to women.  
I am she who smiles on the balconies  
full of the moon, in the outskirts,  
to the poets and the freshmen.

Sometimes I was the cousin, cousin  
white as the flower of the lemon tree  
and when you brushed my hand  
you gave me more than a body entire

Perhaps I gave you my mouth. I  
sure  
that if you kissed it, it was only once  
astride the wall  
and I so closely wrapped against the  
that when I saw you go you went  
forehead high, in your smile a prayer  
and you kissed the air; and you were  
blinded by me as by a light shining  
things.

Students, you whom Honduras  
or Nicaragua sends to Guatemala  
and who mingle dreams and penury  
and live three or four in a room;

Crimson immigration of youths  
half bohemians and half singers  
sonorous with the preludes of lutes,  
luminous with the blood of stars,

Who all know the mad cup  
and stand two months in your landlord's  
debt;

I am that golden-haired school girl  
who, with a kiss which she left on your  
mouth,

pinned a wing to your shoulders  
and put the sun in your hearts.

—*William G. Williams.*

### THE CONTEMPORARY SANCHO PANZA

Today Sancho cloaks himself in various  
disguises,

Sancho Panza criticises, Sancho Panza  
writes verses.

His bearing is the dominie and his speech  
dogmatic.

From two crutches hangs his great plethoric  
paunch.

He has the puerilities of grammar  
and loves the adolescences of rhetoric.

If modernist clothes dress the ideal,  
in he thrusts his grammatical incisive.

He writes the classic sonnet; turns to the  
*estrambole*  
and laughs in his sleeve at Don Quixoté.

And the sad and curious thing is that the  
insane Don Quixoté  
opens a new trail into unknown lands  
and when it is beaten by him, comfortably  
passes the bell shaped figure of his squire.

He has left his ass, he wears fine clothes  
and shouts in a loud voice at inns and  
upon highways:

"Praise with me all those who renew the  
tongue;

I open new pathways for the young "

Never could I tell by what strange accord-  
ances

Behind a madman always walk a hundred  
sane ones.

Sancho, good Sancho, I admire your rustic  
prudence

and I cannot deny that you have in  
abundance

a sense of life which laughs at madness,  
and which is of a hundred thousand San-  
chos the common sense.

Complete, to its very full, your derision  
laughs at the adventures of knighthood,  
but when peace comes after the battle  
you listen to the rebukes of your master  
and are silent.

For the ball-men, life is forever lovely  
since if it slopes they know how to roll  
down it.

Oh, rotund squire of easy soul and broad  
face,

without Don Quixote the Good, what  
would become of Sancho?

Your master misses a hundred times  
once he hits  
and that sole time is worth more than  
your dead life.

In opening to the mind a sealed path,  
thus history combines the divine pair;  
in front, the thin master dragging  
squire;  
and behind, the fat servant, laughing  
he comes.

—*William G. Williams*

## GABRIELA MISTRAL

(ca. 1885- ).

## FROM THE "SONNETS OF DEATH"

GABRIELA MISTRAL, or Lucilla Godoy, is a native of Chile, where she has given her life to the education of children and the creation of poetry to be sung by them. Her works are as yet uncollected.

The hands of evil have been on your life  
Since when, at signal from the stars, I  
sowed  
It 'mid the lilies. Beauteous was it rife  
Till hands of evil wrecked the fair abode.  
Unto the Lord I said: "From mortal paths  
Oh let them bear him,—spirit without  
guide—;  
Save him, O Saviour, from the grip of  
wraths,  
And plunge him in the dream Thine  
arms provide!"

Lament is vain—in vain I strive to follow;  
Black is the tempest that drives on his  
sail;

My breast for him, or mow away his  
flower!—

Woe! Woe!—the seas his bark of roses  
swallow—

Is pity in my heart of no avail?—

Thou that shalt judge me, Lord, speak  
Thou this hour!

—*Roderick Gill.*

FERNANDO MARISTANY

(1885- )

FERNANDO MARISTANY is a native of Barcelona where he still continues to reside. He has republished his original poems under the title of *En el azul* (Barcelona, 1919). His contributions to international letters may be studied in his volumes *Poesías excelsas de los grandes poetas*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua francesa*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua inglesa*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua portuguesa*.

(*My Soul sings*)

My soul is distant, with a crystal note,  
As virginal waters in a hidden moat.

My soul is hushed in haughty solitudes,  
As some old lordly manor in the woods.



My soul is frank and simple in its ways,  
As the light rain that flecks the rose with  
sprays.

*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE PENALTY

Fourteen years old—

And in the study hall,  
Broad and unfurnished, at the school I  
stayed

Alone and friendless, though some other lads  
Were with me. -It was six o'clock, but we  
Were kept till eight.—

It was October's close,  
And the first chill —and down the garden  
walks

The tossing trees were shaking off their  
robes;

Amid the rustle of dead leaves, a hush  
More silent than a hush,—amid the sway  
Of fluttered curtains, struck the deep-  
voiced clock

The hour of six—

The class in violin—

Adown the staircase broad, the broken  
notes

Of tuning—then, O God, arose and lifted  
me

To heights undreamt of—trembling, ex-  
quisite

Sweetness and bitterness—a pure *noc-  
turne*—

Chopin, my brother, oh, my brother, now  
For twenty years I bear within my heart  
Your melody divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

(ca. 1885- )

## TO MODERN POETS

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO is a native of where he is well known as a poet and for the reviews. He has spent some in the United States.

Truce to the hunt of gold,  
O brothers strong and bold;  
Lute hath a beauty far  
Beyond this traffic jar;  
In vain trade's towers on high  
Blacken against the sky  
The wind, a wild thing blows -  
And bluer, purer now the heaven shows

From factory, wharf and wall  
Some pallid flower may crawl;  
Take it and from your soul  
Put off the childish rôle.

And, though across a grill,  
Let sun your ruins fill.  
Fear not, your little song  
Can stay machines not long  
From their gigantic beat;  
The meadow-lark with fleet  
Sweep to heaven from the soil  
A shaft of song is, for the son of toil.

Ye heralds of the suns,  
And swallow-myrmidons,—  
Lend courage to me now  
This hour of solemn vow;—  
That here amid our rude  
Metropolis may brood  
Forever fruit of song;  
That artists, poets, long  
Their refuge here may find,  
Comfort and peace of mind;  
That here all work, all thought,  
All song, to harvest brought,  
May see the grim tower to a blossom  
wrought!

—*Roderick Gill.*

JOSE MANUEL POVEDA

(1885- )

THE MANUSCRIPT

JOSE MANUEL POVEDA is a native of where he has become an associate editor of *El Figaro*. His *Versos precursores* (Madrid, 1917) have won him great admiration as a poet.

It rests within its crystal royalty,

With ceremonious bareness set apart  
Subservient ribbons mark its sovereignty

A seal is sign of its authentic heart.

No fingers dare to turn its pages o'er

No modern reader comes to study it

Its object now is to be read no more,

Its mission sole is but to last fore'er

In all the *coro* not a single thing

Displays such haughty air or blazoning

As does the boast of its antiquity;

MANUEL POVEDA	743
<p>that ne'er can be destroyed,  while it treasures ages, is employed  abroad its own supremacy.  —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>OF THE CREATIVE VOICE</p> <p>to the demiurgic nights  al, male fecundity;  mid creative, squandering wights  nt where the cities be.</p> <p>ading cities feel my anxious passion  etration 'gainst their heart,  the letters that at last shall fashion  ord of Song apart.</p> <p>gloats upon its silence dire,—  all I then be silent,—no!—  iny would of me song require,  g the city hearken low!</p> <p>[ brave the brows of its disdain,  ent, in my sorrow strong,  unto mankind amid my pain,  ne shall be his song!  —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	•
D MONOGRAPHS	IV

## MONTOTO DE SEDAS

(1888- )

## SPANISH EYES

SANTIAGO MONTOTO DE SEDAS was born in Seville, the son of Don Luis Montoto Rasmussen, the poet. He is a graduate of the University of San Hermenegildo, and has been Archivist of Seville. His poetical works include *Última hora de Torcuato Tasso* (Seville, 1910), *Poemas* (Seville, 1911).

*"Trust not black eyes' smile or frown,  
And be coy of eyes of blue;  
Glances of the chestnut brown  
Are the only good and true."*

*Street Song*

Thinkst thou I can trust thy pleading  
With such singing in the town,  
When in thy clear eyes I'm reading  
*Trust not black eyes' smile or frown*

Nor in thine whose eyes are shining  
  Starry for a love-clasp due,  
Other warning they are signing,—  
  *And be coy of eyes of blue,*

One alone my heart entrances,  
  One with pining bends me down,—  
She who turns the mellow glances,  
  *Glances of the chestnut brown.*

Hers that hold no trace of scheming  
  Nor cajoling in their hue;  
Eyes that meet me in my dreaming  
  *Are the only good and true.*  
                                —*Thomas Walsh.*



RENÉ LÓPEZ (*Cuban*)

THE SCULPTOR

Sculpture's great mother was the rock-  
crowned crest:

The frozen granite was her prophet old;  
In blazoned bronze her lyric praise was  
told;

With molding clay was her fair body  
dressed.

My chisel is of steel whose flash is manifest  
As arrows flying past a sun of gold.

I am the God of Art: the athlete bold,  
Proud chiseler of beauty pure and blessed.

Time crumbles not the shapings of my  
hands.

Under the feet of my great Moses stands  
Man, trembling as before a presence  
mighty

whose hammer-blows, mid hurtling  
ships,  
of the block made rise from heel to  
hips  
aves implacable of Aphrodite.

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

## ARTINA PIERRA DE POO

(*Cuban*)

## LOVE'S MIRROR

gazing in the crystal pool,  
see you there to make you  
?"

within the waters cool  
age—very like me, very."  
and it beautiful?"

"Indeed I do."

that is why you're glad?"

"Why, certainly.

beauty, 'tis,—face, form, and hue—  
olds Sebastian dead in love with  
."

"Girl, so fair and frank and pure,  
Sebastian's dying now to net you:  
God grant that he may not forget you  
If dies your beauty as the lure." . . .

"Poor woman gazing in the crystal pool  
What's there so saddening to see?"

"I see mine image shining cool  
In its transparency."

"And is it beautiful?"

"No longer; no."

"And that is why it makes you sad?"

"Yes; even so."

Sebastian's love lifts up to fret me:  
My beauty gone, he doth forget me."  
"Poor woman! Tho' you weep and  
Tho' life may of your peace take toll  
Learn that the only love that's deep  
Is that which rises from the soul."

—*Joseph I. C. Clark*

## DMITRI IVANOVITCH

(1888- )

## THE CHILD ASLEEP

DMITRI IVANOVITCH is the pen-name of José Betancourt, the son of Don Julio Betancourt, born at Cartagena, Colombia, and educated at the College of the Pious Schools at Seville, Spain. He is the author of many poems, and one of the editors of *La Prensa*, New York.

In the hushed dwelling, where the plaintive  
ray

Of one poor candle's light on roof and  
floor

Weaves in its flickerings fantastic store  
Of shadowing, a little head doth lie  
Upon its snowy pillow while the play

Of rhythmic breathing calmly stirring o'er  
The couch mysterious and pure and more  
As with a wavelet—sets its depths a-sway.

There watching at her side, I gently feel  
Her light breath stir and move against my  
own

That pauses with the awesome thoughts  
that steal

Across me,—stricken to my very soul  
With the vague dread of life that I have  
known;

I yearn to be her shield, her cloak, her  
stole.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA

(1888- )

LORD, I ASK A GARDEN

ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA is a native of Juticalpa, Honduras, who was educated at the Escuela de Derecho. His principal poetical works are contained in *El agua de la fuente* about to appear and *De la luz ignorada* (in preparation).

Lord, I ask a garden in a quiet spot  
Where there may be a brook with a good  
flow,  
An humble little house covered with bell-  
flowers  
And a woman and a son who shall resemble  
Thee.

I should wish to live many years, free from  
hates,

And make my verses, as the rivers  
That moisten the earth, fresh and pure.  
Lord, give me a path with trees and  
birds.

I wish that you would never take my  
mother,  
For I should wish to tend her as a child  
And put her to sleep with kisses, when  
somewhat old,  
She may need the sun.

I wish to sleep well, to have a few books,  
An affectionate dog that will spring upon  
my knees,  
A flock of goats, all things rustic,  
And to live of the soil tilled by my own hand.

To go into the field and flourish with it;  
To seat myself at evening under the rustic  
eaves,  
To drink in the fresh mountain perfumed  
air  
And speak to my little one of humble  
things.

t to relate to him some simple tale,  
him to laugh with the laughter of  
ter

it him to sleep thinking that he  
y later on

iat freshness of the moist grass.

terwards, the next day, rise with  
vn,

ig life, bathe in the brook,

iy goats in the happiness of the  
den

ad a strophe to the poem of the  
rld.

—*William G. Williams.*



## JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO

(1889- )

## THE VISION

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO was born at Seville and graduated from the College of the Escolapios. His poetical work includes *Cantares* (Seville, 1916).

Between the cloister grates I have had  
glimpse

Of her—her brows beneath the snowy  
coif concealed;

Yet through the veils, her eyes of azure clear  
Like ardent coals of fire were revealed.

Then came again the vision mystical  
Of that strange day she took the cloistral  
white;

And lone I peer athwart the snowy veils  
Into the heavens of her blue eyes of  
light.

—Thomas Walsh.

## SOME YOUNGER POETS OF CHILI

## I

DANIEL DE LA VEGA

(ca. 1890- )

## THE DOOR

My door is always closed and always dark,  
My old door, crossed and recrossed with  
bars,

Is harsh and hostile—nobody would believe  
That safe behind it songs and bright  
raptures glow.

Before it sleep, silent, three steps of brick,  
That lead from the earth into my solitude,  
The sun of my innocent days rose up them,  
And knocked at the door with heavenly  
humbleness.

Up to my door, one misty and quiet day,  
Two little hands of a woman came to knock,

And the leaves opened with the impetuous  
haste  
Of a bird opening its wings for sudden  
flight.

Her little feet hurried and tripped up the  
steps,  
Traversed the threshold with light and  
gentle tread,  
And the two halves of the door shut  
themselves, dumbly,  
Seeming like eyes that do not wish to look

Then perhaps there was heard a light  
laugh of joy,  
And the faint sound of a kiss—then the  
silence of love,  
But the old door, obstinate, selfish, con-  
cealed  
Even the most shadowy echo within its  
heart.

Slowly I move through life. In the restless  
Depths of each day, comes the future to  
knock  
And I say smiling. It is too soon!

Living and singing have still the same  
sweetness!

But some day Death will draw near to my  
door;

He will enter and silently give me his hand,  
While still the future calls with the call of a  
brother,

Poets wail for you! This is the final day!  
And I, as a poet will cry with my dying  
breath:

“It is too soon! Death, you are still too  
soon!”

—*L. E. Elliott.*

II

JUAN JOSÉ VELGAS

THE AZURE SKY

What is the blue of the sky? It cannot  
be Thy mantle,

For things corruptible are naught to the  
Almighty,

But when on its calm beauty we rest our  
tired eyes

There comes the blessed solace of quick  
tears.

At close of day, painted with flaming  
clouds,  
The sky is a dread vision of the City of  
the Lost,  
And at dead of night it broods with  
such veiled mystery  
That we must fain prostrate ourselves  
before it.

The calm blue of the morning is a sign  
of Thy omnipotence!  
For this hast Thou created its pure  
beauty,  
For this hast Thou permitted the arts  
of man  
To penetrate its depths—and for this, O  
God!  
I crave that some day in my sad and  
restless life  
Blue eyes may shine upon me with the  
love of woman.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

## MARIANO BRULL

(1891-)

## INTERIOR

MARIANO BRULL was born at Camaguey, Cuba, and after a long sojourn in Andalusia returned to his native land where he was graduated from the University of Havana in 1913. . He became Secretary of the Cuban Legation at Washington in 1917. He has been a frequent contributor to *El Fígaro* of Havana and has published a volume of poems *La casa del silencio*, Madrid, 1916. A new volume is in preparation, entitled *En el peñón del vuelo*.

Here in her little room all still and lone  
The things that made her life are greeting  
me.

It seems as though her body as it went  
Had left a spirit footprint, mindfully.

'Twould seem as in the mirror-moon were  
shown

The shadowy glimpse of what she used  
to be;—

And sing more sad her bird its caged  
lament,—

And through the room her absence whisper  
free—

Her gilt-edged book of prayers is lying there  
Upon the table; and it says: "The care  
Is small of worldlings,—Upon God,  
thine eye!"

I raise my glance, and in my grief I moan—  
Oh, had I but, that final hour, known  
The anguished sweetness of her last  
goodbye!

—*Roderick Gill.*

#### TO THE MOUNTAIN

Just as soon as Mass is over,  
Put our pious airs away;  
And with luncheon in our baskets,  
To the mountain! To the mountain!  
To the mountain, for the day!

Hark, the bells of glory ringing  
 From the belfries of the Spring!—  
 Sun and sky!—oh, what a blessing  
 After gloomy days, they bring!

How the water o'er the mill-wheel  
 Rumbles furious and fast,  
 Bursting through a thousand echoes  
 Until—there—'tis gone at last!

For the woods our hearts are hungry;  
 Every bird hears us reply;  
 Incense seems to sweep our bosoms—  
 To the mountain! To the mountain!  
 To the mountain, let us hie!

Every grotto holds a secret;  
 Every cleft its creed and rite;  
 On the slopes is scattered grandeur—  
 Hawthorn flowers and crags in sight!

On the peaks the wind is hymning,—  
 Heaven is nigh—the town, far down;  
 Ah, why should not human dwellings  
 All the free-world mountains crown?—



At the nightfall—with our baskets  
Empty—to the town we haste;  
All the mountain fills with shadows,—  
Spirits of the dreaded waste!—  
—*Roderick Gill.*

PEDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA

(1893-1918)

IDYL

PEDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA was born at Mexico City of a well-known family. He received his education at the Jesuit schools of Mexico City and Washington, D. C., graduating at the National University, Washington, in 1911. Later, political conditions in his native country forced him to take up his residence in New York, where he devoted much of his leisure to literature. He has translated some of Rabindranath Tagore's works into Spanish. His poems are in preparation for publication.

The opal-breasted morning of the spring  
Scarce o'er the meads her luminous urn  
can swing.

When from the nests the tremulous light  
flute

Of songs comes thawing, and the echoes  
mute

Awake and mingle with the distant brawl  
Of lowing cattle and the shepherds' call:

'Twould seem that, falling from the morn-  
ing's urn,  
Each ray of light would into singing turn.—

Alone amid the pasture's splendid breast  
There stands a tree, a shadowy poem blest.

Among its prescient leaves there lurks a  
trace

(Of old-world sadness and of pastoral grace;

And bending o'er the field, the green gar-  
goyle

Of one long branch from out the trunk  
would coil.

A-straddle on the branch a maiden rides.  
As though a nymph some haughty centaur  
guides;

Blonde is the maid, and naked, tall and fair,  
With glow transparent as the morning air.

A sudden breath along the meadow grass  
Stirs with a kiss the branch ere it would  
pass.

And she, whom hasty breaths of fever  
seize,  
Grips the bough tighter with her snowy  
knees.

The while the icy jewels of the dew  
Send a sharp chill her silken body through.

Her locks float back in airy coronal  
Above her shoulders, as the dawn rain's  
fall;

And green and rose the shifting boughs  
appear  
Like some great butterfly her lips a-near.

She sways a moment, then, as some divine  
Young nymph that Jove enamored would  
entwine,

Her scarlet kisses all the green bough  
cover,—

And the tree trembles,—as it were her  
lover—

—*Garret Strange.*

I WOULD ENFOLD YOUR DEATH  
AND MINE

I would enfold your death and mine, as  
close

As our two lives have been together  
bound;

To your dire scar I would conjoin my  
wound,

And bind with yours my fate of joys and  
woes.

I would entwine our wills, until yours chose  
To be my partisan forever found;

For I have gained your love, and sorrow-  
crowned,

You have shown courage to a world of foes.

Like the simoon I gather up your dust

And heap on high a little pile of trust

And hope and pain on pain, to call it  
ours;

Here at the gates of an eternal rest,  
As all our dreams have known the self-  
same bowers,  
So shall my soul and yours have but one  
breast.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS G. ORTIZ

(1896- )

## MY FOUNTAIN

HARD by the cottage, innocent and free,  
Where swayed my cradle,—near that  
hidden cot,

Its ripples overflowing from their grot,  
Bursts forth my fountain, lost in greenery.  
When the new moon was mirrored radiantly  
On its clear wave in that sequestered spot,  
How oft I cried, “Oh, happy is their lot  
Who cross the vast expanses of the sea!”

It was God’s will that I the deck should tread  
And find my wish to full fruition grown  
Amid the billows of the tossing sea.  
God in the deeps I saw, and bowed my head;  
And now, upon the sea, I dream alone  
My humble, sweet and murmurous fount,  
of thee!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

MUÑOZ MARÍN

(1898- )

SYMPHONY IN WHITE

MUÑOZ MARÍN, the son of Muñoz Rivera, was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in 1898. He was educated at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and his published works are *Borrones* (San Juan, 1917), *Madre harapososa* (San Juan, 1917). His *La selva del siglo* is in preparation.

'Twas midnight when she died; her body  
lay

White as the wheaten wafer of the priest,  
What time the heavens were weeping.

Let us pray,  
O friend and servant, for her soul re-  
leased!

Good Chaplain, seeing thus her body fair  
And white as was the maiden soul it hid,



How shall they know in heaven, the angels  
there,

If welcome to her soul or flesh they bid?

Her hair was as the gold on sunset heights;

Her body framed as vaguely as the dawn;

It seemed that God to form its pure delights

Merely a copy of her soul had drawn.

There in her casket-boards I saw her lie,

The purer even without Ophelia's love,

Stretched all agaze upon the star-lit sky

In the close shaft that shuts me from  
above.

Now it is morning, Padre, and the sun

Is up—the sun that hid behind the  
rain,—

The sun that yester's holocaust has done,—

The sun you know so well,—my sun  
again

I fall to meditation, how whene'er

Some bureaucrat or alms-dispensing dame

Passes away, the sun is always there

With share of gold the same!—

If justice be in God, as light in stars,  
 Green in the fields, and in the heavens  
 blue,—

Why for her death across the morning bars  
 Comes not a double dawn or sun in view?

The Padre bowed his forehead white and  
 old

Into the breast of his soutane of black,  
 And on his eyelids a slow tear unrolled  
 And hung, reflecting the new sunlight  
 back.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

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